REAL WEST

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LEGEND MAKER of the West

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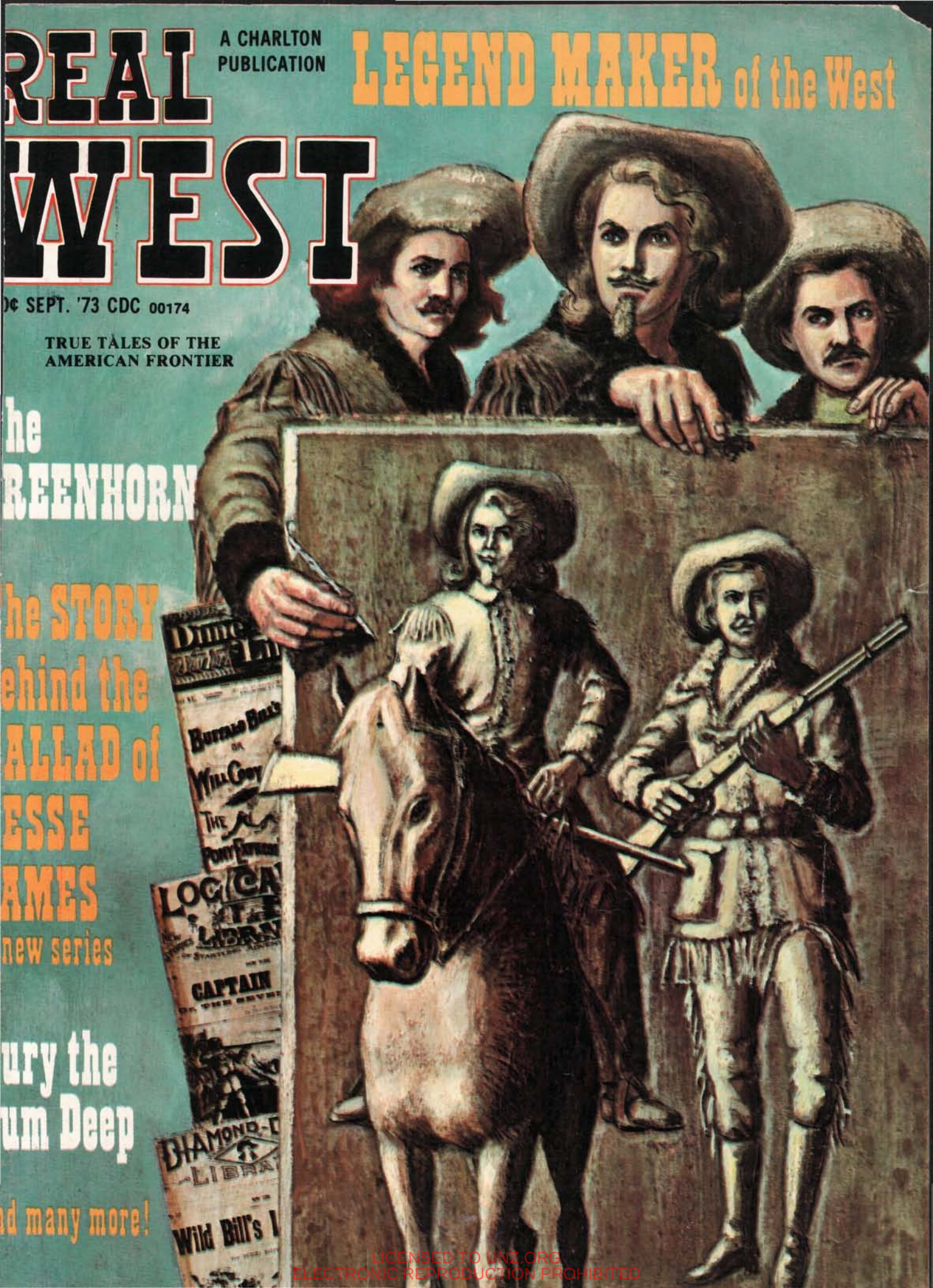

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

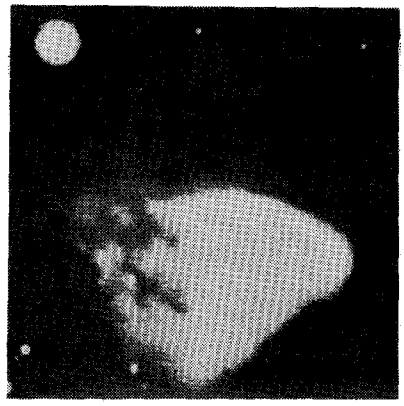
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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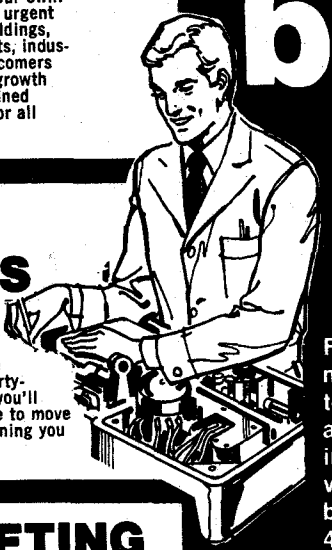

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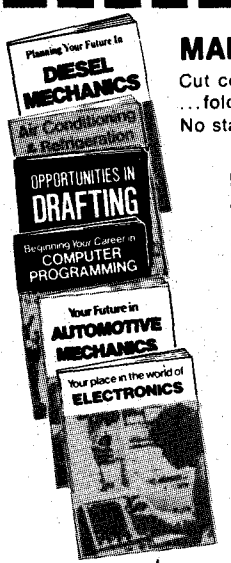
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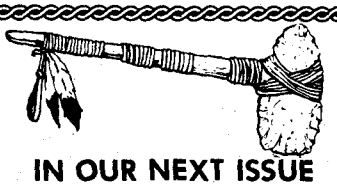

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I'll Make You a Master of CHINESE KUNG-FU

. . . the Oriental ART of INSTANTANEOUS DEATH that is applied with NO Bodily Contact

the Chinese method of Attack and Self-Defense kept so secret that it has been handed down in China only from father to son because of its DEADLY power to disable or kill! Now these devastatingly brilliant secrets that require NO PHYSICAL STRENGTH OR EXERTION are revealed to you in the English language by a KUNG-FU Master who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

WHO *IS* THIS MAN?

Behind the blindfold is the Hon. Master "Kung-Fu." That's not his real name, of course. If you were a Kung-Fu expert, you'd recognize his real name at once, if we were to reveal it. But we cannot, for his Chinese fellow Kung-Fu Masters would punish him severely for revealing the deadly maneuvers he has sworn to keep secret.

What IS Kung-FU?

KUNG-FU is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised! Even a Karate, Savate or Judo expert shudders at the thought of meeting a KUNG-FU master because he knows who the winner will be! With just a basic knowledge of KUNG-FU learned easily in the privacy of your home, this FAST, EASY, PICTURE WAY, you can beat hoodlums, OUTFIGHT TWO, THREE and even *FOUR Karate or Judo experts, Professional* Wrestlers or Boxers!

When CHINESE KUNG-FU arrives in your mail, you turn to page 87 and look at the *easy-to-understand photo illustrations.* INSTANTLY you see how easily you can turn your opponents attack into a CRIPPLING blow to his chest—a maneuver you can perform in just a few minutes of practice! A few pages later I show you how to escape a deadly strangle-hold quickly and easily by slamming your attacker into the ground!

Protect Yourself and Your Loved Ones!

Containing more than 150 step-by-step LIVE-ACTION and SLOW MOTION PHOTOS your personal KUNG-FU Master Instructor takes you by your hand and shows you in plain, clear and simple, easy to understand language how to use highly secret KUNG-FU to multiply your power a THOUSANDFOLD. You learn how to handle a small mob of attackers who are fully armed and even pinning you to the ground so you can't move. You pay nothing if you can't disarm one hoodlum . . . send another flying through the air and slam a third into the ground—all in a split second of KUNG FU maneuver that *will take your attackers by surprise!*

Never Be Afraid Again!

Secretly written in the Orient the contents of this amazing "how-to" picture book was shipped to Hawaii, where it was printed under cover away from prying eyes, then sent to the U. S. for limited distribution to those who agree to apply KUNG-FU ONLY FOR SELF-DEFENSE! If you were fortunate enough to be able to go to China, Hong Kong or Hawaii to take this amazing course—and were willing to pay $500 or even $1,000 to your KUNG-FU Master—you would be refused, because KUNG-FU secrets are NEVER taught to strangers or outsiders! Because KUNG-FU is deadly beyond imagination (and since *attack* as well as *defense* is taught) only a small limited edition has been printed. Frankly we don't want just everybody to learn these secret maneuvers.

KUNG-FU will NOT be sold in any store, and is available ONLY by mail to serious students who must vow NEVER to use it as an aggresor—but only as self-defense to protect himself, his friends and family. We don't ever want a criminal or hoodlum to be able to buy it because of its deadly power.

Law Enforcement Agencies: Write for quantity discounts on official letterhead.

Become a NEW MAN!

Our streets aren't safe today. Crime increases daily. You no longer have to be helpless, ashamed or humiliated—and look pitiful in the eyes of your friends. Protect yourself, your family, your girl friend from hoodlums and wisecracking bullies. With KUNG-FU you can use the hidden power that lies within you to master every situation! You'll laugh as you send bullies and criminals flying in terror, and you'll walk the streets happy, calm and *confident in your new power!* And you'll do all this without working up a sweat or even spoiling the crease in your trousers. That's because *brilliantly executed KUNG-FU requires* NO bodily contact . . . virtually NO physical exertion . . . and almost NO application of your body or hands! And yet KUNG-FU can be *deadly, crippling* and *disastrous* to any unfortunate opponent who is foolish enough to threaten you with ANY other technique, such as punching, Savate, Judo, Wrestling, etc! Yes, with the confidence that KUNG-FU can give *you, you can walk the streets with the knowledge* that NOTHING can frighten you . . . that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation! Your friends and loved ones will be proud of you with your new power.

Nothing Else To Buy!

KUNG-FU is complete—there is NOTHING else to buy—ever! You don't have to practice on dummies and you need no apparatus. Once you receive CHINESE KUNG-FU you can throw away all the other courses on Self-Defense you have ever bought—because NONE compares with KUNG-FU! KUNG-FU is effective whether you're standing, sitting or even LYING DOWN ASLEEP and OFF GUARD!

It was originally decided to offer the complete KUNG-FU *instruction at $10.00*—a TREMENDOUS bargain at that price. However, to make it available to good citizens who want to use these secret maneuvers for self-defense and to help combat the ever-increasing crime rate, we are making KUNG-FU available now at *the amazingly low price of just* $3.98. If you and your friends don't say that KUNG-FU has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent you have paid will be refunded without question! Don't even bother returning the KUNG-FU book. Just tear off the front cover and mail back to us for a full, no questions asked refund. We'll take your word for it. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL reaches us overnight.

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☐ I agree never to use KUNG-FU as an aggressor—only to defend myself, and that I will never abuse the principles of KUNG-FU, nor will I ever reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU to anyone else.

(My Signature)

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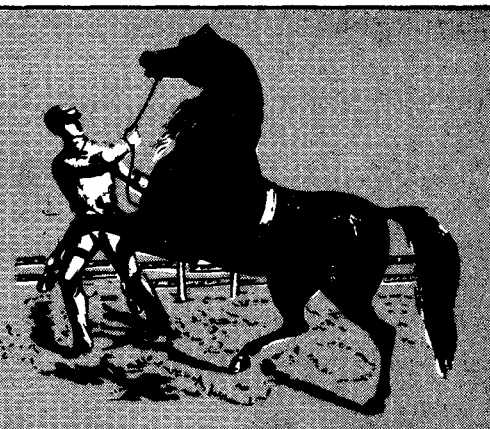
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



This month REAL WEST features a new series of articles on Western songs and their colorful origins written especially for REAL WEST by two for America's outstanding folklorists, Marion Thede and Harold Preece. The series represents years of research and personal collections by this pair of dedicated Westerners. The first, *The Ballad of Jesse James,* will be followed by *When the Work's All Done This Fall* and *Home on the Range.* Subsequent articles will include more cowboy ballads, mining camp songs, granger compositions and outlaw numbers.

MARION THEDE is a new name to our readers. She is rated as one of America's outstanding authorities on our native folk song heritage. Born during the last days of Indian Territory, she saw prairies expand into another great western state and fiddled the songs that Oklahoma's settlers sang. Her *Fiddle Book* is rated as the authoritative work of its kind on country fiddling; currently she is serving as public relations director of the famous Oklahoma Fiddlers Association as well as folk music consultant of the National Federation of Music Clubs.

HAROLD PREECE is an old hand in Real West's corral of writers. Grandson of a Texas Ranger, son of a bronc wrangler, nephew of a country fiddler, he has done for us scores of historical and folk articles. His work is reproduced in a number of folklore anthologies. He worked with John and Alan Lomax in collecting the Archive of American Folk Music for the Library of Congress.

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

CHEYENNES BECOMING DISORDERLY

The Cheyenne Indians, in the Indian Territory, are manifesting great discontent and becoming disorderly.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 9, 1880.

RAILROAD BUILDING IN THE WEST

Railroad enterprise seems likely to invade Mexico in earnest. A company recently organized in Boston proposes to build a road from the City of Mexico to El Paso, Texas, a distance of 1200 miles, of which more than 200 miles have been surveyed, and a small portion from the City of Mexico graded. The intention of the projectors is to make a connection with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, which is now completed to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and, jointly with the St. Louis and San Francisco Company, is rapidly constructing a road to the Pacific Coast.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 16, 1880.

ALWAYS MORE IN TEXAS

Mrs. Judge Hirsch, of Navarro County, Texas, gave birth to six children on the afternoon of Saturday, November 3. A reporter, three days later, visiting the homestead, found about one hundred people present, all examining the brood of babies. There are four boys and two girls. The father, George Hirsch, is thirty - one, and his wife twenty - seven. They have been married five years, and have three children besides the recent accession.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 17, 1888

SHADES OF THE PRESENT - DAY WOUNDED KNEE

The Sioux Indians have probably overreached themselves in their eagerness to drive the sharpest possible bargain with the Government for their land. The Government showed a willingness to meet the Indians more than half way, but the latter refused a perfectly fair offer. As a question of abstract justice, this refusal may not excuse the Government for taking possession of the land in an arbitrary manner, but it is clear that the welfare of Indians as well as white settlers will be promoted by the opening of surplus land to actual settlement, and its division among the Indians in severalty for permanent occupation.

If the Indians remain obstinate it is hard to see any escape from the necessity of treating them literally like "wards of the Government", or as children incapable of comprehending their own best interests. It is said that a Bill will be introduced in Congress providing for the summary acquisition of the land at a price to be fixed by Congress. Of course this is contrary to the theory that the Government has pledged itself to secure the perpetuity of reservations once granted, and perhaps the Bill is intended as a bit of bulldozing, to force the hands of the opposite party.

But it is also stated that the members of the Sioux Commission, who are now preparing their report at Carlisle, will recommend that the concessions demanded by the Indians be granted, and the reservation be thrown open without further attempt to gain their consent. This would seem to leave no ground for complaint. The Indians have put themselves on record as satisfied with certain terms. If these terms are agreed to — and the Government can afford to be generous — we can feel that the Indians have been fairly treated, even though additional demands are disregarded, and the reservations opened without delays for further powwowing.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 24, 1888

CHEYENNES RESTLESS

Trustworthy information from the Indian Territory is to the effect that the Cheyennes are again threatening. A few days ago a party of 300, well mounted, visited the agency from Fort Reno and became very demonstrative even slapping the agent's face, and another party ransacked the commissary stores at the Wichita Agency.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 9, 1880.

ANTI - POLYGAMY LAWS BEING ENFORCED

The Federal courts in Utah are still enforcing the anti - polygamy laws. The criminal calendar for the November term of court in the First District of the Territory contains fifty - nine cases in which the defendants are held for violations of the Edmunds Act.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 8, 1888 ●RW

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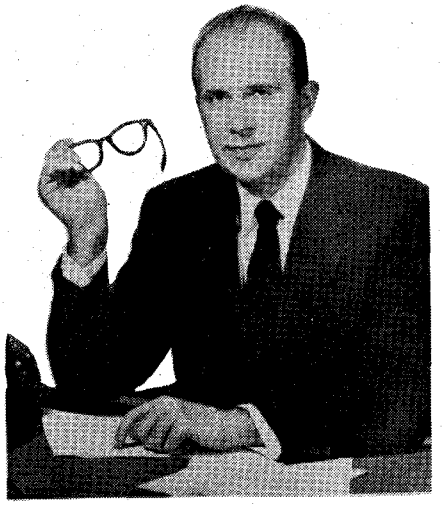
How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"



"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation–also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 840-06, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 840-06 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

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THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG

The Ballad of JESSE JAMES

By MARION THEDE and HAROLD PREECE

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When Bob Ford fired that historic slug into the back of Jesse James, he became " ... the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard He laid poor Jesse in his grave." Jesse and Frank James and the Younger brothers wrote lurid outlaw history across the West!

COVER STORY

Jack Luker of Oklahoma City who fiddles and sings two versions, one pre - country western, the other bluegrass of the Jesse James Ballad. Here he is shown with his friend and back - up guitarist, Ray McGraw of Tecumseh, Oklahoma.

For decades America's most intriguing bad man has lain under the soil of Clay County, Missouri, his birthplace. For nearly a century, good law-abiding Americans have been singing and playing the never-completed obituary of a dead desperado:

The Ballad of Jesse James.

It is a fetching number if no musical masterpiece. But for being so pathetically sentimental, so packed with vicarious thrills, it has traveled more miles than Jesse and Frank ever did during years of messing with banks and railroads.

Countless versions have been collected. More turn up as Jesse's bones keep moldering under that carefully protected tomb on the old family farm. But with practically every specimen echoing in its chorus one lamentable common theme:

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"For the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard,
He laid poor Jesse in his grave."

"Mr. Howard" was, of course, one of many road brands worn by Jesse James. Robert Ford was the bribed renegade follower who backshot his own leader at Jesse's rented house in St. Joseph, Missouri, on April 16, 1882. By all the versions Jesse was hanging or straightening a picture on the living room wall when Ford, a free boarder, pulled the treacherous trigger.

"For he ate of Jesse's bread
And he slept in Jesse's bed.
But he shot poor Jesse dead."
(A Texas version.)

Neither Jesse nor Frank ever composed a song, though each is said to have been a musician of sorts. Jesse had a good voice sounding well in country church choirs, paradoxically he always had a deep religious bent paralleling that stronger one toward crime. Frank was a fair country fiddler who'd learned the bow from a cousin who was a better one. So declares Oklahoma fiddlelorist Tony Thomas, in information provided exclusively to the writers.

It has been commonly assumed that these two songs of a mild-mannered Baptist minister were nice country boys whose lives got turned around by the fury and savagery of the Civil War. This sort of sociology stood up very well till the recent discovery of a journal written by Frank James and kept concealed in a Kansas City bank vault until Frank's death in 1915.

By the admissions of Frank James, the pair were the toughest and most feared kids in all Clay County. Their natural father, Reverend Robert James, never laid a hand of correction upon them before his death as a supposed prospector in the California gold fields. It can be inferred that their stepfather, Country doctor Reuben Samuels, had little influence upon them. Nor did the frequent lashings of tongue and whip by their high-tempered mother, Zerelda, "straighten them out."

The famous ballad about Jesse mentions nothing of this early background of the brothers because the people who sang it were ignorant of their early depredations. Yet the song may have started evolving when the boys began drifting from home to become the frontier's outstanding juvenile delinquents.

Frank was then fourteen, standing six feet tall; Jesse a precocious eleven and much smaller. From 1858 apparently until the beginnings of the Civil War in 1861, the brothers roamed across Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and northern Missouri stealing horses, sheep and guns, committing highway robberies including one of the U.S. Mail.

"Jesse James was a lad" - not necessarily meaning a youngster.
"He killed many a man."
(Numerous ballad versions.)

And at age 12, by brother Frank's long-hidden confession, Jesse killed his first man.

The fellow drawing this dubious honor was a Kansas farm hand named Brown. The boys had burglarized a country store. Their sometime friend demanded a stolen rifle as a "hush-up" prize. In a wrangle that followed, Brown slapped Jesse who was holding a hand gun; the kid fired.

Spades and dirt for Mr. Brown.

Mrs. Marion Thede, co - author of this exclusive new series, one of America's leading folk fiddlers, her celebrated FIDDLE BOOK being regarded as the best in its field.

Frank James was 17 years old when the Civil War erupted, Jesse a trigger-happy thirteen. Missourians were divided between North and South in their sympathies. The Jameses, of Southern descent, sided with the Confederacy. You couldn't expect those fire-eating brothers to stay out of such a continuous gunfight. So they wound up in guerrilla outfits affiliated loosely with the regular Confederate army and not greatly respected by it.

Frank and his bosom friend, Cole Younger, rode with William Clarke Quantrill due to burn and butcher Lawrence, Kansas. Frank though, would always deny having been in on that massacre of abolitionist civilians. Jesse threw in with Bloody Bill Anderson's brazen bunch which slew and pillaged Unionists and their families from southern Missouri to northern Texas. He joined the Quantrill gang, all but stamped out, once Anderson's pack started disintegrating from the death of its chieftain.

The war had just finished when Quantrill received his comeuppance in Kentucky. Jesse, on the way to surrender, was shot and badly wounded by a squad of Federal soldiers the only time when anybody but Bob Ford ever got the drop on Jesse James.

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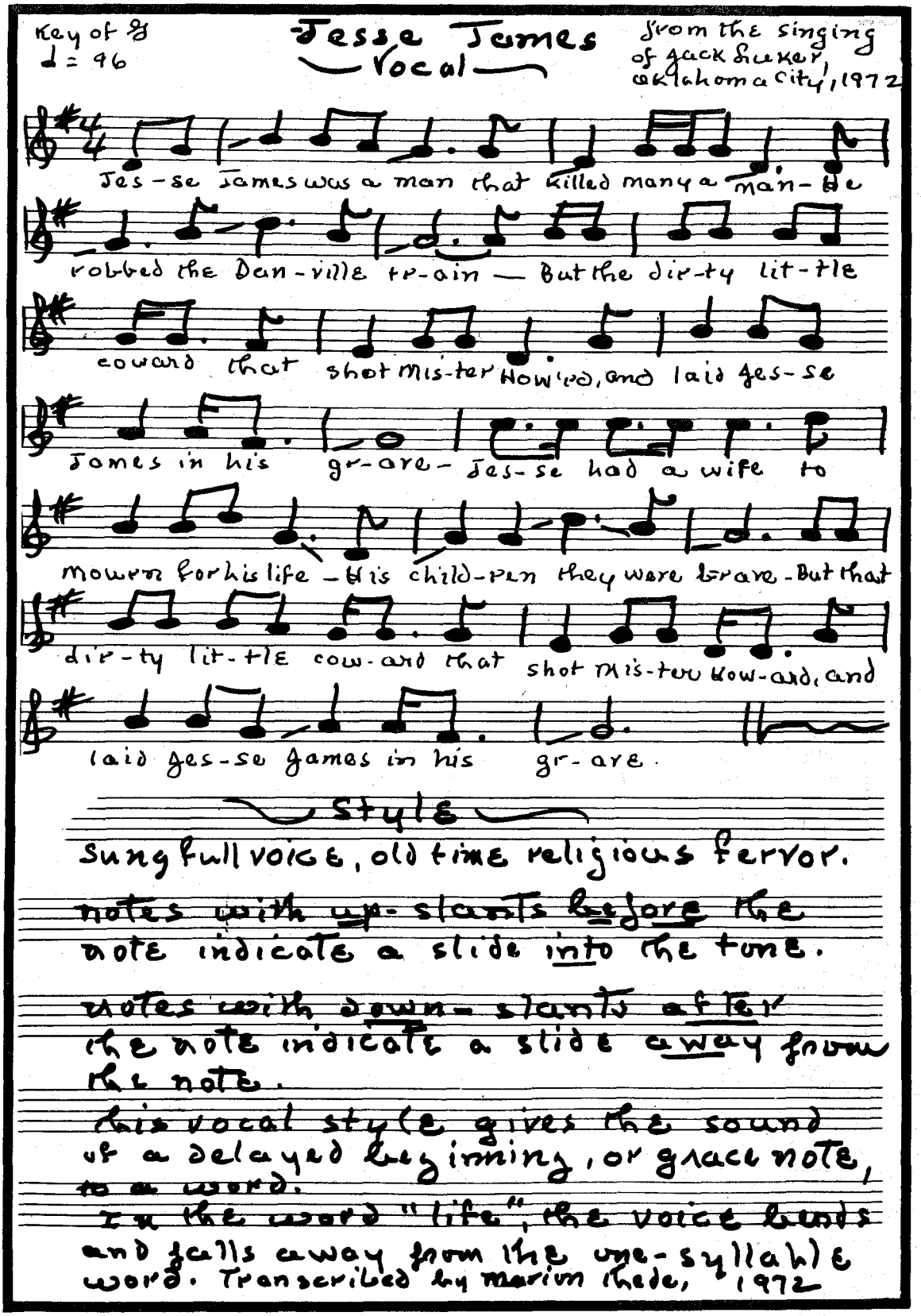
Key of G
♩ = 96
Jesse James
— Vocal —
from the singing of Jack Luker, Oklahoma City, 1972
Jes-se James was a man that killed many a man-he
robbed the Dan-ville tr-ain — But the dir-ty lit-tle
coward that shot Mis-ter How'rd, and laid Jes-se
James in his gr-are- Jes-se had a wife to
mourn for his life - His child-ren they were brave - But that
dir-ty lit-tle cow-ard that shot Mis-ter How-ard, and
laid Jes-se James in his gr-are.
— Style —
Sung full voice, old time religious fervor.
notes with up-slants before the
note indicate a slide into the tune.
notes with down-slants after
the note indicate a slide away from
the note.
his vocal style gives the sound
of a delayed beginning, or grace note,
to a word.
In the word "life", the voice bends
and falls away from the one-syllable
word. Transcribed by marion thede, 1972

The sturdy old Ballad as sung in pre - country western style by Oklahoma ex - cowhand and ex - farmer, Jack Luker. Words and music of this distinctive version are covered under the copyright of this entire series by Marion Thede and Harold Preece.

JESSE JAMES WAS MY NEIGHBOR, that Billy lived near the James family and implies that he was around when "the news did arrive of Jesse's death." While the late Mrs. Croy was also a scrupulous researcher, no documentation of this statement appears in his lengthy appendix of chapter notes.

Some scholars, maybe talking from the top of their academic hats, claim that the ballad was composed by "A Missouri Negro convict", no name given. The song has been popular among convicts of both races in many penitentiaries because Jesse was regarded as a brother. A very late version was produced by the great Black balladeer and ex-convict, Huddie Ledbetter, professionally known as Leadbelly.

Meantime these authors leave the question open. We would appreciate hearing from any readers who might have any light to shed on this mysterious composer.

Frank James surrendered to the governor of Missouri shortly after Jesse's death. He stood trial in two courts on two separate counts winning a jury acquittal each time. As Frank settled down to a peaceful

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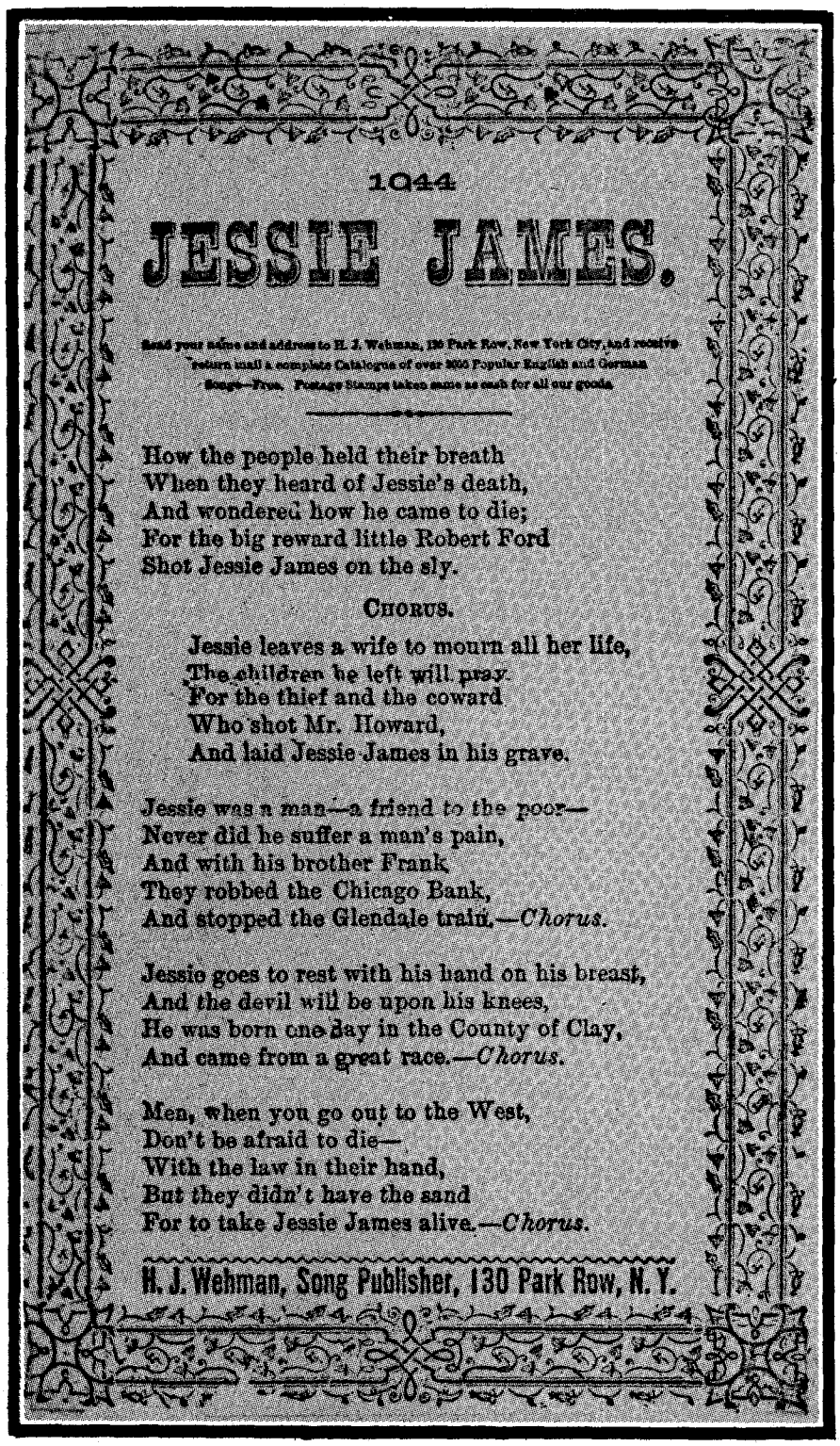

1044

JESSIE JAMES.

Send your name and address to H. J. Wehman, 130 Park Row, New York City, and receive by return mail a complete Catalogue of over 3000 Popular English and German Songs—Free. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

How the people held their breath
When they heard of Jessie's death,
And wondered how he came to die;
For the big reward little Robert Ford
Shot Jessie James on the sly.

CHORUS.

Jessie leaves a wife to mourn all her life,
The children he left will pray
For the thief and the coward
Who shot Mr. Howard,
And laid Jessie James in his grave.

Jessie was a man—a friend to the poor—
Never did he suffer a man's pain,
And with his brother Frank
They robbed the Chicago Bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.—*Chorus.*

Jessie goes to rest with his hand on his breast,
And the devil will be upon his knees,
He was born one day in the County of Clay,
And came from a great race.—*Chorus.*

Men, when you go out to the West,
Don't be afraid to die—
With the law in their hand,
But they didn't have the sand
For to take Jessie James alive.—*Chorus.*

H. J. Wehman, Song Publisher, 130 Park Row, N. Y.

One published version of the Jesse James Ballad.

The James brothers had six years of long riding behind them two as wild kids living by gun and wit, four as guerrillas finding the pickings easy. Farming seemed a tame occupation after such a grounding in derring-do. So, with Cole Younger as one of their top hands, they organized a rough gang of varying membership which plundered banks and railroads across that half of America lying west of the Mississippi.

Looting was its livelihood, slaughter the main technique of its trade. Naive romantics cheered it on. So did poor farmers and working folks hating the financial monopolies dominating our country during the 19th century.

More crimes were attributed to Jesse than to any other lawbreaker in the national history. Not once was he ever arrested and tried on any of the indictments piling up in courthouse after courthouse. In the end, he could be destroyed only after Missouri authorities hired Bob Ford to kill him with a backshot for a fee of ten thousand dollars.

But around the country a lot of people admired Jesse, considering him to be the champion of the downtrodden and because he had the courage to break laws and conventions.

So "the prince of American outlaws" was barely cold in his grave before thousands of Americans had started singing that mushrooming *Ballad of Jesse James.*

One of its first performances may have been in the Ozark mountain town of Springfield, Missouri, where both Jesse and his assassin had many mutual acquaintances. An old newspaper account tells us that, shortly after the slaying, a blind old woman stationed herself in front of the local courthouse to sing the ballad. Day after day she stood there, her voice raised high in praise of Jesse and damnation of the killer.

On a certain day an infuriated lady stopped, listened angrily, grabbed the singer and gave her a terrific thrashing. The assailant was Bob Ford's sister.

That yellowed newspaper clipping does not give us the name of the blind balladeer, or whether she was equipped with an instrument, or what her style of delivery may have been. We cannot say that hers was the original version of the song-it probably wasn't. Hers might have been one of the six Ozark versions found later by writer—folklorist, Vance Randolph, in Arkansas and Missouri, or maybe a variant long since lost and forgotten.

Neither can we establish finally the identity of the original composer. Trying to trace him has given folklorists as much trouble as sheriffs experienced in trying to nab Jesse. It can be reasonably inferred that the oldest versions sprouted in Missouri where sympathy for the dead outlaw ran highest. All these contain a "signature" stanza or a variant of it:

"This song was made by Billy Gashade
As soon as the news did arrive.
He said there was no man with the law in his hand
Who could take Jesse James alive."

But who was Billy Gashade? No mention is made of such a person in any known written records of Clay County. A native of that country, Homer Croy said in his book,

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Jesse James' grave, ground level marker at center.

life, that brand new song about his brother was sweeping the country: Being from mountaineer settlements in Arkansas and Tennessee to cow camps in Texas and silver boom towns in Colorado.

Naturally the ballad received its most enthusiastic reception in that vast area where civilization was still raw and new.

"O the people in the West
When they heard of Jesse's death.
They wondered how he came to die."

(North Carolina and other state variants.)

A noted James authority, Real West writer Carl W. Breihan, comments that:

"The ballad fitted right into the region's very visible tradition of outlawry. Stanzas recounting various robberies attributed to the James gang parralleled what was still going on in every western state and territory."

Among these stanzas detailing various operations of the James enterprise:

" 'Twas on a February day,
The wind a blowin' hell
When they made the home bank pay
Then rode off feelin' mighty well."

(Colorado version heard by Mr. Preece.)

On February 13, 1866, ten armed hardcases, headed by Frank and Jesse James, charged horseback into Liberty, Missouri, announcing themselves by the piercing "rebel yell' of Quantrill's remembered guerillas. The gang helped itself to $62,000 from the Liberty State Bank, called "the home bank" for being in Clay County. That first haul was probably their biggest of all time. A young man named George Wymore was hit by a stray bullet while on his way to college classes and suddenly fell dead.

As usual, the James boys dodged justice. Jesse went back to his bride and cousin nee Zerelda Mims, namesake and niece of his mother, Zerelda Cole Samuels. He kept singing in the choir of the church where he had been recently "converted" and baptized.

This new candidate for glory had helped stage what is said to have been America's first bank robbery. His age was eighteen and a half.

And some months afterward he held up the bank at Richmond, Missouri, in adjoining Ray County. The loot was a disappointing four thousand dollars. But that episode may have led to Jesse's acquaintance with "a kid of a boy" he'd have been better off not knowing: Robert Ford, son of a respectable Richmond family.

"It was his brother Frank that robbed the Gallatin bank,
And carried the money from the town;
It was in this very place that they had a little race,
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground."

The above was a composite of many versions from *Songs of the Great American West,* compiled by two New York folk musicians, Irwin Silber and Earl Robinson, published by Macmillan during 1967, but with one happening being otherwise.

At Gallatin, Missouri, December 7, 1869, the James brothers and their ex-guerrilla compadre, Cole Younger, rode quietly into that little town. Jesse and Cole, not Frank, entered the bank, leaving the oldest James brother outside to watch their horses. This time, two more victims were claimed by Jesse's gun: John W. Sheets, cashier and ex-Union army captain, and S.P. Cox, believed by Jesse to have killed his "godfather in crime," Captain Anderson.

Anyhow, one way or another, Bloody Bill had been avenged. The Messrs. James and Mr. Younger rode off richer.

"It was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,
They robbed the Glendale train:
The people they did say for many miles away,
The bank was robbed by Frank and Jesse James."
(Found in almost every version and including many variants.)

On October 8, 1879, Glendale, Missouri, a quiet country village outside Kansas City was the last major operation of the James gang, which was beginning to fragment from the unceasing chase of lawmen and the treacheries of "squealers" like Dick Lidill, once a James top gun. They had been demoralized after the citizens of Northfield, Minnesota had sent the gang packing when it had come to rob *their* bank. The three Younger brothers, Cole, Jim and Bob were captured and serving long sentences in that state's penitentiary.

At eight a.m. in Glendale, a number of hard-faced men descended upon the general store where some farmers were gabbing in a crackerbox forum. Seizing these scared citizens, they marched them "hands up" to the railroad station. There holding the drop on the ticket agent and smashing the telegraph equipment, they forced him to lower a green semaphore that would halt the oncoming train. But then they piled rocks on the tracks to stop it otherwise even though the engine and the cars were transporting human lives.

Then seizing that cavalcade on wheels, they shot into the air to discourage passengers, who might become courtroom witnesses, from watching through the windows.

Two robbers charged with drawn pistols into the express car that was

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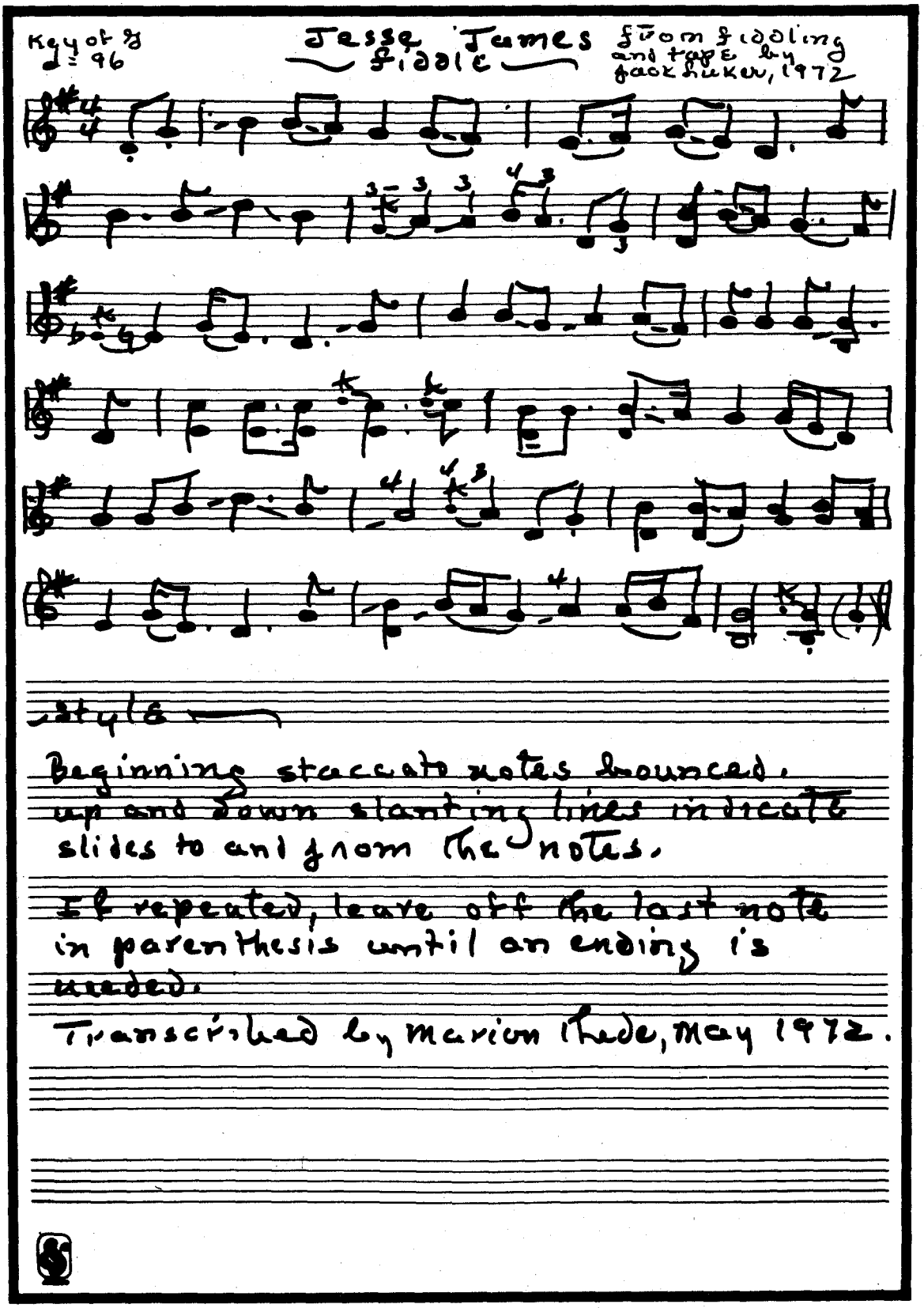
Key of G
♩ = 96
Jesse James
fiddle
from fiddling and tape by Jack Hicks, 1972
style
Beginning staccato notes bounced.
up and down slanting lines indicate
slides to and from the notes.
If repeated, leave off the last note
in parenthesis until an ending is
needed.
Transcribed by Marion Rhode, May 1972.

Jesse James Ballad as performed on the fiddle and recorded on tape for the authors.

carrying money for banks and corporations. They required the express company's agent to open a safe and dump all the currency into a valise: standard equipment for the gang. The robbers then rendered the frightened agent unconscious with a blow from a revolver butt as he tried to escape. But he was fortunately the only casualty of that plundering frolic.

Most of the ballad versions commemorate robberies in Missouri. There the gang and song originated. Yet often Jesse's friends, as well as his foes, credited him with crimes he never committed.

He didn't rob "the Denver train" as some ballad specimens boast. Nor "the Chicago bank". Nor, contrary to one reward poster, did he have anything to do with the murderous holdup of a train at Winston, Missouri on July 15th, 1881. That exploit was staged by seven insurgents revolving around the Ford brothers, Bob and Charley. The James boys neither authorized nor profited from it.

But the bunch acting on their own showed that Jesse was losing his grip. A bad situation what with the

(continued on page 68)

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The first of the corpses around Victoria was that of the Irishman, William Black, called "the insane man". In swift succession, shortly thereafter, were found a German miner, a Kanaka native, a young woman, and others. None of these murders were ever solved.

EPIDEMIC

A series of mysteries baffled Victorians just over a century ago. To this day, they remain unresolved and as intriguing as in that spring of 1868 when citizens of the northwest colonial capital scratched their heads in wonder and in sorrow.

The first puzzle began early in February, when 35-year-old Belfast native William Black, "the insane man", surrendered to police. But, in that unenlightened age before psychiatry, there was little authorities could do for him beyond locking him up or having him "hospitalized," which amounted to the same thing. Surprisingly, they did neither, turning the "tall, dark complexioned man with dark hair, whiskers and moustache" into the street.

Not altogether surprisingly, the distraught man vanished, leaving only a few friends to ponder his whereabouts and safety, then begin a search. Days later, worried acquaintances dragged the Inner Harbor with grappling irons. Their action had been prompted by reports that, at 10:30 on the Saturday night Black was last seen, shouting had been heard coming from the old bridge linking James Bay with town. "A man's voice was heard distinctly twice imploring some other person not to throw him over the bridge," it was reported.

The mysterious voice could have been that of a drunk, or of someone involved in a fight (not uncommon along Victoria's waterfront), or even that of a highwayman's victim, also not an uncommon occurrence.

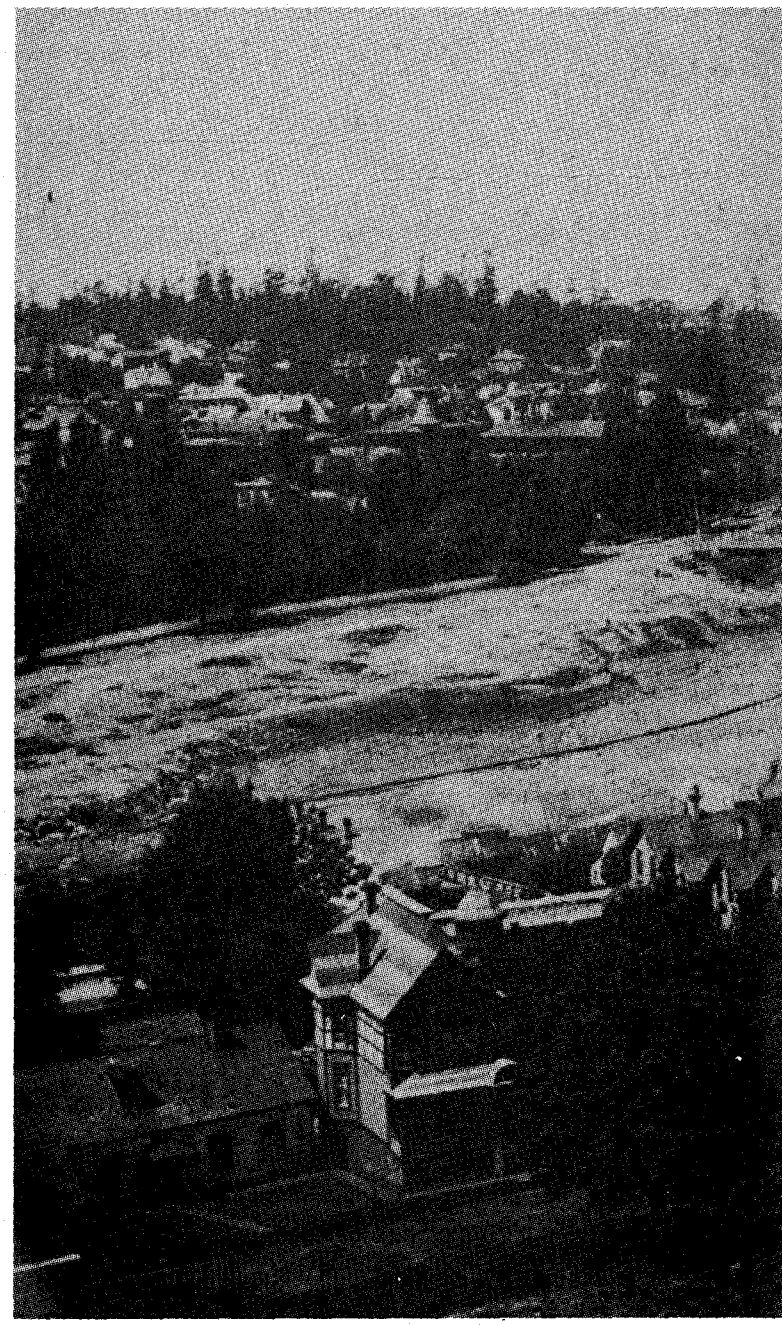
Whatever, Black's faithful friends were investigating all leads. After a day's labor, they abandoned grappling operations. The same week, they spread farther afield, scouring the lonely forests of Saanich, asking one and all if they had seen the helpless Black. But no one had, and the Victoria *Colonist* concluded that "there is no room for hope that he is still in the land of the living."

For four days, one concerned friend had trekked the Saanich wilds before returning to town in defeat. To date, authorities having evidently taken little interest in the tragedy, the search had been limited to Black's acquaintances.

Then they too despaired, and poor William Black faded into obscurity; at least, until the end of March, when a gruesome discovery was made on the lonely beach of Foul Bay. Here, in the shallow depths, was found half a skeleton. Only the spinal column, "white and bare," remained above the waist, whereas the legs were intact, still clothed in fine black cassimere trousers and expensive calfskin boots. This time police were moved to investigate, theorizing the remains, "those of a large man," to be those of Black, and that he had been carried by the tide from Inner Harbor.

Two days later, upon positive identification of the clothing by friends, Black was interred, the inquest ruling that he had committed suicide by drowning while insane.

The mystery deepened, April 8, when a second body was pulled ashore, this time from the frigid waters off Clover Point. The headless corpse was that of a white man, wearing only a red shirt and undershirt. On the left arm was a tattoo.



At the inquest, under direction of A. F. Pemberton, the jury reviewed the grisly remains, learning that, contrary to earlier reports, the head was intact, although decomposed beyond recognition. However, jurors did have some tangible clues with which to work. From the man's clothing and the tattoo, "kaikiak," they surmised he had been a Kanaka.

As to the cause of death, they could only conjecture.

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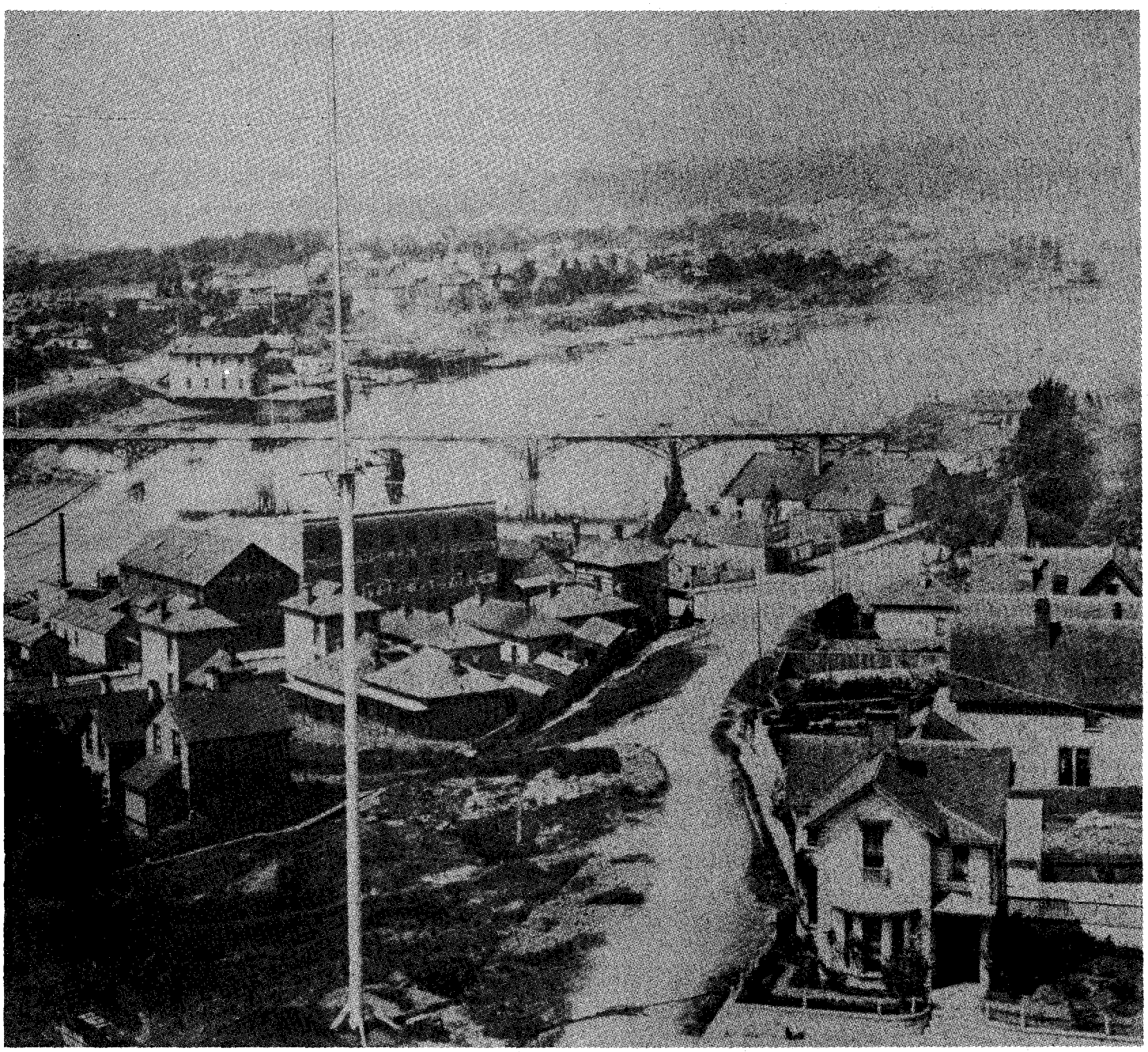
OF CORPSES

By
T.W. Paterson



British Columbia Provincial Archives

James Bay Bridge, Victoria, B. C. Did a murder - suicide occur here that night over a century ago?

Because the body had been found near the remains of William Black, they concluded that the cries for help, which had been heard that Saturday night on James Bay bridge, had been those of the Kanaka when accosted by the raving Irishman. Earlier, Black had "chased two or three persons along Birdcage Road," and the jury considered it likely he had continued on to Clover Point, encountered the hapless Kanaka, and had hurled both over the cliff into the sea.

The following day, the body was formally identified as being that of an Indian who had vanished from Esquimalt weeks before.

Whether he had been murdered by Black, none could really say, and the puzzle, unsolved, was consigned to oblivion.

(continued on page 56)

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THE GREENHORN

What was the far West like for the first trappers who ventured alone into Indian Territory? Here is an account in the actual words of a man who made his living as a trapper and survived to tell us this story.

By Curtis Miller, as edited by Norman B. Wiltsey

Author's Note:
This "Adventure in the Western Mountains" is based upon the handwritten journal of Curtis Miller, a young man who went west in the early 19th Century to seek fame and fortune. One wonders how many other such thrilling tales are locked away in dusty trunks throughout the nation, a priceless treasure of Western Americana awaiting discovery.

COVER STORY

The two horsemen drew rein at the crest of the high ridge and looked out in silent appreciation over the wide, wooded valley below. Mile on mile it stretched — a trapper's paradise, extending along both sides of a clear, winding stream to the steep, dark foothills of the encircling mountains. Parklike patches of open meadows relieved the thick stands of timber.

In the nearest sheltered glade, a bull elk and two cows fed placidly on the last rich grass of summer. A lazily soaring eagle, enjoying the bright sunshine, cocked a golden eye at the human watchers on the ridge and was unafraid. The silence was deep, primeval.

Curt Miller, the younger of the riders, eased his saddlesore buttocks gingerly to one side and half-groaned: "At last! Beaver country!"

Jim Hardin grunted. "Beaver country, sure. Injun country, too!"

Curt glanced keenly at his partner, speculating on the note of annoyance, almost of anger, in his voice. That disturbing note had been increasingly evident since the trapping partners had left rendezvous two weeks before. It boded ill indeed for the long fall and winter fur season ahead, a distinct omen of trouble for the monotonous days when they would be snowbound together in a small cabin so jam-packed with gear and pelts a man could hardly spit without hitting his partner.

"We haven't *seen* any Indian sign hereabouts," Miller offered tentatively.

The veteran mountain man bristled. "Young 'un, I told you a dozen times that when you don't *see* Injun sign, that's jest when you watch out for 'em the sharpest."

Glowering, Hardin waited for the youth's answer. None was forthcoming, so the trapper continued his tirade in the deceptively soft voice of a man long accustomed to be on the lookout for lurking danger. The voice was soft and drawling — but the harsh import of the words was unmistakable.

"If thar's one critter in all creation I can't abide, it's a greenhorn in the mountains. Lookee, cub! We ain't seen any buffalo either, but we plumb well *know* thar's buffalo somewhar. Same goes for Injuns. Remember yesterday we spotted a Crow war party off to the west? Well, bub, Crows hunt jest one enemy in these parts — *Blackfeet!* Savvy?"

Curt wisely refused the challenge. He felt relieved yet saddened that Hardin had spoken out bluntly at last. The truth of Jim's feeling toward him was a blow, but he was glad it was finally out in the open where he could recognize it. He had only to ignore the bitter burr sticking in Hardin's craw, work hard, try to stay out of trouble and keep his mouth mostly shut. A large order, but it must be done. The trapping season was too close at hand and the price of beaver too high to warrant a senseless quarrel between two brand-new partners.

A serious, ambitious lad of 19, young Miller had come West like countless other youths of his age — to make his fortune in the booming fur trade. And — as with all the others — disillusionment had followed quickly upon his arrival in St. Louis. After clerking a year for the American Fur Company's St. Louis office, Curt had quit his dull, low pay job to push on westward to the Green River rendezvous to join the free trappers in this season of 1828. Jim Hardin, expansive and magnanimous under the influence of too much "Taos Lightning," had grandly accepted Curt as trapping partner. This seemed to the bedazzled youngster good fortune beyond his wildest dreams — to be actually picked as partner by a genuine mountain man!

Once away from the strong whiskey and boisterous fellowship of the rendezvous, Hardin had quickly regretted the rash alliance. Clearly, he regarded the blond, good-looking lad as an impossible tenderfoot, a hopeless handicap to a seasoned old-timer like himself. Why, the youngster had jumped half out of his skin the first time he'd heard a mountain lion squall in the dark close to camp. And if they were unlucky enough to run into hostile Injuns, this fancy-pants clerk was a sure bet to get 'em *both* scalped!

Brooding thus darkly, Jim slumped in his saddle and sourly regarded the entrancing vista below. Was it even worthwhile setting up camp in such a promising spot with this towheaded greenhorn hardly yet dry behind the ears? He reckoned so — even if it meant doing most of the work of building a cabin and setting up and running a trapline himself.

"We'll drop down into the valley and make camp," he said gruffly.

"Right, Jim," Curt replied carefully.

The trappers zigzagged their horses down the rocky slope and dismounted in a clearing near the bank of the creek. Jim unpacked the two lead horses while Curt unsaddled their mounts. He had just started to hobble them when Hardin took the hobbles from his hands with a harsh "Here — give me them hobbles! You want our horses to bust loose and run off in the middle of the night?"

The boy choked back an angry retort, silently baited a fishhook with a bit of jerky and tossed a line into the stream. It was unfair — but then life itself was unfair, as he had had ample reason to discover since coming West.

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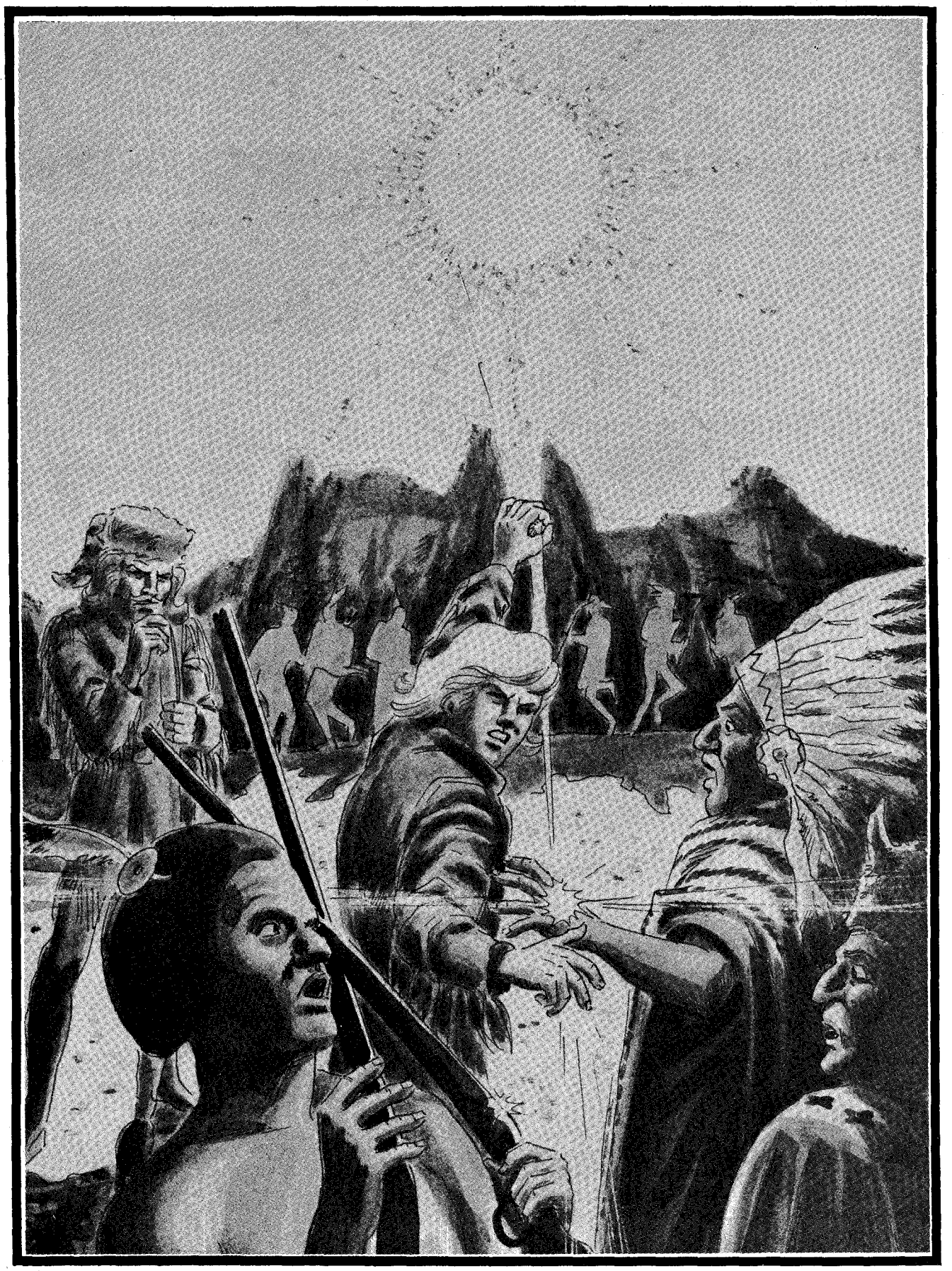

By the time Jim had finished hobbling the horses and cutting branches for a lean-to shelter, Curt had hauled in four fair-sized trout. He cleaned them deftly with his sheath-knife, gathered dry grass and dead willow twigs for kindling and started a cook-fire with his newfangled burning glass.

Hardin glared in disapproval, first at the silly business with the burning glass and then at the thin wisp of smoke curling up from the tiny fire. Injuns could smell smoke for miles — but what was the use of telling this fool greenhorn *that?* An experienced mountain man would have hunted quaking asp with

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which to build a fire that neither smoked nor smelled in the burning. Smoke in the heart of Injun country was an open invitation to disaster.

After the silent meal, Hardin set off to scout the valley while Curt remained in camp to keep an eye on horses and outfit and to start building the shelter for use until they could erect a cabin. Curt knew without having been told that Jim would remain here despite any clash of personalities between the two of them. This steep-walled virgin valley was what all trappers dreamed of finding — a natural game "hole" that would yield a rich harvest in fur for several seasons before being trapped out. With any luck at all, figured young Miller, this winter and next should bring him a stake that would send him home in style to a girl he hoped would wait.

An hour flitted by as Curt worked and daydreamed of a rosy future. He was putting the finishing touches on the crude shelter when Hardin materialized like a ghost out of the underbrush and brought him back to reality in a hurry. This spooky trick of Hardin's was always upsetting — and even more so in this strangely quiet valley where the constant winds that scoured the highlands never entered.

"Don't bother no more with that lean-to," snapped the mountain man. "Help me pack the horses. We're movin' out — fast!"

Curt dropped his ax in dismay, his dreams of riches tumbling. *"Why?* This valley is bound to be a regular storehouse of fur. Why must we leave it?"

"I *could* say thar's too many mountain lions hereabouts and that'd be enough for *you!"* growled Jim, cinching the saddle on one of the pack horses. "But the fact is, cub, this here's an Injun sacred valley. Probably Blackfoot, since no other tribe would dast come this close to Blackfoot country. I found a medicine lodge to the Sun God, buffalo skull and all, built on a rock half a mile down steam. Fresh moccasin tracks all around, but too blurred for me to make out the tribe for sartin — but I'd bet my first plew of beaver this year they be Blackfeet ... One thing *is* dead sartin — the Injuns come thar regular to pray. Bad medicine for white men to be caught anywhere near that spot ... Get a move on, will you? Or mebbe you'd like to have that pretty yellow h'ar of yours hangin' on an Injun scalp pole?"

"Thanks for explaining," Curt said dryly. "That's more talking than you've done in two weeks!"

He started saddling the other pack horse — but froze at Jim's hissed: "Hold up! We got comp'ny. Don't make a move toward your rifle or you'll be as full of arrows as a loaded quiver!"

Ten yards away, at the edge of the clearing, five Indians stood watching them intently. The tallest of the five, an eagle-plumed chief of perhaps sixty winters, held up his right hand empty of weapon and palm forward in the universal peace sign of the Plains and Mountain tribes. Lowering his hand, the chief began to speak. Swiftly, Hardin translated his words:

"Name's High Eagle — a chief of the Piegan Blackfeet. His village is three sleeps north of here. The ugly ol' cuss with the buffalo horns on his head is Ghost Runner, head Sun priest and medicine man of the village. The other boys are Bull-Turns-Around, Owl Bear and Many Shots. Right now, nobody seems mad at us but the medicine man."

High Eagle's speech continued; his voice high-pitched and almost musical in its barbaric chanting. The chief's long hands moved expressively toward the sky and the blazing orb of the sun, now almost directly overhead. His eyes closed, High Eagle swayed rhythmically as the cadence of his chant rose and fell. The other Blackfeet joined in the singing — then suddenly the eerie keening stopped abruptly at a gesture from the chief.

"What in Tophet was *that* all about?" whispered Curt.

"Shut up and be quiet!" warned Hardin. "Jest like I figured, this valley is sacred —dedicated to the Sun God, along with all the birds and animals in it. The Blackfeet won't kill game here unless they're starvin'. They won't let anybody else hunt here, either. Their meat-racks at the village are just about empty, but they have not hunted this valley — yet. They was prayin' for buffalo at the lodge when they smelled the smoke from that fool fire of yours. High Eagle don't fancy the idea of white men comin' here, but I gather that he kind of admires your yellow h'ar. It's the color of the Sun, he says, and he figgers mebbe you're *nat - o - ye* — meanin' sacred, or havin' Sun Power, as they call it ... Ghost Runner wants to kill us right off, but the chief wants *you* to talk first ... You got any bright ideas, cub? You was smart enough sweet-talkin' me into bein' your partner; mebbe you can talk us out of *this!"*

Curt's mind reeled at the portentous implication of Jim's last remark. He heard a strange, scared voice talking as if from an immense distance — and realized with a curious shock that the voice was his own.

"Jim, I don't know what to *say* ... Let's make a run for ... Jim ..."

Hardin's fingers sank into his arm like steel hooks; the pain jolted him back to sanity. "Don't be a plumb idjit!" rasped the mountain man. "We couldn't get twenty feet before we'd have arrows in our backs. The brush is crawlin' with Blackfeet — but we ain't dead yet. There's *got* to be a way out of this tight, and it's up to us to find it ... Steady now, they're movin' in. Don't move a muscle, no matter what they do. Look right over their heads, as if you didn't give a damn for any of 'em! Head *up* now, cub ..."

Slowly and majestically High Eagle approached the trappers, the medicine man at his side. Behind them, Bull - Turns - Around, Many Shots and Owl Bear notched arrows to their bowstrings and separated to obtain a clear field of fire. Eagle - bone whistles shrilled in the woods beyond the trapped white men; other whistles sounded from all sides and from across the creek.

"Surrounded!" muttered Jim. "The chief wants us to know we ain't got a chance if we try to run."

High Eagle smiled, murmured *"Hai!"* and patted Curt's yellow hair approvingly. Ghost Runner wasn't so friendly. Spitting like an angry snake, the medicine man shook his gourd rattle fiercely in the trappers' faces and seized their rifles and knives. Their horses were already in the hands of the warriors.

"Good lad!" approved Hardin as Curt stood fast before the Sun Priest's bullying. "The ol' goat is tryin' to scare you into makin' a break for it."

Now Ghost Runner turned to High Eagle and began an angry harangue. The chief listened in haughty silence; then spoke sternly in reply. The Sun Priest snarled unwilling assent. High Eagle issued a command and four warriors stepped forward. They ranged themselves two by two on either side of the captives, grabbed both men by the arms and hustled them off down stream.

(continued on page 62)

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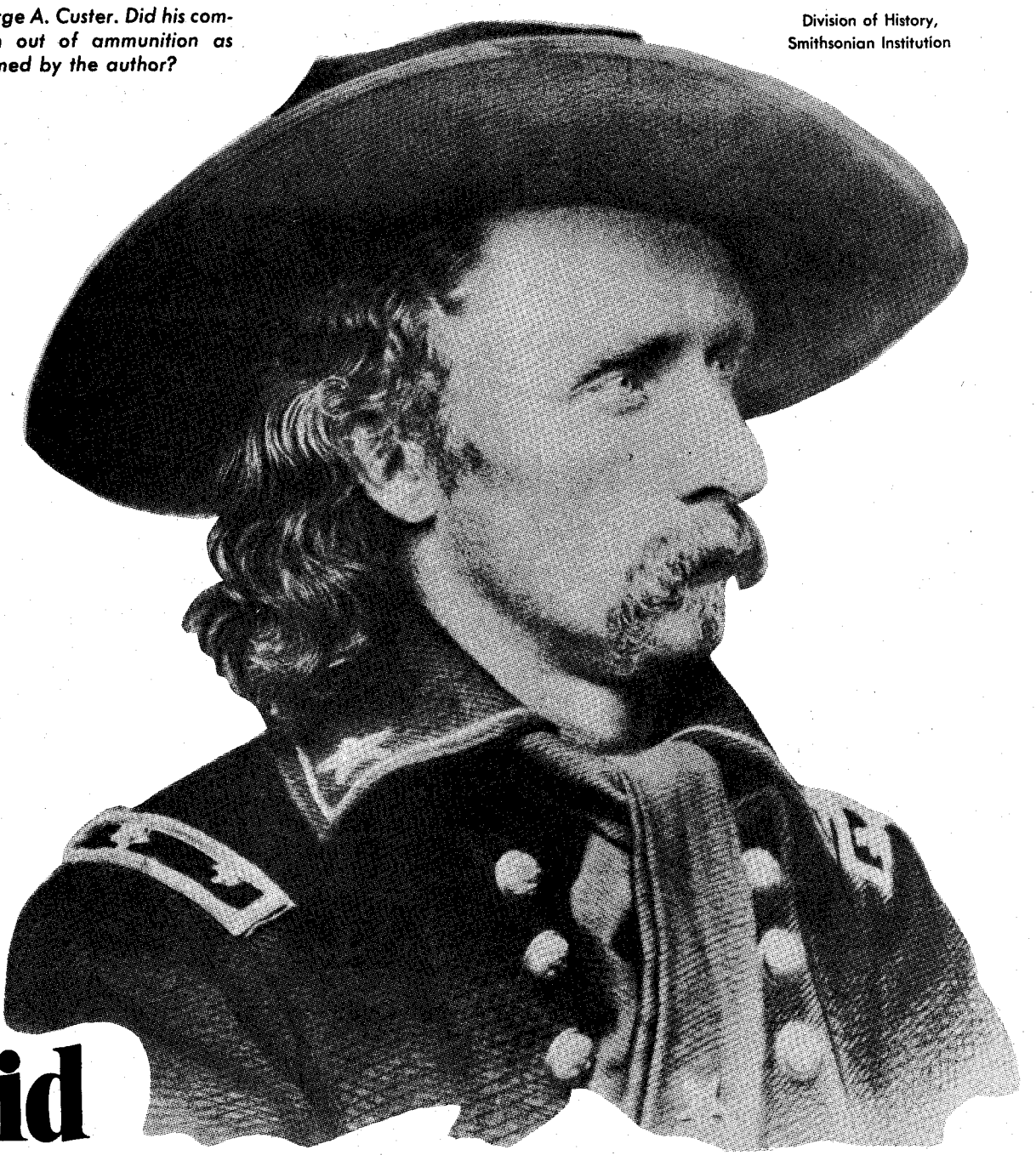

Gen. George A. Custer. Did his command run out of ammunition as claimed by the author?

Division of History, Smithsonian Institution

Did CUSTER'S BATTALION Run Out of AMMUNITION?

By Georg Wenzel Schneider-Wettengel

It has become popular to condemn George Armstrong Custer for the massacre at Little Big Horn but in this article other possibilities are discussed. Did his men run out of ammunition through no fault of his own? Or did other officers fail to do what Custer expected?

The author has speculated for many years why Custer's Battalion was wiped out to the last man, while the Reno-Benteen Battalions were not. For what it may be worth, what follows is the author's final conclusion.

Naturally, it was Benteen's opinion that Custer's "Last Stand" was "a panic-rout". In other words, Custer "and his gang" and their men simply lost their collective and individual heads, allowing themselves to be slaughtered by

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One of the many fanciful versions of Custer's last stand.

their red foe like so many bleating sheep cast among ravening wolves. Naturally, too, Custerphobes, then and since, have agreed with Benteen. If this was what actually happened - then Custer "and his gang" and most of their men acted utterly out of character. So much for that!

Granted, Reno and Benteen had a better defensive position for a prolonged stand plus more men and all of the regiment's reserve ammunition. *All of the regiment's reserve ammunition!* This, the author thinks, was the key factor, together with the fact that Custer probably doomed himself and his entire Battalion when he sent C and E Companies, under his brother Captain Thomas W. Custer and Lieutenant Algernon E. Smith, and I and F Companies, under Captain Miles W. Keogh, along with L, under Lieutenant James Calhoun, away from his Command Post on Custer Hill.

These command decisions were made, of course, to facilitate what he assumed would be Benteen's quick arrival on the scene, after he had seen the rest of the 7th through his field glasses on Weir Point. But, as we know, the troops on Weir Point went no further, retreating instead.

At no time did the hostiles make a really determined effort to wipe out the Reno-Benteen Battalions. If they had done so, there wouldn't have been a single 7th Cavalry survivor on Custer or Reno Hill. Even when Reno had made "a panic-rout" with his own Battalion from his position in the timber to the bluffs, the hostiles never made a really determined effort to wipe him out. This they could have done with but small loss to themselves.

They seemed to be content to have driven him away from the vicinity of their encampment. Yet, they did wipe out Custer. True, the defensive position that Custer took while awaiting the expected arrival of Benteen was also across the Little Big Horn. But it was much closer to the hostiles' encampment, a more or less immediate threat to it. The Indians had no assurance that these pony soldiers would not move offensively against it at any time.

Still, true to past performance, the hostiles never made a really determined effort to wipe out Custer any more than they did Reno-Benteen. By a really determined effort, I mean a headlong all-out charge, casualties be damned. Of course, this wasn't the Indian way of making war. They had too much sense. Apparently, though, Lame White Man did lead such a charge against C and E Companies when Custer detached them, as related above.

The hostiles claimed that they simply overran both units, lancing and tomahawking the troopers where they stood. This, in the author's opinion, is most doubtful. He thinks Tom Custer and A. E. Smith dismounted their men once they had taken the position the General had indicated they should, every fourth man a horse-holder. Sooner or later the hostiles succeeded in stampeding both Companies' horses, the Companies' reserve ammunition being in the saddle bags. Now, we have no way of knowing how long C and E Companies were able to stand their ground.

But both of their officers were brave and experienced soldiers, adept at Indian fighting. It is the author's further opinion that they had positioned their men in the ravine where many of C and E Companies' bodies were found after the battle.

After their horses had been stampeded and they had used up most of the ammunition they carried with them while awaiting Benteen, who never came, they then tried to retreat back to Custer's Command Post. It is evident that Tom Custer and A. E. Smith with a few of their men made it, as their bodies were found on Custer Hill. It was during this attempted retreat that Lame White Man made his charge.

Quite probably there were similar charges against Keogh's and Calhoun's commands. We know, from the areas where the bodies of both commands were found, that Calhoun led out and had also dismounted his men to fight a holding action on foot once he had gained the position the General had indicated to him. Again, every fourth man was a horse-holder. Probably again, the hostiles succeeded in stampeding L Companies' horses, the Companies' reserve ammunition being in the saddlebags.

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Again, we do not know how long L Company fought. Evidently, since their bodies, together with those of their officers, were found in regular skirmish order, they had stood their ground too long, ran out of ammunition, and waited with rifle clubs for the end. Probably, by that time, Calhoun knew Benteen wasn't coming and they were all doomed, anyway.

It is more than likely that Calhoun had seen through his field glasses the retreat of the troops on Weir Point. So why try to get back to Custer's Command Post? And hadn't he written Custer once that if the time ever came Custer would not find him wanting? Possibly he thought that, by holding out as long as he could, Custer might at least get away and save some of the Battalion. In any case, Calhoun certainly kept his promise.

Probably, Keogh also dismounted his command, remaining mounted himself, the better to exercise command, rallying his men by riding back and forth along their skirmish line, shouting orders, continually using his field glasses to see how near Benteen might be. Again, every fourth man was a horse - holder. Yet again, the hostiles succeeded in stampeding I and F Companies' horses, the precious reserve ammunition in the saddle bags. How long I and F Companies' action lasted, of course, we cannot know. Probably, until their ammunition was almost exhausted, then Keogh ordering a retreat back to Custer's Command Post, having seen Calhoun wiped out and no sign of Benteen whatsoever.

Few, if any, of I and F Companies' men made it back to Custer's Command Post. We know Keogh wasn't one of them. His body was found between Custer Hill and Calhoun Ridge. From hostile testimony, Keogh must have tried to save at least a remnant of his command to the very last, continually trying to cover its retreat.

But, in the author's view, they could have been taken from the saddlebags of the Custer Battalion's stampeded horses. Certainly, the hostiles made every effort to round up these horses once the battle was over. Mr. Ege also mentioned that the men of the Custer Battalion had had little in the way of targets to shoot at, the hostiles having concealed themselves very effectively during most of the action. This is true.

However, Indians were adept at drawing a foe's fire by popping up and down like prairie dogs from their burrows. Even veterans of Indian fighting couldn't resist taking potshots whenever this occurred. We also know that many officers and men of the Reno-Benteen Battalions heard volley-firing from the direction in which Custer had gone.

There was some dispute among them as to the extent of this volley-firing. We cannot know, of course, just how much there was. It may well have been considerable and this uses up ammunition at a rapid rate. It must be kept in mind that at the beginning of the action by Custer's Battalion, the General had no reason to suppose that he needed to conserve his Battalion's ammunition. As far as he then knew, he could be free with it. He expected Benteen to be along shortly.

Custer, having seen most of his Battalion wiped out and still no sign of Benteen, knew the end wasn't far off. Perhaps, he, too, had seen the troops retreat from Weir Point. He and the 40 - odd officers and men with him still had plenty of ammunition themselves, their mounts having been killed instead of stampeded, their bodies forming a rough breast work for the General's Command Post.

Thus, they were able to keep the hostiles at bay until their ratio of killed and wounded to those still able to fight on was pared down to the point that the hostiles could see from the slackening of fire behind the dead-horse breastwork that an all-out charge would cause them but few casualties. Apparently, only seven men were able to do anything at the last. They made a break for the river and were ridden down. "We have killed them all!"

National Archives

Another artist's conception of the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Nearly all of the foregoing is, of course, pure conjecture on the author's part. He knows there are many Little Big Horn buffs who will not agree with him at all. When he first broached his theory that Custer's Battalion might have run out of ammunition, or nearly so, to Mr. Robert J. Ege, the latter strongly disagreed mainly because so many spent cartridges, evidently of 7th Cavalry issue, were found on the positions occupied by the hostiles near Reno Hill). Mr. Ege reasoned that they must have been pilfered from the Custer Battalion's dead. He may well be right.

We know the hostiles' casualties at Little Big Horn were comparatively light. Benteen said he counted only two dead Indian ponies on Custer Field. Two only! The hostiles, as was Indian custom whenever possible, had carried off the bodies of their dead warriors. Either the men of Custer's Battalion were terribly poor marksmen or the hostiles made no charges at all until they were sure the pony soldiers had little or nothing left to shoot them with.

The latter is far more likely to have been the case. Undoubtedly, many of Custer's Battalion were killed by the hostiles arching arrows down on them from their own well-concealed positions. Undoubtedly, too, the men of Custer's Battalion were not nearly so well protected by the terrain they occupied. But to infer from all of this that the hostiles were as good bowmen as the Nor-

(continued on page 80)

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LEGEND MAKER Of The WEST

By
Cy Martin

COVER PAINTING

Cy Martin Collection

Ned Buntline as he posed in the 1870's. Photographed by Sarony

Ned Buntline was born Edward Zane Carroll Judson and he wrote some of the most incredible fiction about the west that exists. Actually, the true story of Ned Buntline's life was almost as hard to believe as the wild fiction that he sold.

The drama critic of the *Chicago Times* wrote in 1872: "On the whole, it is not probable that Chicago will ever look upon the like again. Such a combination of incongruitous drama, execrable acting, renowned performers, mixed audience, intolerable stench, scalping, blood and thunder, is not likely to be vouchsafed to a city for a second time — even Chicago."

The play referred to was entitled *The Scouts of the Plains,* and starred Buffalo Bill Cody along with Texas Jack Omohundro, a former scout with Jeb Stuart's cavalry. Mlle. Morlacchi acted the part of Dove-eye who was described by the *Chicago Tribune's* drama critic as "a beautiful Indian maiden with an Italian accent and a weakness for frontier scouts." Included also in the cast were numerous extras as Indian warriors and the rascal known throughout the east as Ned Buntline. It was in

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Buntline's wildly fertile imagination the spectacle originated, and he, of course, played the hero, Cale Durg.

In city after city in which the group played, critics raised Cain. The New York *Herald* said, "Buntline played the part of Cale Durg as badly as is possible for any human being to represent it." This eastern newspaper took particular exception to the scene in which Durg, momentarily subdued by redskins, was tied to a tree with a torture fire ignited at his feet. From this uncomfortable position, Durg delivered a long winded temperance lecture to the captive audience.

But with the general public who attended the performance, Ned Buntline came through again with a wonderful western legend.

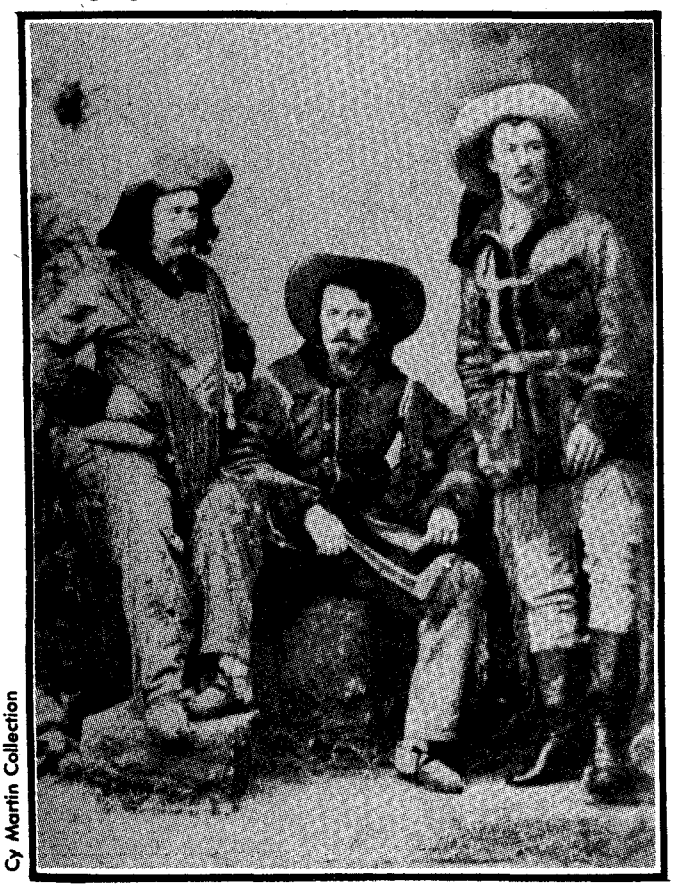
Buntline was probably born in 1823 (there is some confusion as to the exact date) as Edward Zane Carroll Judson. The question of Buntline's birth date is difficult to settle, since one date was given when he joined the Navy, another when he enlisted in the Army, while his application for a war pension gives a third date, and his tombstone a fourth birth date. Generally, historians accept March 10, 1823.

Buntline liked to recall, in later life, that a terrible storm wracked the heavens while he was being born, and as always, full of poetic self-appreciation, he wrote:

Born when thunder loudly booming
Shook the roof above my head —
When red lightning lit the glooming
Which o'er land and sea was spread.

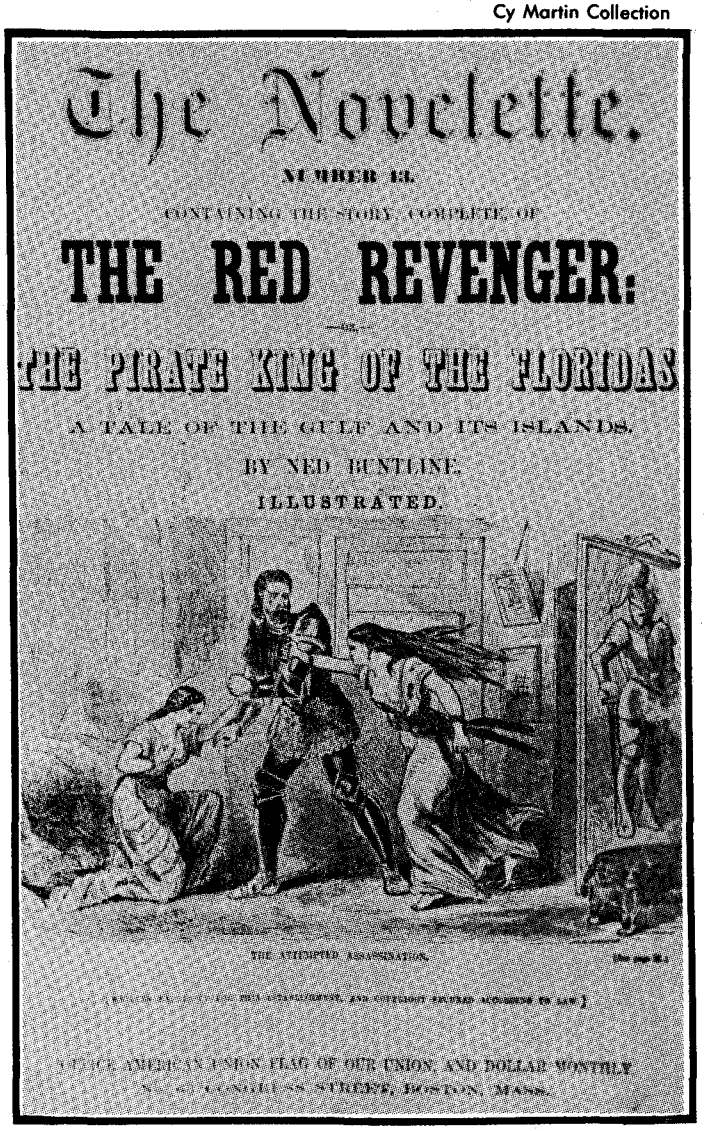
Buntline ran away to sea when he was eleven, embarking upon a career in which fact and fiction have become so thoroughly entangled as to defy all separation. By the time he was twenty, he claimed to have fought in the Seminole War, taken his first wife, and published his first story under the pseudonym, Ned Buntline. The pseudonym, Buntline, comes from the nautical term where a buntline is the rope at the bottom of a square sail. Before long, Ned, by his own account, traveled to the far West, killed buffaloes, grizzly bears, Indians and started a periodical called *Ned Buntline's Own.* He also was lynched in Nashville, Tennessee.

Cy Martin Collection



Ned Buntline, Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack pose for a publicity photo for "The Scouts of the Plains". The play opened in Chicago and toured the nation for two years.

Cy Martin Collection



Before Ned Buntline discovered the West as a prime locale for his stories, he wrote about New York city life and about the sea. Above is illustrated one of his early sea epics.

The true story of this lynching states that Nashville gossips of 1845 whispered about Ned Buntline and a married woman — a beautiful woman only in her teens. The affair started during Christmas week while Ned's wife was still alive. Ned swaggered around in a Spanish cloak and Panama hat, unseasonable for Nashville, but literary personages were entitled to some singular peculiarities.

Buntline sauntered into a church bazaar near the Planters' bank and met Mrs. Robert Porterfield. She was the young wife of an auctioneer's assistant and was presiding over a picture gallery, charging 25¢ admission for the church's benefit. Ned, always on the alert for news, stopped, chatted with her, then in the next issue of his little paper, Mrs. Porterfield read she was "a beautiful woman with exalted accomplishments."

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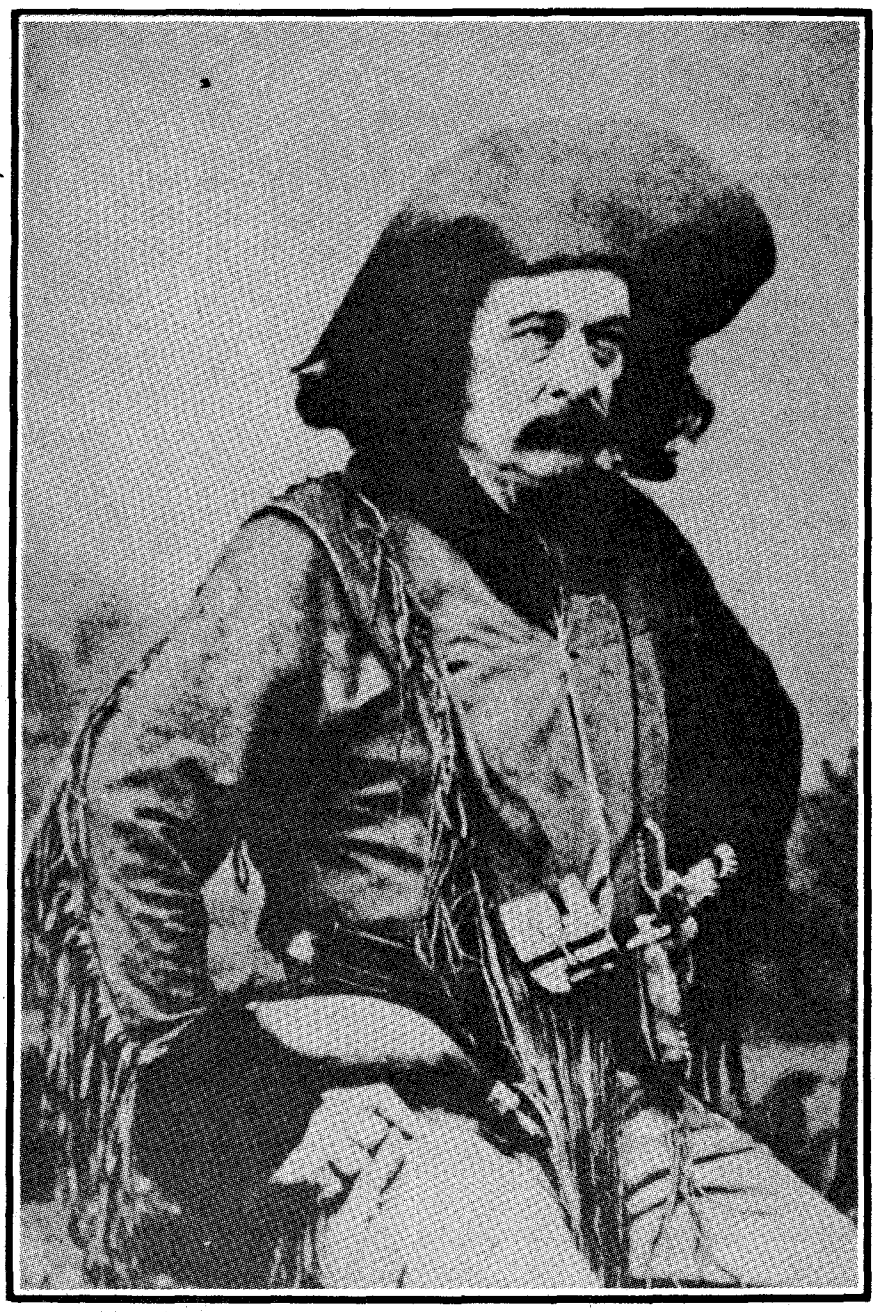

Ned Buntline as Cale Durg in Chicago in 1872. Photograph by Brown Brothers.

Immediately, her teen-aged heart fluttered for the sophisticated literary lion who, by now, was only twenty - two years of age. During the winter holidays in Nashville, people masked and reveled in the streets. It was an old custom, and at the boarding house where the Porterfields lived, the guests noticed Mrs. Porterfield joined the merrymakers without her husband.

Some nights later, some boys found Ned in close embrace with a woman in an alley behind the Episcopal Church. As they pelted the surprised couple with rocks, Ned covered his companion with his coat. The boys were not sure the woman was young Mrs. Porterfield, but the story set the neighbors' tongues wagging in anticipation and conjecture.

The next day, the distraught husband primed his pistol and set off down the street after Buntline. Some friends warned Ned, who also loaded his pistol and stuffed it in his belt. Young Porterfield opened fire, sending shot after shot while his friends applauded his actions. Ned fired back and Robert Porterfield fell face down in the road. His friends turned the nearly dead man over and saw the bullet hole in his skull just above the right eye. A hearing was held at the courthouse with Buntline in court pleading self-defense, stating Porterfield fired first.

Porterfield's brother and some friends poured in and started shooting. Ned ducked, ran from the room and across to the quaint, rambling City Hotel. A dozen guns fired, barking at his heels before he disappeared in the hotel's gloomy passageways.

Later Ned reported with his characteristic optimism: "I was slightly hit by three only." As a matter of fact, he actually received a severe bullet wound in the chest. The mob stormed into the hotel, then chased him from gallery to gallery, up and down the steep stairs. Finally, from the third floor someone yelled, "Here he is!"

Buntline jumped out of the window, reached for the roof coping above the portico, but missed and fell forty - seven feet to the hard rocky ground below. Later Ned claimed not a bone was cracked, but he exaggerated, for he was crippled for life. Later on, he was to claim he received the wound which caused his limp during the Civil War.

The sheriff's officers dragged the stunned man to jail while irate people stood along the street, telling one another about the affair. At eleven o'clock at night, the crowd in the square learned Porterfield had died. Then they marched to the jail and broke in. They caught Ned and threw the battered man into the street with a rope looped around his neck. Then Edward Zane Carroll Judson was hanged from an awning post in the public square of Nashville.

But Buntline, with one of those miraculous escapes so familiar to the readers of the stories he wrote, was smuggled back to jail by nameless friends. Three weeks later, a letter from his well guarded cell reported he would be out soon.

A grand jury assembled and listened to the crippled man's story of innocence, his plea of self-defense. They deliberated and could find no reason for an indictment against him. Buntline slipped out of town quietly, noting later that the "rope didn't break, it was cut by a friend."

Back in the East, he resumed publication of *Ned Buntline's Own* and began cranking out dastardly dreadful paperback books. These novels were abominable tales which Buntline claimed were drawn from real life. Always in his stories, he pretended his material was an actual account of some happening or another.

It wasn't long before he embarked on a series of social reform

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booklets entitled *The Mysteries and Miseries of New York.* It was "drawn from real life, heart sickening too real life" — a life full of clerks who embezzled money to pay their debts, only to find themselves in the toils of gamblers; beautiful, proud but poor, sewing girls who fought off tuberculosis and well dressed libertines. As Ned himself wrote in one of these, "By Jove, I'll have a kiss if I die for it!"

She replied with tears in her eyes and scissors in her hand, "Wretch! Fiend! Dog! Stand back, if you value your life."

And so on and so on, from one insoluble drama and dilemma to another, with hero and heroine on the brink of destruction or ruin, with both at the end of each installment. The story sold over a hundred thousand copies, and reprints and translations made Buntline a literary figure of world renown. Married again, he dramatically explained to his latest bride that he kept his swords, pistols, and daggers in his study because his life was in constant danger from the villains he was exposing in the series about miseries of New York.

Buntline's domestic life could not be called happy, but his business prospered, so he announced proudly he would increase the size of his paper. He would also continue to persecute gamblers and illegal liquor sellers. He would fight foreign immigration and make America a land free from foreigners and fit for Americans. He never hinted he might resort to revolution, after the fashion of the patriots of 1776, and trust the unrest in eastern America to support his banner.

But he did affix a picture of himself in sailor costume with a drawn sword for the masthead of his paper. Beneath this heroic form the paper carried an alleged command of Washington's: "Put none but Americans on guard." Between stories and issues of *Ned Buntline's Own,* he found time to get into an unending variety of scrapes and scandals. Once, while out of jail on a bond pending a trial for a riot he started, he was served with a summons in a slander suit, his wife filed for divorce, and at the same time he was arrested for bad debts.

He became involved in spiritualism and labored mightily for the "Know - Nothing" party by organizing a concert troupe. He was arrested in St. Louis for leading another riot, between the many temperance lectures he gave. During most of these lectures, he was so drunk he could hardly talk. Ned shot at least one more man, married two women, and was jailed for bigamy during the next few years.

With the outbreak of the Civil War, Ned tried to get a commission but promptly was turned down. Finally, on September 25, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company K of the First New York Mounted Rifles. At that time, he gave his age as thirty - seven, cheating only by two years. With that outfit, he was loaded on a steamboat and shipped to Norfolk, Virginia. After arrival at Norfolk, a train hauled the troops to Suffolk, just west of the Dismal Swamp.

It was an outpost close to the enemy; where action could be expected. From his experiences as a sailor, Ned knew the rudiments of military life. Older than his fellow privates, he was tough, talkative and full of mischief. The soldiers liked him and called him "Uncle Ned", soon learning he saw a story in the dullest event of everyday life. They enjoyed hearing him add color to his description of a monotonous tour of guard duty, or add a humorous finale to a petty event which they didn't even remember.

The early winter of 1862 was mild and balmy with no action, which was probably why Ned was promoted to sergeant, given a furlough, and allowed to sail for Manhattan with a light heart. New York, in the winter of 1862-63, prided itself on being the Sodom and Gomorrah of the North, and

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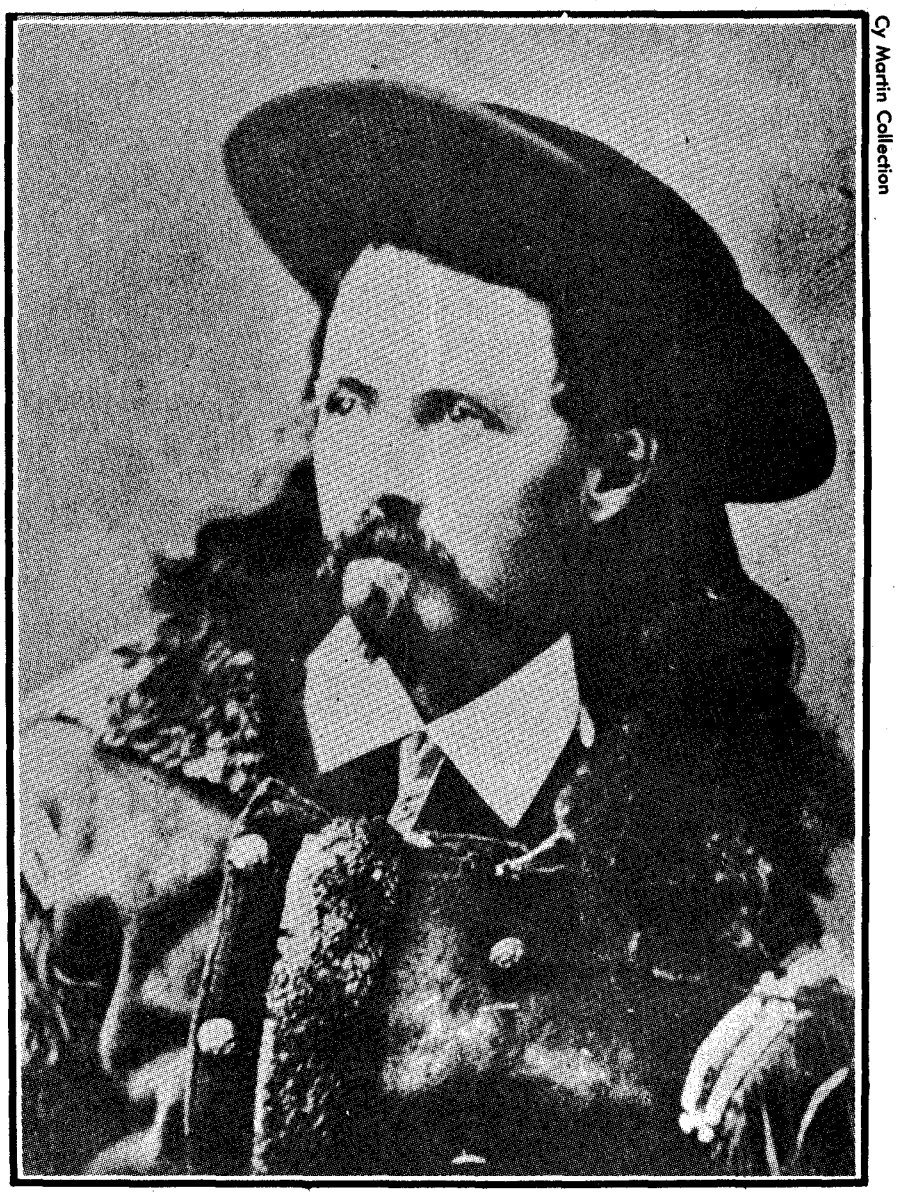

Cy Martin Collection

William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill", at age 22. Buffalo Bill first came to the attention of the public as the hero of a story written by Ned Buntline.

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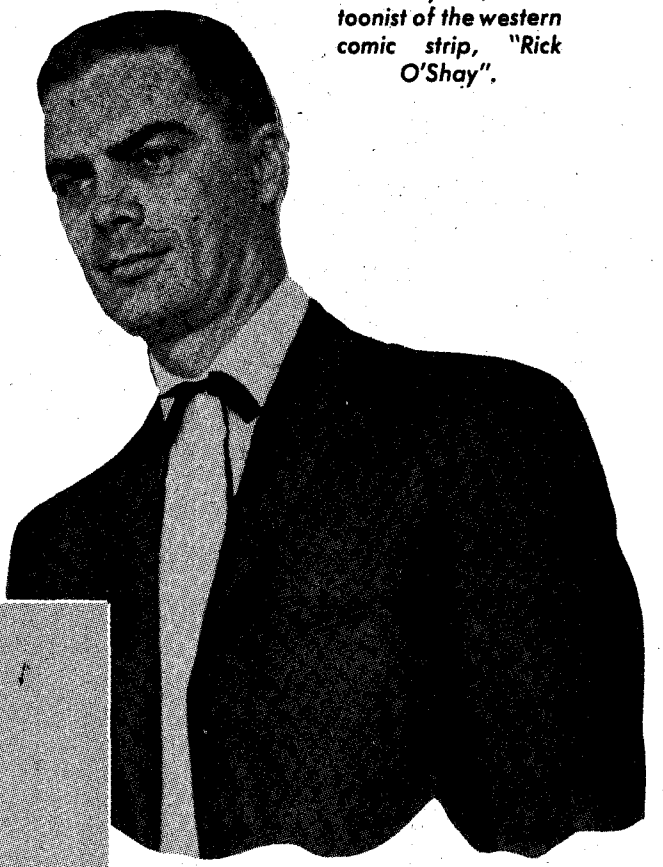
STAN LYNDE
Comic Cowboy Artist

By Mario A. DeMarco



Stan Lynde, cartoonist of the western comic strip, "Rick O'Shay".

When I first saw the comic strip, "Rick O'Shay", some years ago, I remarked to another cartoonist friend, "Now there's a man who knows what he's drawing about!" I was referring to the cartoonist who has been doing this humorous cowboy strip since 1958, Stan Lynde.

Stan Lynde began when the great cowboy artist, Fred Harmon, gave up drawing his famous "Red Ryder" cartoon strip. Stan, like Harmon, knows his subject well because he was born in Billings, Montana on September 23, 1931 and was raised on his father's ranch near Lodge Grass, Montana — on the Crow Indian Reservation.

As a youngster he worked on the ranch and traveled with his family wherever his father's business, sheep-raising, took them. One interesting fact that Stan relates is that he has lived with his parents in about every kind of dwelling you can imagine: sheep wagon, soddy, dugout, line shack, log cabin, ranch house and tent.

With all the traveling about, Stan still found time to graduate from high school and enroll in the University of Montana at Missoula, Montana where he majored in journalism and was an art minor. About that time, the Korean conflict had broken out and Stan enlisted in the Navy, serving two years on Guam. It was there that his cartoon career began. He created and drew a humor comic strip on Navy life called "Ty Foon" for the daily Navy paper. He returned to the States in 1953 and served out his remaining four-year hitch at a submarine tender base in San Diego, California.

Upon his discharge, he returned

(continued on page 65)

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ALL RIGHT, SYBIL.. S'POSIN' WE AGREE WITH EVERYTHING YOU SAY ABOUT HOW MEN HAVE BEEN MISTREATIN' US WOMENFOLK.. WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT IT?
I'M GLAD YOU ASKED THAT, SISTER LUCY..
..AS YOU KNOW, MANY OF US SPEND OUR LIVES TRYING TO LOOK APPEALING TO MEN..
..WE TEASE OUR HAIR, APPLY MAKEUP, SUFFER IN SHOES A SIZE TOO SMALL.. WELL, WE'RE GOING TO REVOLT!
AS A FIRST ACT OF DEFIANCE, WE'RE GOING TO BURN OUR CORSETS!
STAN LYNDE
'SCUSE ME, SYBIL..BUT I'M NOT SURE I HEARD YOU RIGHT--WHAT DID YOU SAY WE'RE GONNA DO?
LADIES, WE ARE GOING TO BURN OUR CORSETS!
WHAT COULD BE MORE FITTING THAN THE DESTRUCTION OF THAT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE DESIGNED TO MAKE US MORE ATTRACTIVE TO MEN?
LIKE IN THE BOSTON TEA PARTY OF YORE, WE SHALL DRAMATIZE OUR GRIEVANCES IN ONE BOLD STROKE.. ONE GLORIOUS, BLAZING MOMENT!
AND THIS ACT, LADIES, MAY BECOME KNOWN TO HISTORY AS THE FIRE HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD!
STAN LYNDE
DON'T GET ME WRONG, SYBIL..I THINK BURNIN' OUR CORSETS AS AN ACT OF PROTEST IS A FINE IDEA..
..BUT THE TROUBLE IS I AIN'T NEVER WORE ONE.. AN' SOMEHOW, BURNIN' MY LONG JOHNS JUST DON'T SEEM AS APPROPRIATE!
ALL OF US MUST PARTICIPATE, LILY..
..IF YOU DO NOT PRESENTLY OWN A CORSET, THEN YOU MUST GO OUT AND BUY ONE FOR THE DEMONSTRATION.
UH.. YES'M.
ASK A SILLY QUESTION, YOU GET A SILLY ANSWER.
STAN LYNDE
HUH? YOU WANT T' BUY A CORSET?
THAT'S RIGHT, ELMER.. ANY SIZE.
'SCUSE ME, LILY.. BUT YOU BUYIN' A CORSET IS LIKE AN ESKIMO BUYIN' ICE. WHAT DO YOU WANT ONE FOR?
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU..
..BUT I WILL. US WOMENFOLK ARE BURNIN' OUR CORSETS AS A SYMBOLIC ACT O' DEFIANCE.
HUH? ALL OF YOU? MY WIFE, TOO?
YEP. OUR AIM IS GETTIN' EQUAL RIGHTS, NOT BEAUTIFYIN' AMERICA.
STAN LYNDE
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE BIG PROTEST MEETIN' TONIGHT, HIPSHOT? THE LOCAL LADIES ARE FIXIN' T' BURN THEIR CORSETS!
THEY CLAIM IT'S A SYMBOLIC PROTEST AGAINST THEIR DOMINATION BY MEN. I JUST GAVE 'EM A BONFIRE PERMIT.
YEAH.. AH HEARED ABOUT IT, THAT'S WHY AH'M LEAVIN' TOWN..
..AH CAIN'T ABIDE THE SMELL O' BURNIN' WHALEBONE.
STAN LYNDE

A sampling of Stan Lynde's western humor.

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Samuel Hearne, explorer of the north country.

In the Far North, a place called The Barrens, northwest of Fort Prince of Wales, an Englishman named Samuel Hearne led a band of Chippewayan Indians to seek a fabled copper mine and a way for ships to reach it. Hearne's journals tell an amazing story of hardship and life as it was lived above the Arctic Circle.

SAMUEL HEARNE And His JOURNEY To COPPERMINE

By Earl V. Chapin

Samuel Hearne, age 25, had noted in his diary that, between December 19 and 27, 1770, he had seen nothing but ice and snow, and for three days he and his small party had no food, only pipe and tobacco and a drink of snow water, "and as we walked daily from morning till night, and were all heavy laden, our strength began to fail."

Hearne was in the Barrens, northwest of Fort Prince of Wales at the mouth of the Churchill River on Hudson's Bay. The young Englishman—explorer, naturalist, artist, writer, and soldier of fortune—and his band of

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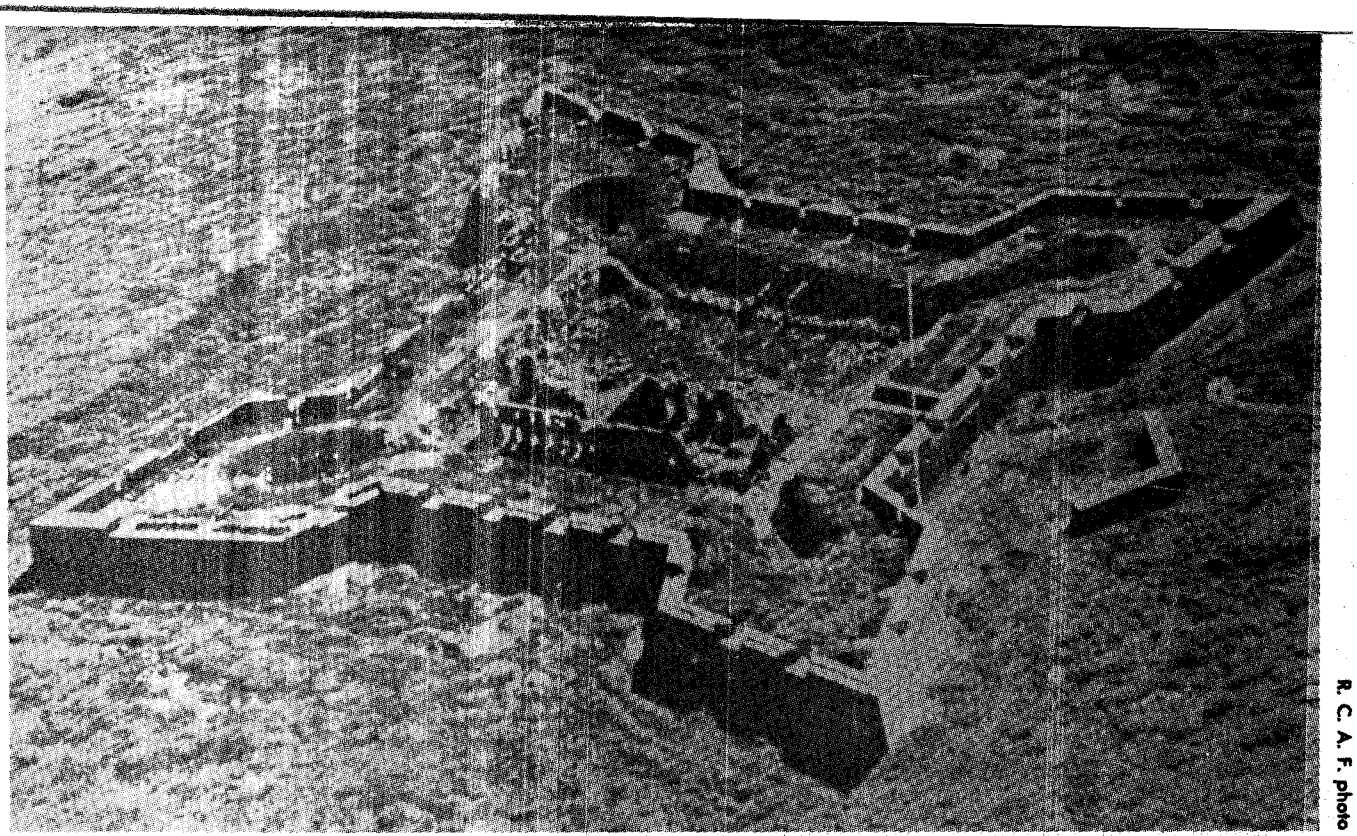

R. C. A. F. photo

Fort Prince of Wales at Churchill, Manitoba as it looks today

Chippewayan Indians were mere black motes in an extremity of endless snow drifts, blinding white when the sun shone.

Hearne was on his way to chart a course to a fabled copper mine, to make notes on how ships might reach it by way of the Northwest Passage.

The men pulled their own sledges, for the dog team had not yet been thought of, and they slept in tents as the mercury plunged to thirty below, a mere foretaste of what was to come in the short, dark days of the Arctic winter. On an empty stomach in the Christmas season, Hearne reflected on "the merry season which was then passing, the immense quantities and great variety of delicacies which were then expended in every part of Christendom."

In the eighteen months that Hearne was to spend on this, his third journey in search of the copper mine, he was to compile a remarkable and enduring record of lands around the Artic Circle, its people, their customs, its fauna and flora. His day - to - day journal is filled with drama and pathos, triumph and tragedy.

"One of Montonabbee's wives buttocks were froze and when thawed blisters arose nearly as large as sheep's bladders. Her companions laughed and jeered at her... They wrestled for each other's wives ... He took out his long knife, went to the man's tent, took him by the collar and began to execute his horrid design .. snow drifting so we couldn't see so got to the leeward of a big stone ... muskettoes so numerous as to surpass all credibility ... I verily believe not less than twenty had a hand in his death as his whole body was like a cullender."

Born in London in 1645, and soon left fatherless at the age of eleven or twelve, Samuel Hearne joined the Navy and became captain's sergeant to a great seaman, Samuel Hood, whom Lord Nelson, greatest of British naval heroes, called "the best officer, take him altogether, that England had to boast of."

Hood took a fancy to young Hearne. The lad was apparently with his mentor during Hood's famous action against the fifty-gun French *Aquikon,* the three-hour fight with the frigate *Bellona* and the bombardment of Le Havre.

Life in the Navy lost its glamor after the end of the Seven Years' War and Hearne, at twenty-one, entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company as mate of the *Churchill,* a sloop trading with the Eskimos along the west shore of Hudson's Bay.

Hudson's Bay Company ships plied out of the natural harbor at the mouth of the Churchill River where stood Fort Prince of Wales, a mighty bastion with feet of clay. Governor of the fort and the Company's omnipotent representative at this important trading outpost was Moses Norton, the half-breed son of a former governor.

Though educated in England for nine years, little of this exposure had rubbed off on Norton. Wrote Hearne: "At his return to Hudson's Bay he entered into all the abominable vices of his countrymen (Indians). He kept for his own use five or six of the finest Indian girls which he could select; and notwithstanding his own uncommon propensity to the fair sex, took every means in his power to prevent any European from having intercourse with the women of the country. Among his miserable and ignorant countrymen he passed for proficient in physic, and always kept a box of poison to administer to those who refused him his wife and daughters. He lived in defiance of every law, human or divine."

After a year on the *Churchill,* Hearne applied to the London Committee for command of the *Charlotte,* but, probably through Norton's intercession, another man was made captain. After a summer as mate on the *Charlotte,* Hearne "did not hesitate to comply with the request of the Company" that he should launch a search for the copper mine.

For decades, Indian tales of this fabled spot had inflamed the imagination of Europeans. It was said that pure copper lay in ingots like boulders. Enough samples and copper work had been obtained from the Indians to give the rumors some substance of truth. Back in 1719 two vessels sailed northward in search of the mine. Fifty years later, explorers found the bottoms of the ships, their cannon, anchors, and skeletons.

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In 1769 the Company decided to send some competent person on an overland search and Hearne was chosen. This project was also Norton's, as fort commander, and his planning of the first two expeditions was such as to insure their failure, according to Richard Glover, an editor of Hearne's journals.

There were only two Chippewayans known to have been to the copper mine, but when the first journey was launched, Idotliazee had died of plague and Montonabbee couldn't be found. Norton made a captain out of a medicine man named Chawchinahaw who took the money for his services and subsequently a powder. Without guides, Hearne and his Cree hunters had to return.

Writes one historian, "Unabashed by organizing one failure, Norton lost the least possible time arranging another. This time he chose as guide and captain an Indian named Connequesse "whose only recommendation was self praise."

We didn't know where he was going and, by the time the party reached latitude 70 degrees, it was hopelessly lost. The quadrant was broken, Hearne couldn't establish the location of the copper mine, and the expedition had to turn back. It reached Fort Prince of Wales on November 25, 1770, after eight months and 22 days of hardships.

On his return, Hearne had a stroke of luck. His path crossed that of Montonabbee, the Indian who did know the way to the copper mine. Montonabbee was a man of great size and of resourcefulness, a leader among his people, and he could speak English.

Montonabbee quickly informed Hearne of the chief reason for the failure of his abortive trips: The failure to take squaws along.

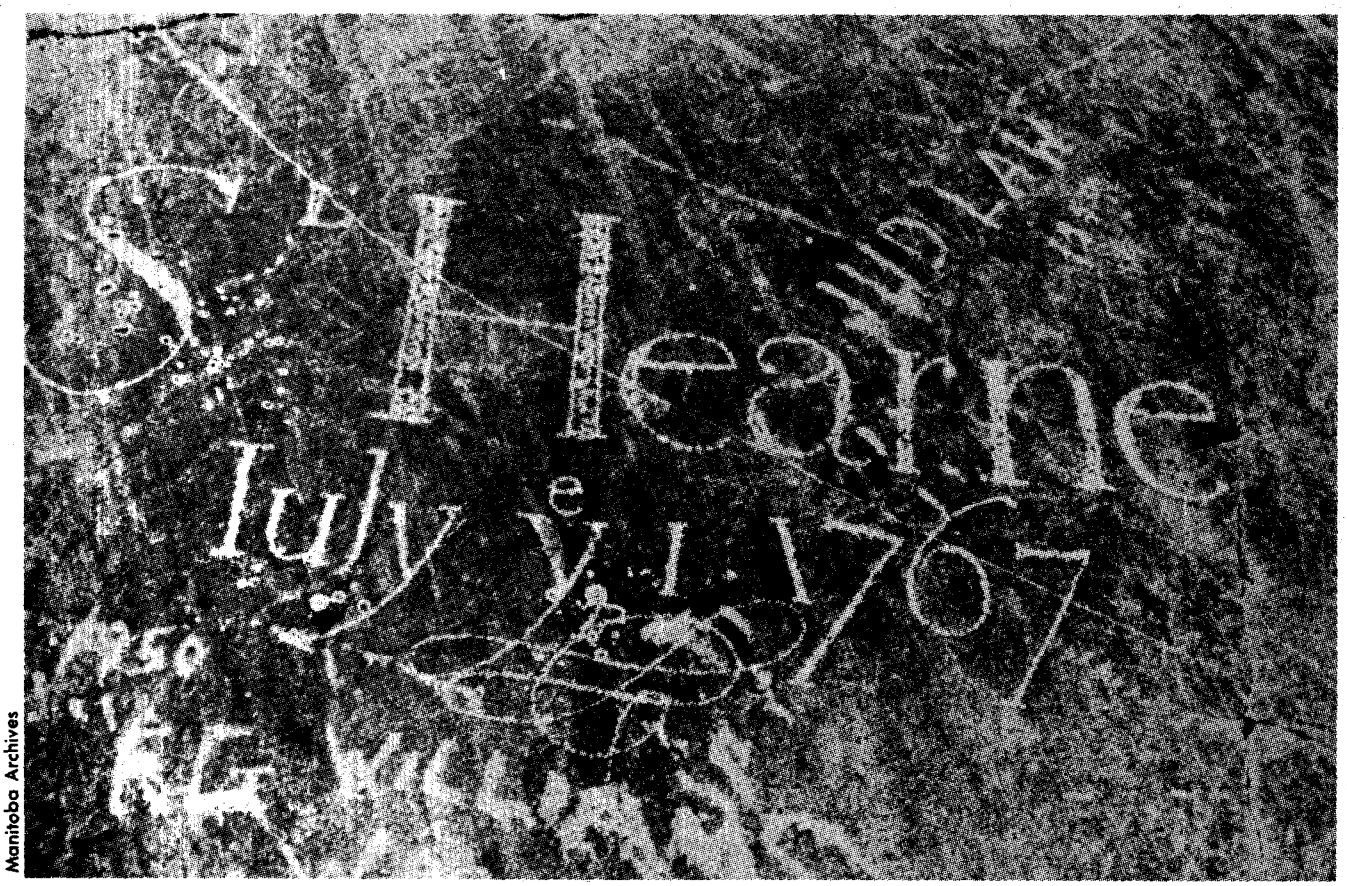
"Women',, said Montonabbee, "were made for labor; one of them can carry or haul, as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing; in fact, there is no such thing as traveling any considerable distance, or for any length of time in this country without their assistance. Though they do everything, they are maintained at trifling expense for, as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers in scarce times is sufficient for their subsistence."

Montonabbee had five wives.

So when Samuel Hearne started out from Fort Prince of Wales on his third and final expedition, his guide and captain was Montonabbee. Conspicuously absent in this party were the Cree relatives that Norton had formerly sent along, "so that they might get credit for taking care of me during the journey," according to Hearne. This was not accomplished without a brouhaha that earned for Hearne, Norton's enduring spite.

The third expedition left Fort Prince of Wales on December 7, 1770, to the salute of seven cannon. On December 28, Hearne left barren ground and traveled through thick, scrubby weeds "consisting chiefly of ill-shaped, stunted pines, with small dwarf junipers intermingled here and there with dwarf willow bushes and some small poplars." They had broken their fast after killing deer the day before and the Indians "never ceased eating the whole day." As a result, Montonabbee got such a severe bellyache that he had to be hauled on a sledge one whole day.

Hearne's book, "A Journey to the Northern Ocean", does not state how many Chippewayan Indians were in the party at the outset. We know that Montonabbee had five wives and seven children, there were some hunters, and other Indians



Manitoba Archives

Hearne's signature scratched on a rock near Churchill, Manitoba.

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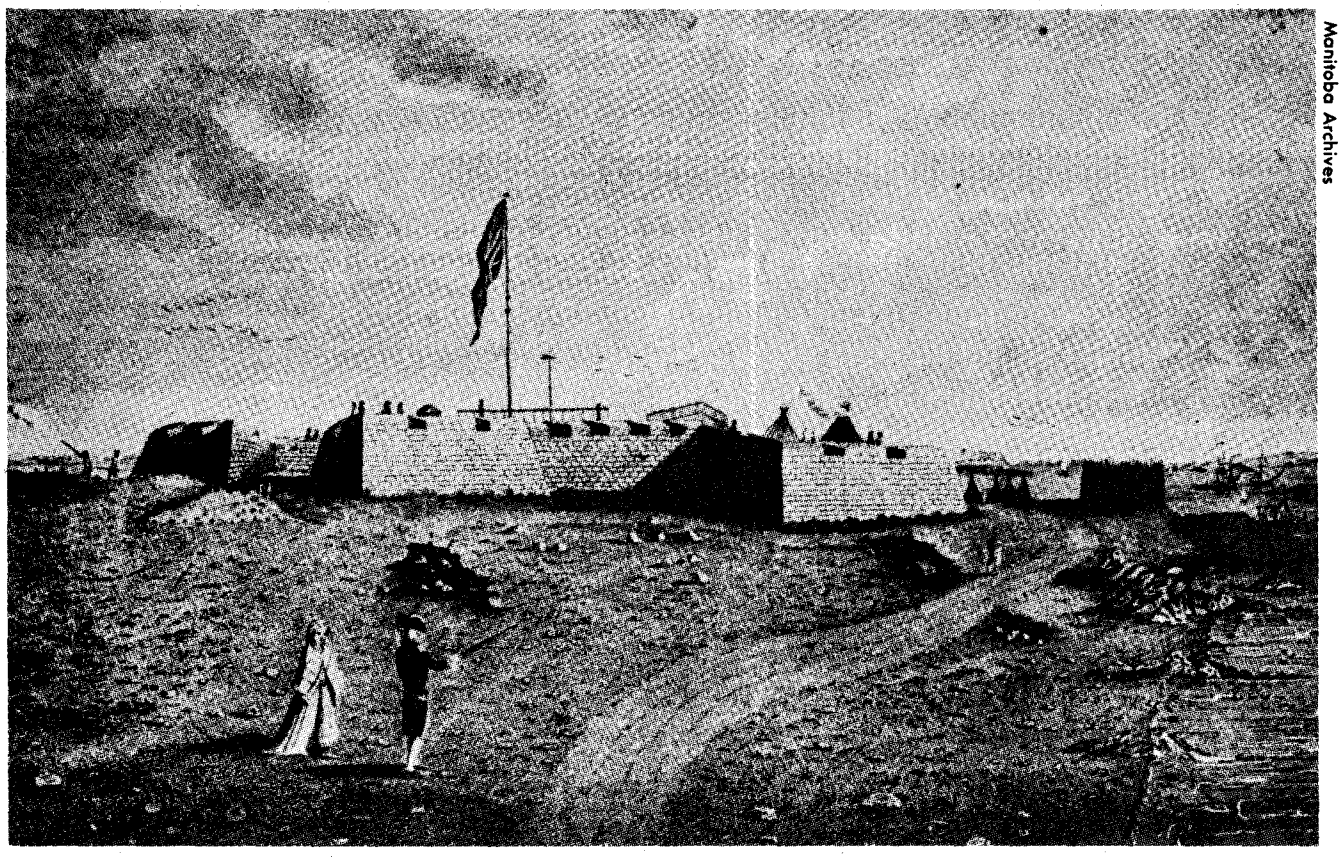

Manitoba Archives

Fort Prince of Wales in 1796 as drawn by Samuel Hearne.

joined as they traveled along, a common occurrence.

Throughout most of January, 1771, the party traveled at a rate of about eight or nine miles a day on snow, pulling sledges. In that latitude, at that time of year, temperatures can plummet to 60 below, Fahrenheit, but Hearne makes little mention of the weather. Characteristically, he is occupied in making observations of the characteristics and customs of the Indians, and observations of nature. He was the first white man to see a musk ox, and his description of the beaver and its habits is an enduring classic of nature writing.

The travelers reached an area where deer were so plentiful that they were easily caught in a pound or trap. "This method of hunting", Hearne observed, "is sometimes so successful that many families subsist by it without having to move their tents above once or twice during the whole winter. When spring advances, both deer and Indians draw out into ground entirely barren." This circumstance elicits from Hearne a bit of philosophy.

He notes that while it is well adapted to the aged and infirm, it encourages indolence in the young and active, so they are "masters of nothing for trade." But then he observes, "What do the more industrious gain for their trapping for trade? The real wants of these people are few and easily supplied: a hatchet, ice chisel, a file, and a knife are all that are required to aid them, with a little industry to procure a comfortable living. Those who endeavor to possess more are always unhappy."

Early travel was generally westward, avoiding the open barren grounds where there was neither firewood, nor much game at that time of the year. This route was advised by Montanabbee who added that when spring came the caribou would be migrating northward, and they could follow them on an almost direct line to the Coppermine River.

On April 8 the party came to a small lake with a long name where it stayed for ten days, drying and pounding caribou meat and cutting light teepee poles for use on the barren grounds. Later, woodwork for canoes was cut and fashioned, and on May 5 the party reached Lake Clowey where birchbark canoes were put together. By this time, the travelers were heading north in an almost straight line for the Coppermine River.

These canoes were small and so light that they could be carried by one person. Though one canoe could only carry two persons, they were invaluable for crossing rivers and lakes, and for hunting waterfowl.

At Clowey Lake, Hearne's expedition was joined by some two hundred Indians "most of whom build canoes at this place." Hearne was an object of much curiosity on the part of these northern Indians who had never seen a white man before. Wrote Hearne, "They pronounced me to be a perfect human being except in the color of my hair and eyes: the former, they said, was like the stained hair of a buffalo's tail and the latter, being light, were like those of a gull. The whiteness of my skin was, in their opinion, no ornament, as they said that it resembled meat which had been sodden in water till all the blood was extracted."

Hearne held an anomalous position among his traveling companions, the great bulk of which were now uninvited. True, he was a representative of the great Hudson's Bay Co., but in this latitude the Hudson's Bay Co. meant little. It is likely that only the dominance and force of character of Montonabbee prevented Hearne of being robbed

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REAL WEST'S MOVIE HALL OF FAME

BRONCO BILLY ANDERSON

By Mario DeMarco

Few fans of western pictures have ever given it a thought as to who actually was the very first cowboy star of the cinema screen. If your answer is William S. Hart, Tom Mix or any of the action stars of that period, you are wrong. It is a name that very few fans would remember: "Bronco Billy" Anderson, who acted in the very first major western epic entitled "The Great Train Robbery." This picture was made way back in 1903 by the famous Thomas Edison Company, and the entire film was shot in and around Dover, New Jersey. The movie kept up with the times because train robberies were pretty common at this time. Photography was excellent for that date, and the plot contained plenty of action and thrills and the audience loved it. In one particular scene, the camera focused on a close-up of one of the bandits who points his six-shooter at the audience and fires; the effect was tremendous, for most of the moviegoers actually "ducked". Anderson had a good part in this epic which helped him launch his career as a western star and later as a director.

Anderson's real name was Max Aronson and he was born in Pine Bluff, Arkansas in 1883. After a brief stint as a salesman in his earlier years, he decided to become an actor of the stage; so to fit his personality, he changed his name to Gilbert Aronson. Here again he wasn't too successful in vaudeville, and having a pretty husky build, he decided to pose for artists and photographers as a model.

Hearing about the latest invention of movie making, he visited the Thomas Edison Studio in New Jersey and landed a job as an actor. His first appearance in this new media was in a short movie entitled "The Messenger Boy's Mistake." The same director of that film was also making another flicker entitled "The Great Train Robbery" and was looking for a man who was an expert rider. Aronson begged the director for the part stating that he was an excellent rider. On this assumption he was hired. When the cameras began to roll and he was called upon to gallop before them, he mounted the horse on the wrong side and was promptly thrown off. He resumed the rest of his role on foot. The picture proved a smashing success.

A short time later, with the new name of Gilbert M. Anderson, he left the Edison Company and went to work for Vitagraph as both actor and director. After directing and appearing in one reelers, he finally got his break in 1905 when the picture "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman", which he had directed, became a hit. He later moved on to Chicago and went to work for Col. William Selig as a director. After receiving initial success at this studio, he went into partnership with another director, George K. Spoor, and they formed their own movie company, the Essanay Company in Chicago.

After a year in the "Windy City", he had read where Col. Selig had moved his entire company to California, which had ideal weather conditions for movie making. He followed suit in 1908 and built a studio there also. Thinking back about his earlier westerns that he had directed for the Selig Company, he realized why these films had failed: there were no central characters that the audience could focus on. In these early days when the movie studios had no star system, Anderson would create a western hero, little realizing that he was paving the way for future western stars as Hart, Mix, Jones and many more that would follow in his footsteps.

After unsuccessfully trying to locate an ideal star for this venture, he decided to cast himself in the lead. His first film was titled "Broncho Billy and the Baby," which proved quite successful and led the way for many more of this type vehicle. He decided that westerns were for him and adopted the name "Broncho Billy" as a continuing character. Later he dropped the "h", making the name Bronco Billy.

It's hard to realize that Anderson played in nearly 500 of these one and two reelers in the next few years, again creating a first as a series western being played by one star. These films were very entertaining, containing plenty of riding and action, usually with a single plot. Bronco, who was quite beefy and husky, provided enough thrills in his fighting and riding. The camera work was very good and the pictures were done with elaborately constructed sets of early western towns. The only drawback was finding enough stories, so the writing staff had to dig into the early western dime novels for plots and stories. All in all, they added up to great entertainment for the public, many who had never been to the "wild west" themselves.

Anderson played in these pictures for nearly seven years and then decided to move into feature films, but he made the move too late because actors like William S. Hart, Tom Mix and others were established stars at the time. In later years, he became a producer-director and made a series of short comedies which featured Stan Laurel and were released under the banner of Metro. He began having difficulty with Metro's head, Louis B. Mayer, and decided to retire from the movie making business.

In 1958, thirty-five years later, he was brought before the public on TV and explained the part that he played in developing the formula for westerns which are big business today. The show was called "Wide Wide World", and appearing with Bronco were such famous western greats as Gary Cooper, Gene Autry, John Wayne and many others. He was awarded a special Oscar for the great contribution to the movie making industry. At this time he was 75 years of age.

Bronco Billy passed away in 1971, and it is with sorrow that there are only a few films left of the vast amount of pictures that he turned out. Many of the old timers still claim that this veteran of the flickers was a great star as well as a great director, and the film industry owes him a great deal.

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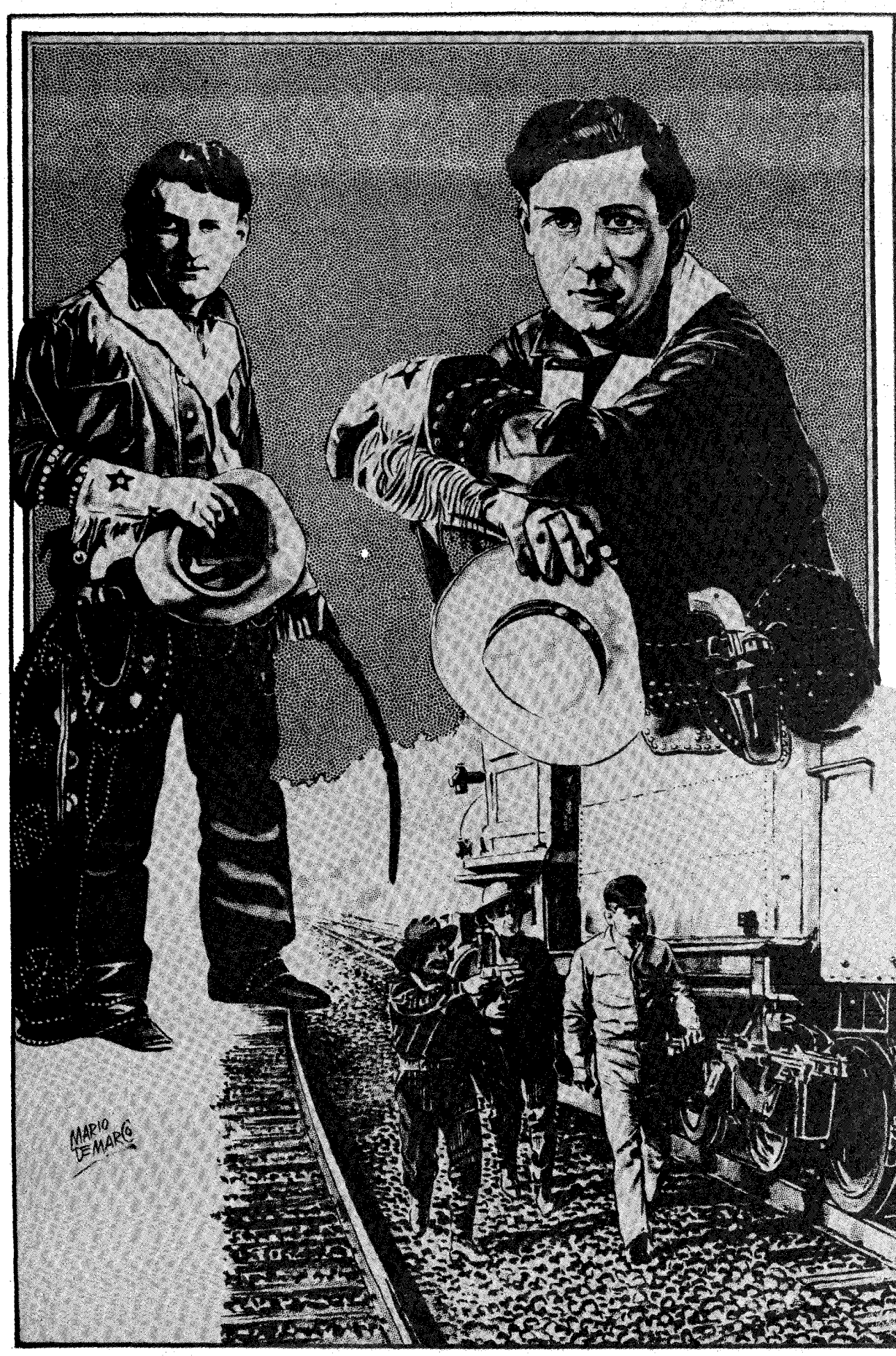

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. I wasn't satisfied with your answer to a question about the origin of the name "Staked Plains"; you gave three or four possible reasons for the name. Can't you narrow it down to one? A. Newton, Manhattan, Kansas.

A. Well, we can give our own personal opinion, bolstered by some books we've read, and we feel it is the most logical: We think it was named for the stakelike boles of yucca plants that grow there. The yucca (which, strangely enough, is a member of the lily family) bears a cluster of narrow needle-pointed leaves about fifteen inches long. In spring, long slender stems grow up from the center of the cluster and bloom at the top. After the bloom drops off, the stem dies, and a "stake" stands upright, two or three feet high. The stake eventually rots at the base and is blown over by the wind, but another comes up the next year. We think the sight of these "stakes" inspired the early Spaniards to call the place "Llano Estacado" or "Staked Plains".

Q. When was the first train robbery in the United States? W. Collins, Farmington, N. M.

A. It took place on October 6, 1866. The victimized railroad was the Ohio and Mississippi Railway and the robbery took place near Seymour, in Jackson County, Indiana. The bandits, Indiana men, got away with an estimated $13,000. Later, John and Simeon Reno, brothers, and one Frank Sparks, were indicted for the crime and admitted to bail. The trial was postponed from time to time for various reasons and was never held.

What ingenious American introduced the log cabin? V. Kerr, Missoula, Mont.

A. Your patriotism is laudable, but an American did not introduce the log cabin to this continent. It was the Swedes, who settled first in Delaware and brought the idea of the log cabin with them, having utilized them for years in their native country.

Q. Please settle a wager. I say that Frank James served time in prison for his crimes. L. Berne, Salem, Ore.

A. Sorry. Outside of about three weeks in custody while awaiting his trial, Frank James never served a day in prison. He died peacefully in 1915 at the age of seventy-two. He was the only one of the gang who escaped punishment.

Q. How many citizens of Lawrence, Kansas, were killed in the Quantrill raid? M. Violette, Minot. N. D.

A. The three most reliable estimates, (in our opinion), say 185, 150 and 142. Take your pick. Damage in property destroyed or stolen was estimated at $2,000,000.

Q. How long did the James - Younger gang operate? B. Josephs, Ottumwa, Iowa.

A. Beginning with the robbery of the Clay County Savings Bank of Liberty, Missouri on February 13, 1866, until April 3, 1882, when Bob Ford sent a bullet crashing through Jesse's head, sixteen years and two months had elapsed.

Q. What was a "furrow fence"? C. Beldon, Knoxville, Tenn.

A. It was a furrow plowed around one's holdings. Kansas recognized it as constituting a fence and passed trespass laws respecting it. During the late trail days, furrows were cut on each side of the cattle trails to keep the drovers within bounds.

Q. What are the sicknesses known as "big head" and "broken wind"? D. Pennock, Topeka, Kansas.

A. "Big Head" is osteoporosis, a bone disease of horse and cattle. It is caused by their eating poisonous plants and results in an enlargement of the head. "Broken wind" is a horse disease, a lung infection that causes difficulty in breathing, especially after a run.

Q. I have just finished reading, and enjoyed "Adventures and Exploits of the Younger Brothers, Missouri's Most Daring Outlaws" by Henry Dale, published in 1890. Is this a reliable and factual account? E. Lee, Medicine Bow, Wyo.

A. According to our bibliography record and appraiser, it is most unreliable and most unfactual.

Q. Did John Sutter benefit from the discovery of gold on his estate? E. Hudson, Pocatello, Idaho.

A. When gold was discovered on John Sutter's estate on Jan. 24, 1848, it made California and broke Sutter. Before this he had been rich and successful. After the discovery, every kind of adventurer squatted on his lawns. His workers deserted him to search for gold. In four years he was ruined. For the remainder of his life Sutter petitioned the state and federal governments for aid. He finally died when the bill he sought for so long was being argued in the House of Representatives.

Q. Who first said "The only good Indian is a dead Indian"? F. Galt, Lawton, Okla.

A. The origin of this cold-hearted sentiment is credited to General Philip Sheridan of the U. S. Army in January of 1870. The occasion was a meeting at Fort Cobb, Missouri between Sheridan and Comanche chief Toch-a-way. Toch-a-way had said, by way of greeting, "Me good Indian."

Q. Is there a tribe of Indians named "Mariames"? P. Herlihy, Rockford, I.

A. Not any more. They formerly lived in the Matagorda Bay area of Texas. They were visited by Cabeza de Vaca in 1528-34. They became extinct in the late 1890's.

Q. What job did the cowboys hate the most? R. Potter, Austin, Minn.

A. I suppose it depended mostly on the temperament of the cowboy, but most agree that "riding drag" is most unpleasant. It consists of riding in the rear of a column of cattle on the trail. It is made up of the footsore and weak cattle, the young calves, and those too lazy to keep up. The rider was constantly exposed to an eye-burning, throat-clogging, smothering cloud of dust, all the while responsible for keeping these problem cattle in line.

Q. What was the Cherokee Strip? N. Noonan, Lafayette, La.

A. A strip of land about three miles wide along the northern boundary of the Cherokee Outlet, in what is now the state of Kansas. Not to be confused with the Cherokee Outlet, which was a strip of land about fifty-seven miles wide extending westward from the 96th to the tooth meridian in the northwestern part of the present state of Oklahoma, granted by the United States in 1828 to the Cherokees as a western outlet from their lands to the buffalo hunting grounds.

Q. In the days before baby foods and formulas, what did an Indian mother do if she couldn't nurse her baby? Let it starve? M. Randall, Oshkosh, Wis.

A. No, indeed. They prepared their own baby food, on which the infant thrived very well. For instance, the Arikaras utilized a baby food made from a broth of flint corn and buffalo meat. The other tribes had similar substitutes. ● RW

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by Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE ROCKIES

The Indian tribes living in the central part of North America were those of the Great Plains and the Basin - Plateau area. This included the area from the Mississippi river on the east, to the Rocky mountains on the west, and from the Rio Grande and the Gulf in the south, far into Canada in the North. Here stretched miles of open country, with great temperature changes and variations of terrain. While some parts had huge amounts of rainfall, with snow and ice, much of this area had dry arid summers with little rainfall.

The tribes living in the Great Plains were nomadic hunters, following the great herds of buffalo upon which they depended for food, for material, for shelter and clothing. At first they used dogs to transport their belongings when they moved about, but after the Spanish brought horses to this continent, the horse replaced the dog as a means for transporting goods. Thus from 1740 to 1800, the way of life for these people completely changed. The horse became such a prized possession that raiding parties were sent out to capture these valuable animals, and a man's wealth was counted by the number of horses he owned. These people of the Plains became the most expert horsemen in the world.

The tribes living in the Basin Plateau area had to depend upon small game, some fowl, seeds and grasses for their food. In lean times they ate grasshoppers and other insects. Although the horse changed their way of life to some extent, they didn't become the horsemen that the Plains Indians were, nor did they depend upon the horse so much.

The Comanche was one tribe whose way of life not only changed, but also their location. For one hundred and fifty years, the Comanche dominated a territory including parts of what is now New Mexico, Colorado, Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas, or the area south of the Arkansas river and east of the Pecos river. On the Plains and prairie, the very name Comanche brought fear to many who heard it. They were superb in battle and, for over fifty years, held off the Spanish, French and Americans from invading their territory. They fought the Ute, Osage, Tonkawa, Apache, Navajo and Pawnee, and raided into Mexico for horses as well as captives. The name Comanche comes from a Ute word meaning "enemy". Although the summers in their area were dry, the springs were wet with abundant rainfall, assuring them of nuts and berries, plus game, as their food.

The Comanche were divided into family units and bands, and while each band had its own territory, all were welcome throughout the area. Comanche bands did not fight each other but always joined together to wage war on other tribes. They could choose the band or clan they wished to live with. They generally married within their own group, and relatives camped close to each other. The horse was brought into this area about 1600, and by 1650 there were large numbers of horses, as they determined the prestige and wealth of a man. Horses were considered private property, and both boys and girls were taught to ride, almost as soon as they could walk.

The Paiute lived in the arid plateau between the Colorado and Columbia rivers. This now includes parts of California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah. While the summers are hot, the winters can be bitterly cold. Large game is scarce, and this tribe largely depended upon roots and grasses, as well as insects, for their food. These people were expert basket makers, also making hats, trays and other items from woven reeds and grasses. It was custom for a couple to stay with the wife's band, or family, after marriage until a child was born, when they moved to the husband's band.

The Crow occupied over 100,000 square miles of Montana and Wyoming. They hunted buffalo, grizzly bear, mountain sheep, elk and antelope. They raised some tobacco for ceremonial use, and although the rivers were plentiful with fish, they were not fish eaters, as fish was tabu. They used sign language or smoke signals to communicate with those who did not speak their language, and they called themselves, "Apsaroke". Dogs were used to help in transporting their belongings, until the horse was acquired about 1650. They soon became good horsemen and, even though the bow and arrow was their main weapon, they would trade ten good arrows for a horse. Thirteen clans made up the tribe, each with its own chief; however they all worked and lived together. A man belonged to his mother's clan, and when he died his property went to his sisters and brothers.

The Cheyenne were living in the upper Mississippi river valley when first contacted by the French explorers. This is what is now the Wisconsin Minnesota border. The French called them by a Sioux word *Sha hi 'ye* or "those who speak an unintelligible tongue". The Cheyenne called themselves *Tsis tsis' tas* or "the people". Late in the 1600's, due to the warfare between the French and English, the Cheyenne moved from their location in what is now Wisconsin, Minnesota and Illinois further west into the Dakotas and by 1700 were settled near what is now the Cheyenne river.

When hunting buffalo they still used bow and arrow, as it was much faster to shoot than to reload the flintlock gun. They hunted in groups, as no man was allowed to hunt on his own. As horses were so necessary in hunting they were highly prized, and importance in the tribe was measured by the number of horses one had. The tribe was divided into ten bands, each band having its own ceremonies. A person was forbidden to marry within his own band. Affairs were carried on by a council which served for ten years, and this council handled all disputes.

The Blackfoot lived in the area that is now Alberta and Saskatchewan in Canada, and part of what is now Montana; or in the area between the north branch of the Saskatchewan river and the Missouri river east of the Rocky mountains. The buffalo was the main source of food as well as supplying their clothing and shelter. There were three tribes, independent

(continued on page 67)

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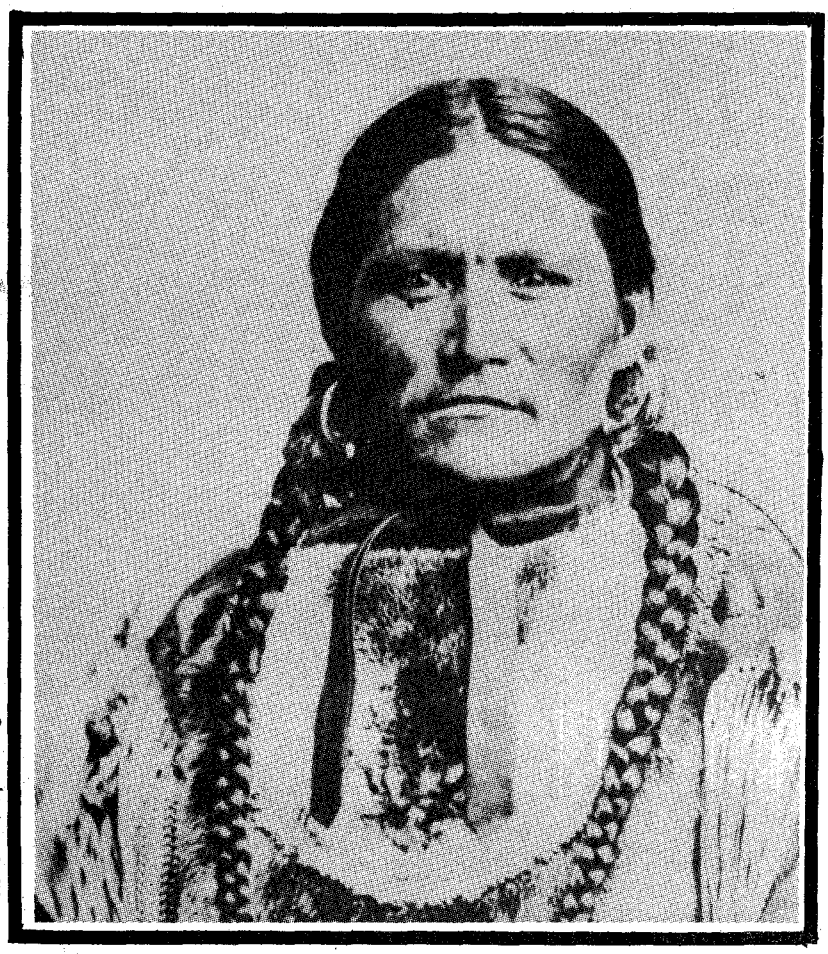
REAL WEST

Santa Fe Railway

A street scene in Topeka, Kansas, 1870.



Ronald Joseph Morgan collection

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY: *AUGUSTINE VIGIL of the Jicarilla Apache. This Apache tribe lived much like the plains Indians, living in tipis and hunting buffalo.*

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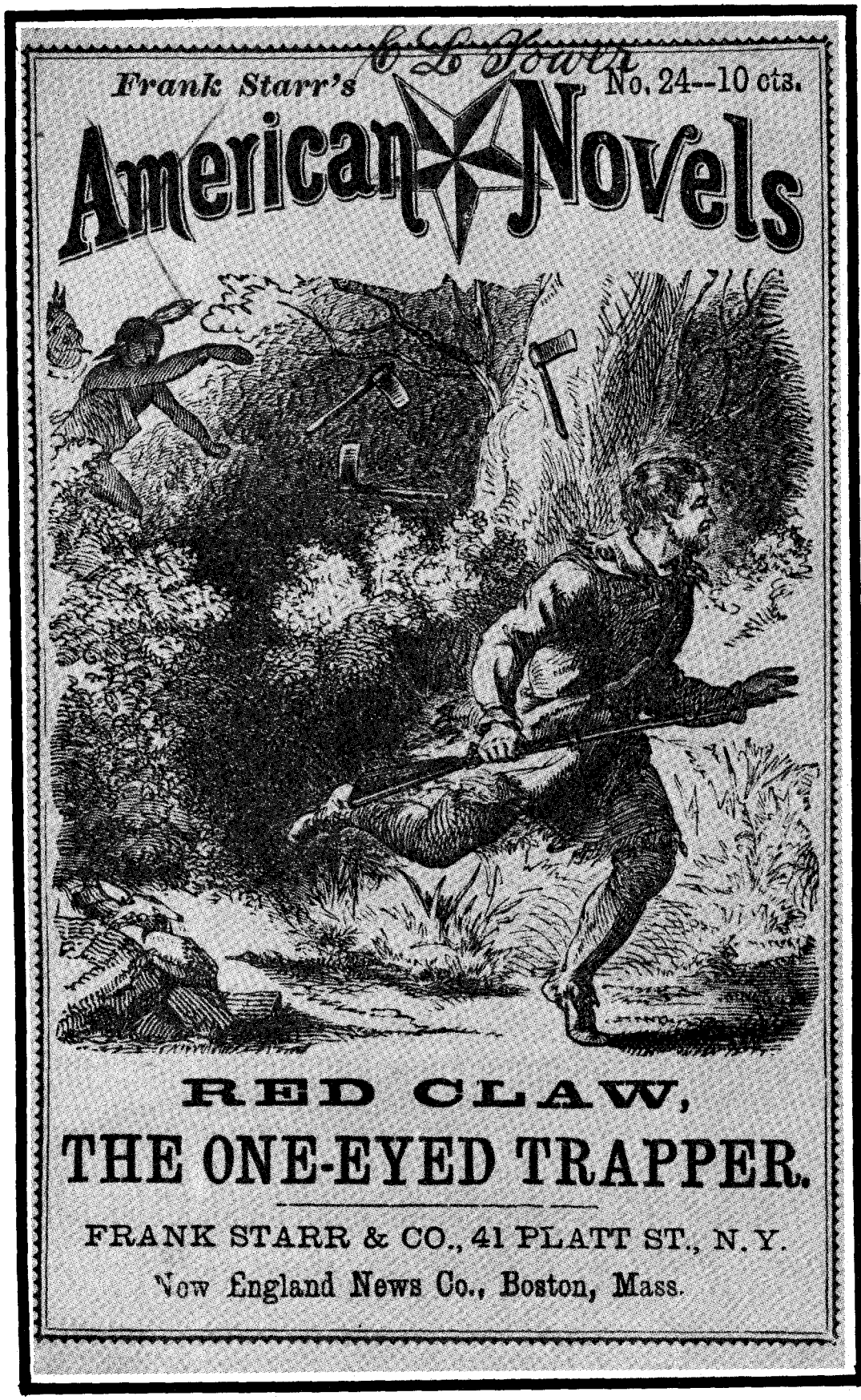

Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST. AMERICAN NOVELS was a series devoted to western and frontier tales. Many were contemporary for the series was published from 1869 to 1877. The publisher was Frank Starr & Co., a publishing pseudonym of Beadle & Co. The series lasted 221 numbers and is much sought after by collectors of Americana.

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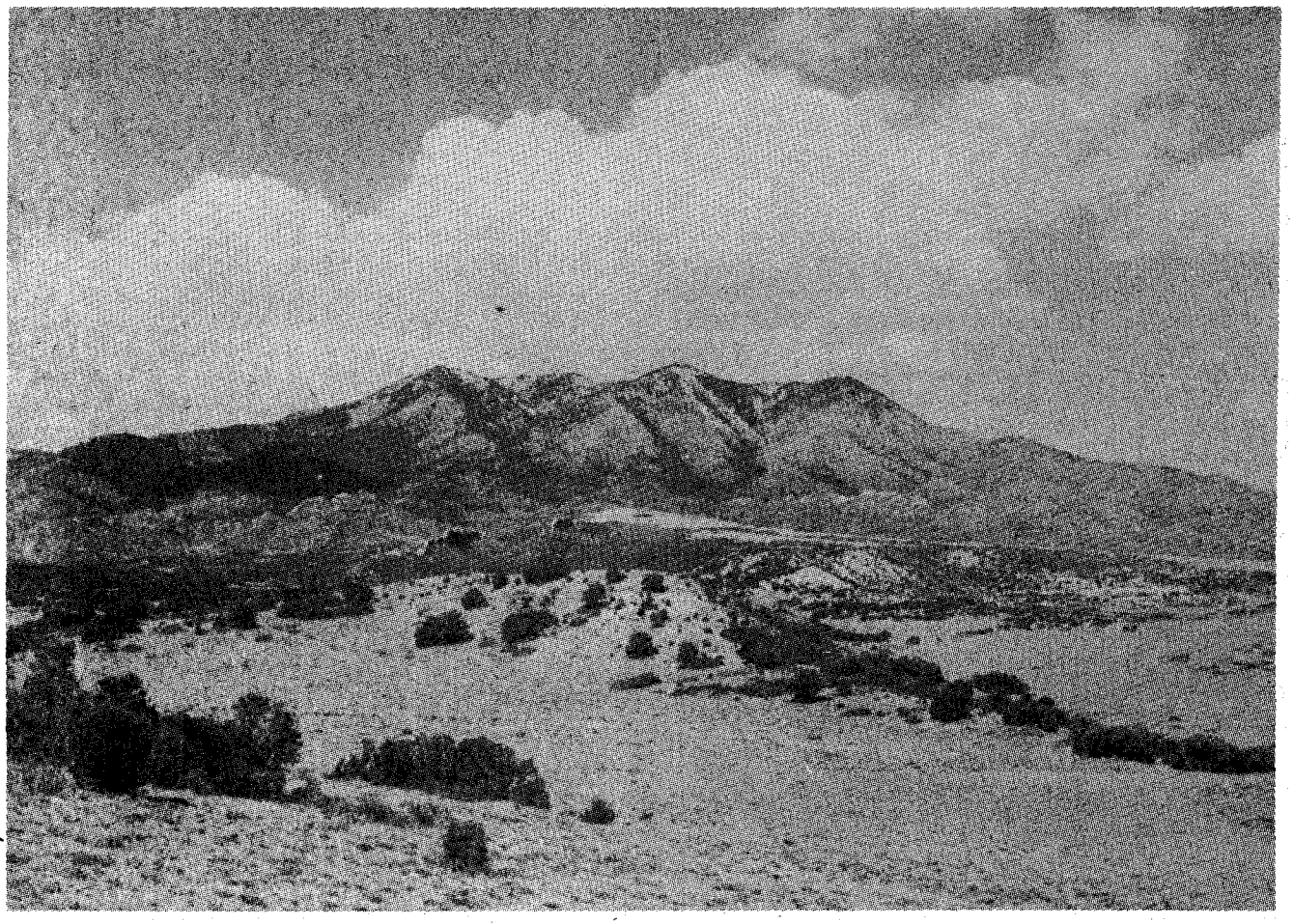

Photo by the author

On Silver Mountain people hunt for the rich lost Alex Cobsky gold mine.

THE SILVER MOUNTAIN

One day in 1869, a prospector named Jack Simpson brought a heavily - laden pack mule train to a Colorado smelter. The ore on the mules assayed at $40,000 a ton, the richest on record! Simpson celebrated and then headed back for his secret mine on Silver Mountain. He never made it ... and the mine stayed lost for three decades.

One day in 1869, Jack Simpson pulled his trail - weary, heavily laden mule train to a halt at a Colorado smelter. The pack mules were loaded with gold ore. An assay, which was made immediately in preparation to sell the cargo, proved Simpson's ore to be worth $40,000 a ton, the richest ever recorded in the West to that date!

Somewhere on Silver Mountain, a few miles northwest of La Veta and the majestic Spanish Peaks, Simpson had made his strike; it was learned as people swarmed around, curiously inspecting the precious loads. Dogged attempts were made by the mineral - minded men, that made up the crowd, to pry information from the prospector as to where he had made his discovery. They had no success. Simpson only grunted that it had come from Silver Mountain.

The beleaguered prospector converted the load of gold ore into cash. Then, with several thousand dollars stuffed in his pockets, extremely desirous for a long awaited whack at night life, he hammed it up for several days.

Eventually, tired and worn - out from his money - spending spree, Simpson bought a load of supplies and struck out for the brand - new diggings on Silver Mountain in order to stuff his poke with more of the precious yellow metal from his fantastic strike.

A few men, who had been unsuccessful in trying to cause the cagey prospector to divulge his secret while boozing it up in town, tried to follow him back to the mountains. But they failed. And it turned out for their benefit that they did, for once on the mountain slopes near his destination, the Grim Reaper tapped the lone miner on the shoulder, and he never lived to again dig gold from his rich discovery. He was massacred on the

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trail by Indians.

His remains went to the wolf packs. And his gold mine became lost to the world.

When the news of Simpson's hideous massacre spread over the frontiers, prospectors rushed to Silver Mountain in vain attempts to find the Simpson diggings.

But this they never did, despite the fact that the search continued for many years.

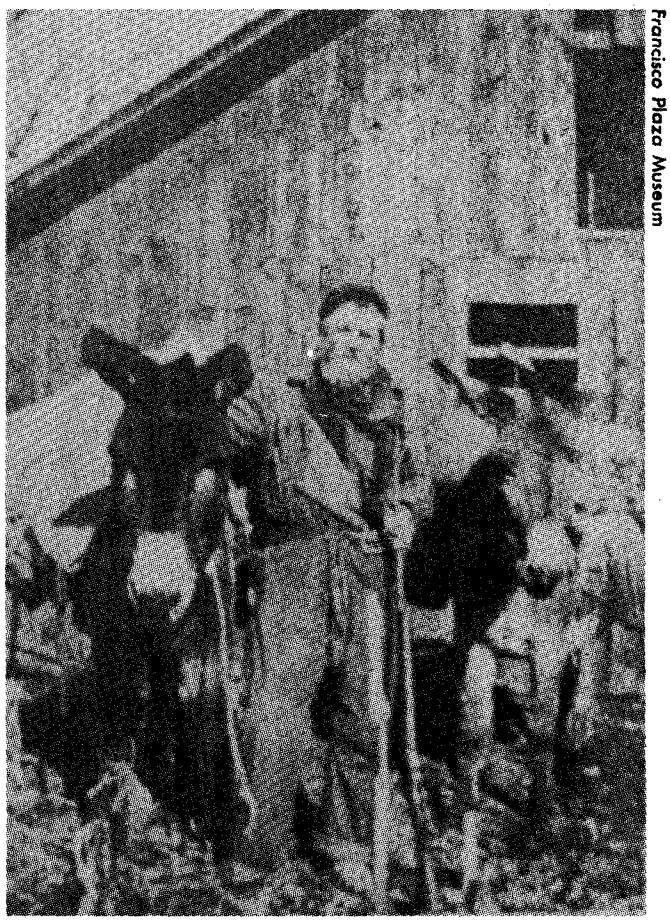
Then along in the 1880's, Alex Cobsky came to the Silver Mountain country from Ohio. The man was not a prospector nor a miner. Neither was he possessed with the desires to strike it rich, move to the cities, and live a glamorous life. He only wanted a simple pastoral existence, far from riches. He chose to watch over a little herd of goats on the slopes of Silver Mountain and live the life of a loner.

This is the way the people of the West accepted Alex Cobsky. Then one day, along about the last of February, 1901, the hermit goat herder became a changed man, and his pastoral life was no more.

On that well - chronicled February day, Cobsky pulled his pack train to a halt at the Pueblo smelters with a load of gold ore. Just as Simpson had done years before, he had an assay made. *It was the same as Simpson's — $40,000 to the ton!*

The news spread like wildfire. The *Denver Post* published several stories about his strike, and headlines screamed all over the nation.

Alex Cobsky was quite different from Jack Simpson. Instead of a spree on the town, he stuffed the $30,000 in his poke, bought a stock of provisions, and struck out for Silver Mountain.



Francisco Plaza Museum

There are not many photographs of Alex Cobsky. This rare one hangs in the La Veta, Colorado Francisco Plaza Museum.

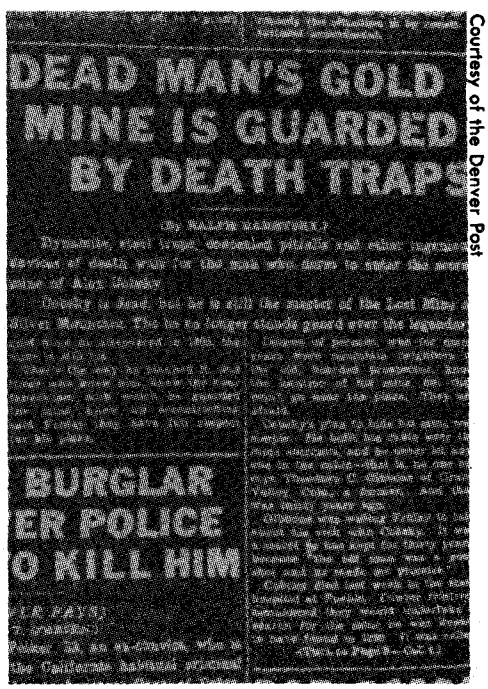
LOST GOLD MINE

By
Xanthus Carson

On the return trip, he was as slick as an old fox. Those who tried to follow him met with no success. Somehow he eluded them, and once again started digging in the shaft, which people had decided was none other than the rich Simpson mine that had been lost for more than three decades.

During the several years that followed, Cobsky periodically pulled his pack train up at the smelters. He hauled loads of gold ore for which he was paid several thousand dollars each trip. After selling the ore, just as he had done on the first trip, he transacted business and then disappeared from civilization into the mountains to the south.

From all accounts, Cobsky must have accumulated well over a hundred thousand dollars from these frequent ore sales. What became of the money has never been explained. Proceeds from the ore sales were entirely too great to have been invested in ice cream sodas, which constituted his greatest expenditure, it has been said. Like the mine, this money must surely still be around somewhere! Probably cached somewhere near the old Silver Mountain cabin.



Courtesy of the Denver Post

The Denver Post of March 12, 1937, headlines the Alex Cobsky lost gold mine on Silver Mountain.

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All the time these mysterious movements were being carried on, people of southern Colorado knew that the strange old ex-goat herder was holed up at the mine on the slopes of Silver Mountain, digging ore. But no one seemed able to find him or his diggings.

Cobsky became a very mysterious person, living the life of a loner except when in town on ore trips. He was accepted by most everyone as "the strange old bewhiskered individual who lived all alone with his animals in the Sangre de Cristo mountains around La Veta Pass."

When the old man did break down and come out of the mountains, he spent most of the time in La Veta, the little Colorado town at the foot of the Spanish Peaks. Here he visited with the townspeople, talked a lot, and was very sociable. During these times he devoured ice cream sodas, one right after the other. Practically all the Cobsky accounts cite this peculiarity.

It is true that Alex Cobsky was friendly on these occasions, but he never became "friendly" enough to talk about his gold mine. When questions were poked at him by prospectors who made untiring attempts to learn his secret, Cobsky always replied that the mine was his and would always be his, even after death! And that's the way it has been to the date of this writing.

During Alex Cobsky's life there was only one man known to have visited him at his mountain cabin and mine site. This man was Theodore C. Gibbons, who, in 1937, after Cobsky had been struck by a motorist and fatally injured while guiding his mule pack train along a well - traveled road, told about his visit, which was a part of the story of the tragic Cobsky accident.

Cobsky's death didn't come easily. When struck by the motorist, he suffered a broken leg and several other bones. One of his burros was killed. It occurred near Walsenburg as he was returning to his hide - out in the mountains near La Veta Pass.

Cobsky was moved to the Pueblo County Hospital where he was treated for more than a year, eventually dying, more from remorse than anything else, people said. During this long siege of suffering, the old mountain recluse was stubborn to the very last. He did not disclose the location of his mine, nor the cash that had come from the sale of gold ore. He clung obstinately to his former statements that the mine would always be his.

His death brought many stories to light. During this time Gibbons talked. His story was published in the *Denver Post,* Friday, March 12, 1937. A similar story had appeared in the *Pueblo Chieftain* on March 7th.

The reporter started his Cobsky story by saying: "He lived alone — aggressively alone. Away from his cabin he was as kind and friendly a man as you'd ever care to meet. At his cabin, if you dared knock on his door, he was a tall frightening prospector with a rifle in his hand."

Then the reporter quoted Gibbons' story of how he visited the mine: "I was just a boy of 14 when I spent the night with Cobsky. He showed me the mine, and he made me swear that I would never tell I had seen it.

" 'I kept my promise, not only because I was afraid — and I was, since he was such a good shot — but

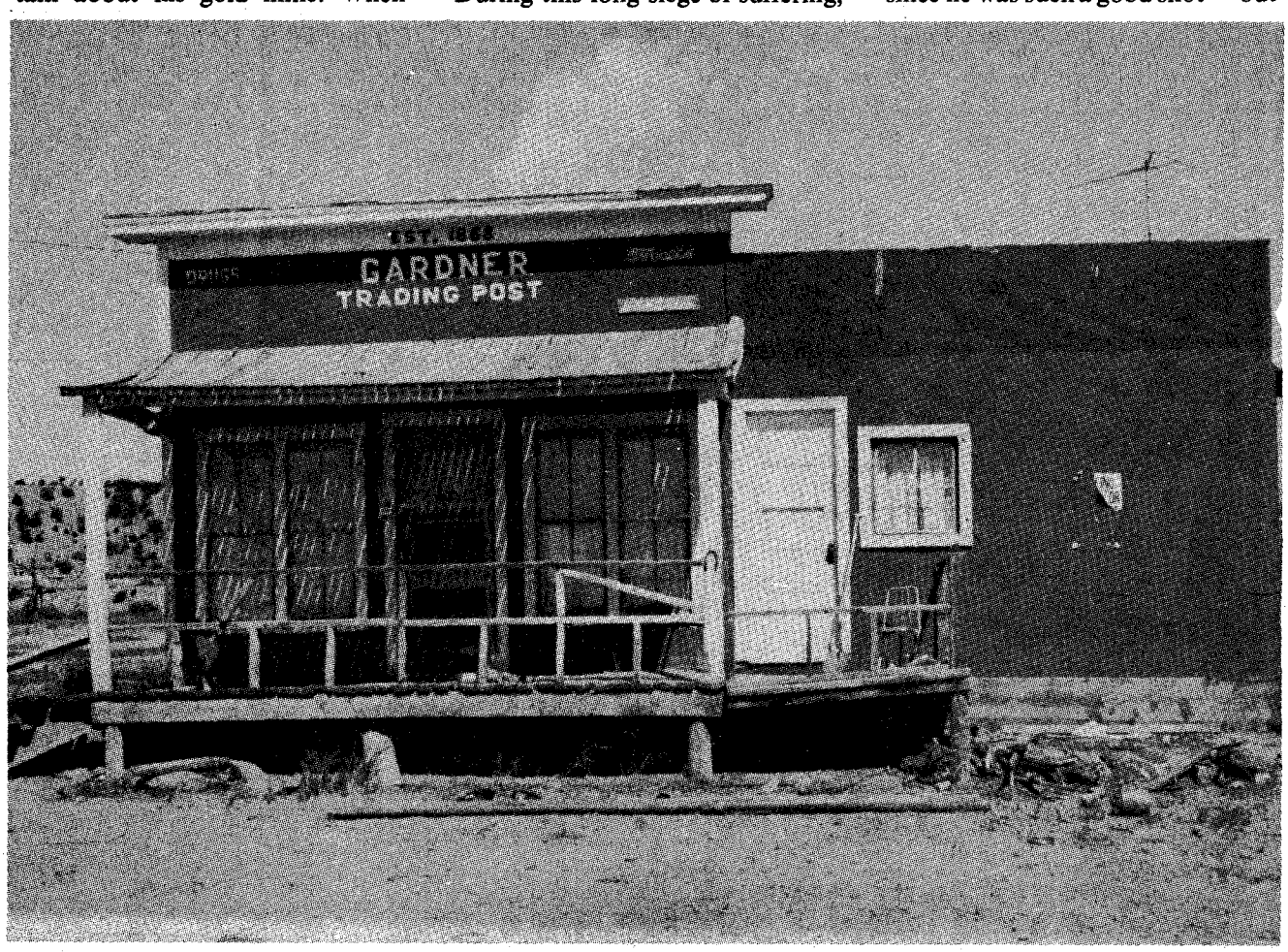

Photo by the author

This was a provision point for Alex Cobsky at the time he mined on Silver Mountain.

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also because I liked him.

" 'My brother, E. V. Gibbons, who now lives in Boulder, and I were prospecting around the hills. My brother and some friends wanted to go farther and wouldn't take me. Cobsky said I could stay with him.

" 'I knew him pretty well. I guess everybody around La Veta knew the old man.

" 'I saw the shaft to the mine the minute I stepped into the cabin. It wasn't even covered with a trap door. He got a candle and led me into the entrance to the mine.

" 'A few feet from the entrance there was a heavy steel door. We stopped there, and I'll never forget what he said.'

" 'You can't go any farther, boy,' he said. 'I'm the only man in the world who can go past that door and I'll always be the only man.' "

Cobsky then told Gibbons that there was a lot of gold in the mine, that it was his gold and would always be his gold, and that no human being outside of Gibbons would ever be shown the mine again.

We continue with the reporter's story: " 'I've got it all fixed,' Cobsky said. 'I've got traps, steel traps, and they'll kill anybody who tries to get in. And I've got some other things there, boy. Don't you ever try to get in there while I'm away.'

" 'And then he laughed,' Gibbons said, 'and I was really afraid.'

"Gibbons' story is not the only evidence that the eccentric miner equipped his secret shaft with various devices that would bring death to any intruder.

"Sheriff Claud Swift of Heurfano County said Friday: 'I have heard from many sources that the mine is filled with charges of dynamite and other instruments of death.

" 'Cobsky was in the hospital for almost a year before he died, but I'll gamble my last dollar that no one has tried to break into his cabin.

" 'Everybody around here is afraid of being blown to bits if they just open the door.'

" 'The habits of the old man were well-known to all the persons living in the vicinity. His infrequent trips to town, usually with two burros, were made at night and he would return before dawn," the reporter went on with the story.

"In the winter he would take his burros and a couple of cows into the cabin to live with him. On one side of the cabin, according to Gibbons, there was a feed stall for the animals and on another wall there was a collection of guns and rifles.

Photo by the author

Elise Jo Heikes and her range-rider son, Maurice, stood on the slopes of Silver Mountain and talked with the author about the lost Alex Cobsky gold mine. Maurice said he had some "hot leads" which he keeps in mind as he rides the 20,000 acre cattle range.

"Mrs. Earle R. Lee of La Veta said Friday that he was always a welcome visitor to her town, although he came infrequently.

" 'The town folk took his appearance as a matter of course,' she said. 'He seemed to regard his visits as a real holiday and would always treat himself to a couple of ice cream sodas.

" 'He was alive and interesting and his round eyes just twinkled with pleasure when I took his picture.

" 'He was always very careful never to let anyone follow him to his haunts. One of his tricks was to leave town at dusk, camp just outside for a little while and then move on during the night when he was sure no one was watching him.'

"The Denver relatives who are planning to take over the mine are Mrs. Elizabeth Wiebelt and Mrs. Anna Reght, both of Arvada, and both nieces of Cobsky, and Howard Roepnack, a Denver attorney and a grand nephew of the old man."

The attempt made by the relatives to locate the mine met with no success. After many months of futile attempts, they quit Silver

(continued on page 64)

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The Frozen Heart Of FORT GRIFFIN

By
Louise Cheney

Western History Collection,
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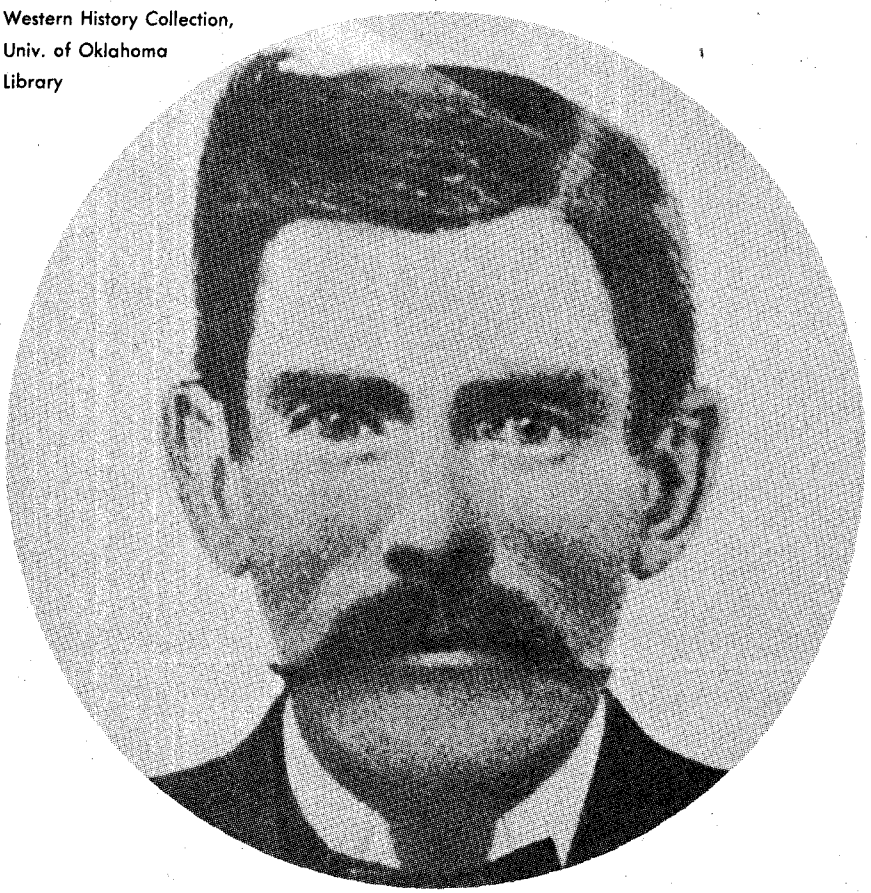
Library



J. D. "Doc" Holliday. Doc won $3,000 at the Bee Hive in the Flat, but lost it all when charmed back into a game with Lottie Deno, the beautiful dealer who was known as "The Frozen Heart of Fort Griffin".

During the settlement of the west, gamblers were in profusion. Of course the men were in the majority, but there were quite a few of the ladies who sought their fortunes in the games of chance. The most famous and widely known of this latter breed were petite, fair Poker Alice, who began her career in Lake City, Colorado and dark, flamboyant Madame Moustache, who started in the gambling halls of California. Texas, in her frontier days, also had her famous and mysterious lady gambler but history has all but omitted her. She was Lottie Deno, glamorous, shapely with deep auburn hair, glowing black eyes and nerves of steel.

It was an evening in the late seventies that Lottie, dressed in the height of fashion, stepped down from the Jacksboro stage into the Flat in Texas, a rip roaring town under the hill near the military garrison of Fort Griffin. Oblivious to the bold looks of masculine admiration and the low wolf whistles that sounded up and down the street, Lottie daintily made her way to a saloon and gambling hall known as the Bee Hive. Outside, on its drab adobe walls, was a painting of a bee hive with honey-making insects swarming through flowers. Under the picture was the following verse:

"Within this hive we are alive,
Good whiskey makes us funny
If you feel tired come on inside
And taste the flavor of our honey."

At the door of the building, the glamorous female did not hesitate but pushed through the swinging portals and walked directly to the bar. "Where can I find Mike Fogarty, please?" she asked in a musical voice of the bartender.

His eyes mirroring admiration for her charms, the barkeep answered, "Upstairs, ma'm, in the gambling rooms."

Gracefully, the lady made her way up the steps to the second floor and asked a dealer to point out his boss.

"That would be Mike Fogarty, ma'm, and that's him over there at the far table."

The lady proceeded over to Fogarty and announced, "I'm Lottie Deno and I think you're expecting me."

Fogarty jumped to his feet. "Yes, ma'm, I shore am. Come into my office and we'll arrange matters."

They were in Fogarty's office for perhaps fifteen minutes and then they emerged. Lottie was minus her hat and suitcase. Fogarty led her to a faro table and said, "Gents, meet Miss Lottie Deno. I've just hired her as a dealer. Watch your steps, for the little lady is a wizard with the pasteboards or dice." Whistles, stomping, and yells of delight rent the air as Lottie calmly took her seat at the table, her pretty face not moving a muscle.

The masculine population of the Flat had ideas about the beautiful lady gambler the first few nights that she dealt in the Bee Hive, but to their pleas, compliments and sweet talk she turned a deaf ear, an impassive countenance. She made it quite plain that she was in the Flat for one purpose only, to make money for her boss and herself.

Besides being aloof, she was a lady of mystery, for about her past she volunteered nothing, absolutely nothing. Soon the males in the Flat pinned a sobriquet, The Frozen Heart of Fort Griffin, upon her, a name she carried so long as she remained in the Flat.

As Fogarty had warned, she was a

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sharp gambler and she made money for the Bee Hive. She established her home in a Clear Fork shanty and encouraged no visitors. Sometimes she ran private games in her shanty for the bigwigs of the town who did not wish to be seen gambling publicly.

Every inch a lady, Lottie neither drank, smoked or used profanity. Rumors about the mysterious beauty flew about like so many tumbleweeds in the wind, but Lottie neither denied nor affirmed them. Some said that she came from Kentucky and that her father, a gambler, had taught her the tricks of the trade. Some hinted that she had an invalid mother in the east and a younger sister in a finishing school.

In the Flat, Lottie saw life in the raw, violence and even murder, for the little settlement under the hill near Fort Griffin has been termed the wildest town in all of the west. It was rip roaring, rambunctious, wild and wooly. The town's population at its peak numbered several thousand. It contained twenty saloons, six general stores, a half a dozen or more dance halls, and an indefinite number of gambling joints.

On the sidewalks there were always huge stacks of buffalo hides, for the Flat was the headquarters and the supply point for the hunters who swarmed from all over to annihilate the great herds of buffalo that ebonized the prairies in the vicinity. The great trail herds passed through the tough little town and when they came, also came the drovers who drank and gambled for all they were worth. The soldiers had quite a time there also, as did the Tonks from the nearby reservation.

The Flat was also a town of characters, some of whom wrote their names indelibly across the face of the frontier. It was in the Flat that Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp became friends. It was there too that Doc met and became the boy friend of Big Nose Kate. John Selman, who killed John Wesley Hardin in El Paso years later, was a citizen of the Flat for a few years. In the Flat also lived the famous Moare brothers, the great buffalo hunters. Lottie knew them all.

Once, Doc Holliday sat in a game with Fogarty and won $3000. After the game ended, leaving the owner of the Bee Hive flat broke, Lottie sauntered up to the table and said, "If you're a real sport, Doc, you'll play with me and give me a chance to win my boss's money back."

Ever a gambler, Doc said, "I'm game. What's the limit?"

"Fifty dollars," responded Lottie as she shuffled the cards. They began to play and Doc's luck deserted him. Lottie soon had him stone-broke and

Western History Collection,
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Library

John Selman was another who met and gambled with Lottie Deno. John later killed John Wesley Hardin in El Paso.

Fogarty's money back.

That Lottie had nerves of steel was demonstrated more than once. Came an instance in the Bee Hive when two men staged a shoot-out in the gambling room. Both hit their marks and both died then and there of lead poisoning. When it was over, Sheriff Bill Cruger was called and on his arrival, found Lottie sitting calmly at her table and the place deserted. She was not in the least upset and was able to give the sheriff a clear story of the affair.

Lottie remained in the wild and wooly little Texas town for two years, and then one night she failed to appear at the Bee Hive. Mike Fogarty was at a loss as to what had happened to her. The people of the Flat were also mystified as to her whereabouts. After several days, the sheriff broke into her shanty on the Clear Fork. It was empty, and on the bedspread was pinned a note in Lottie's handwriting which read, "sell this outfit and give the money to someone in need of assistance." Rumor had that she had left on the night stage carrying a small horsehide trunk containing $30,000, her winnings in the Flat. The news filtered in from Jacksboro that she was dealing there. However, she did not remain there long for again she disappeared.

Nothing was heard of the glamorous Lottie for years, and then one day a buffalo hunter who had worked out of the Flat met her on the streets of El Paso and recognized her. She told him she was married to an El Paso rancher, Frank Thurmand, and lived in Deming, New Mexico. She belonged to the Golden Gossip Club in that city and Lottie never missed a meeting. Bits of gossip were enjoyed by members of the club as were bridge and other card games.

Lottie's husband, Frank, passed away in 1908. Lottie lived until 1934, when she died at the ripe old age of 90. Her obituary in a Deming newspaper gave her birthplace as Warsaw, Kentucky and the date of her birth as April 12, 1844.

And so ends the story of the beautiful Lottie, the lady of mystery, the Frozen heart of Fort Griffin, who lent glamor and romance to the town called the Flat and to the garrison of Fort Griffin. Although her stay was brief, certainly she is a part of the spacious legend of Texas. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The Texas Guide Book by Rex Howard

Lottie Deno, her life & times by Marvin Hunter, published by the Six Hunters, Bandero, Texas

Off the Beaten Trail by Ed Syers

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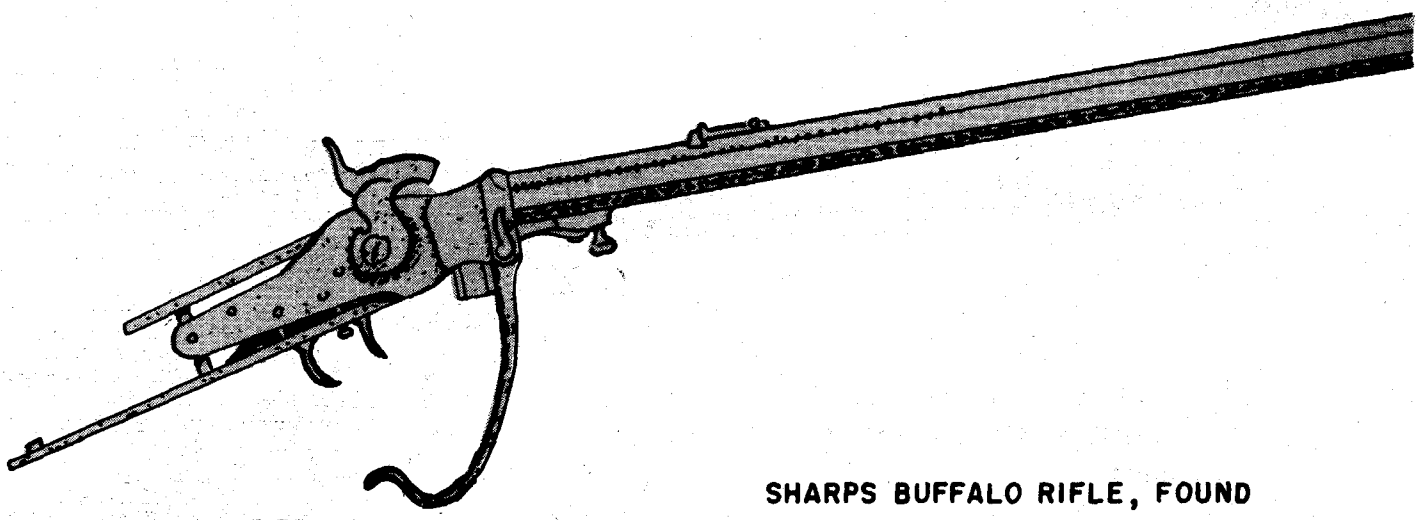
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



SHARPS BUFFALO RIFLE, FOUND NEAR APACHE JUNCTION, ARIZ.

From the point of view of the collector of old western guns, There is one entire classification which GUNSMOKE GALLERY has never discussed. Quite different from any other, this has a special fascination all of its own. There is a growing number of collectors who specialize just in this type.

This is the "desert pick-up", a gun which is found rather than purchased. The term is used chiefly by museums, to denote a relic which is usually caked with rust, inoperative, and often may be incomplete. Wooden stocks or grips, especially, are often missing or partly so.

There is more chance of finding one in the arid regions of our Southwest than in any other part of the United States, which explains the "desert" designation.

Several factors contribute to this. The Southwest is an area where firearms were always extensively used, especially under conditions which would understandably have caused guns to often be dropped and lost. This could have been during battle, or from a holster when a horse bucked, or when some lonely trapper died of natural causes, and his remains were not found for many years.

Another reason is that, even today, there are southwestern areas so wild and so remote that they are seldom visited.

The main factor is climate. Some places are so arid that a lost gun could lay for a century with remarkably little deterioration. Many spots in my own state of New Mexico would qualify on all three counts.

To cite an extreme example, old muzzle loaders have occasionally been found in sheltered places such as caves, in unusually dry regions. Under such conditions, these have even been capable of being fired!

But the majority of such relics have been found in the open, when the shifting sands have uncovered them after many decades of being out of sight. Perhaps a thousand people have walked right over them without knowing it.

What is the appeal of such a gun to a collector of western relics? Exactly the same as that of an old ox-yoke, or a sun-bleached buffalo skull. What it lacks in beauty of finish, it makes up in its affinity with the early history of our west. Each old gun has a fantastic story, if only it could tell us!

Sometimes the story can at least be guessed at, occasionally rather closely. There can be many clues.

A certain type of firearm, or model, or caliber, can rather safely be at-

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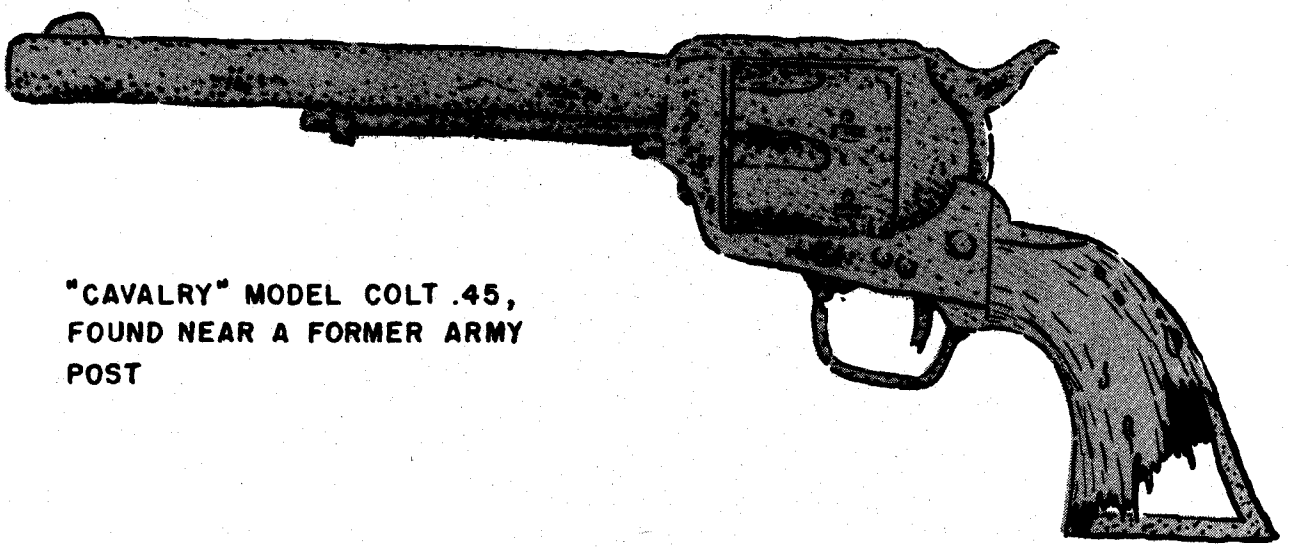
RUSTED "DESERT PICK-UPS"



"CAVALRY" MODEL COLT .45, FOUND NEAR A FORMER ARMY POST

Sketched by author

tributed to a cavalry trooper, to a beaver trapper such as Kit Carson, or to a buffalo hunter. There was a huge difference between those three in their weapons. Then, if the gun was found at the site of a known incident such as a massacre, a connection may be assumed if the relic fits the exact period.

Firearms owned by Indians can often be identified as such, even after some deterioration.

The modern collector of desert pick-ups searches for them electronically, with a metal detector. It takes patience, but it gets exciting when that thing starts to tick. It could be an ancient gun, or a chest of coins, or even a Budweiser can.

An interesting example of a desert pick-up used to be in the author's collection. This was a heavy Sharps buffalo rifle, found in the Arizona desert (see drawing). Only one sliver of the stock remained, but it was mechanically complete, even to the thin trigger spring. The bore was choked with rust, but all other surfaces were not even deeply pitted. This could have indicated that it had just fired a black powder cartridge when dropped, as that residue promotes rust.

Strangely, the action was wide open. One wonders if the hide hunter was in the act of reloading when interrupted by ... a bullet ... or an arrow??

Most intriguing feature was the row of 47 notches filed into one angle of the octagonal barrel. Now there's something to conjecture about! Two points bear mentioning here: No professional buff hunter would have kept such a score on bison or other animals shot, so it had to be some more important game. And a buffalo rifle, with its great weight and impossibility of obtaining cartridges, was the one weapon an Indian would seldom pick up. He was too practical a fighting man.

No, he would more likely have urinated on it (an Indian gesture of scorn), and left it for the drifting sands to cover for nearly a century.

Quite different is our other drawing. This was a standard cavalry model Colt .45 (7½-inch barrel), lost near a frontier army post. It was rusted solid, with the cartridges still in it. The type of screw holding the cylinder pin marks it as of black powder vintage — one of the early ones.

The trooper who lost this could later have been one of those whose brief moment of glory was on a blood-soaked knoll of Little Big Horn.

Quien sabe?

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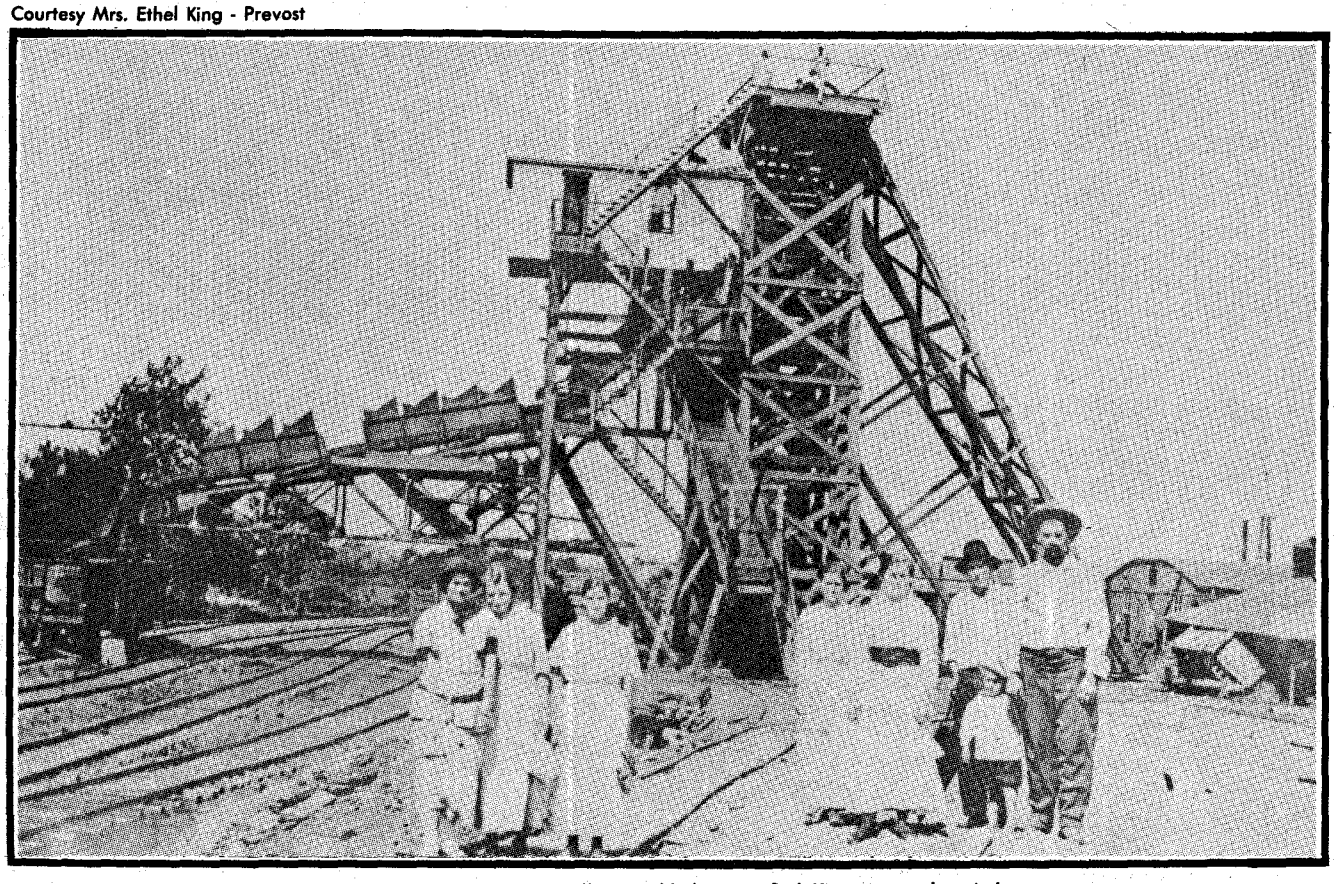
COAL MINER'S WEST

By Maurice Kildare

When vast coal beds were found in the Indian Nations, the newly built railroads built spurs south from Kansas. The miners who dug this bituminous or 'soft' coal worked under dangerous conditions but they did their bit to settle the West.

Courtesy Mrs. Ethel King - Prevost



No. 6 coal mine at Phillips, Oklahoma. Sid King is at the right.

The winning of the West wasn't all done by mountain fur trappers, gold prospectors, the frontier army, cattlemen and settlers. There were many other segments of the national public life, largely unknown, that entered into the westward expansion.

One of the most important was the coal miners of old Oklahoma before the twin territories became a state in 1907.

Without the Indian Nations' thick beds of coal, the engines of the many railroads west of the Mississippi river following the Civil War might not have been able to operate economically. This bituminous coal was mined for and furnished the railroads.

When vast coal beds were discovered in the Indian Nations, several railroads shot spurs south from Kansas. They moved in to operate mines under the terms of treaties forced on the tribes after the Civil War. Especially were the five civilized tribes forced to relinquish land and mineral rights. Later this gross miscarriage of justice was adjusted, yet still left the big companies able to do almost anything they desired without adequate payment.

By 1885 the railroad companies, with spuriously formed coal mining companies, were moving across and usurping Indian lands without permission.

One of the biggest discoveries of coal was in southeastern Oklahoma. These layers ran from the surface into the earth for hundreds of feet. They ranged from Hillside south of Atoka and north to Coalgate. On this bed many mines came into being.

The railroads hauling out coal to others as well as for their own use were the Missouri, Kansas and Texas (the great Katy), the Oklahoma Central, Rock Island and Pacific, and the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe. These lines were close together and in that coal country were

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known as the "Atoka Track".

In the early days of coal production, mines were extremely dangerous and many men lost their lives in them. The last bad one occurred February 22, 1911, George Washington's birthday. Eleven miners and 38 mules were burned to death in the Lehigh No. 5 mine.

At this time mules were pulling one-ton capacity cars on tracks below ground. They were stabled down in the mines and some of them had not been out for 20 years. That terrible catastrophe halted the practice.

In the early days of coal mining between Hillside and Atoka, Midway, Phillips and Coalgate, miners had a song they always sang when a few convivial spirits got together, usually in the Choctaw ("Choc") beer joints.

There were many verses but the usual doggerel went something like this:

I'm walking the loose ties
Down the Atoka Track
I'm heading for the coal mines
And I won't be coming back.

If a rock doesn't get me,
Then a kicking mule must.
Therefore it is
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

Don't weep for me my dear love
Just don't you sigh
When I'm gone,
I'll be gone, gone.

Don't put me in a black casket,
Or lock my body in a metal box.
Pickle me, Baby Doll,
In a keg of Choc!

There are few of these old time miners living, who dug the coal with iron tools and blasted it out long before cutting machines came into general use. They furnished fuel by their muscles and sweat at risk of their lives. The coal they mined sent railroad engines hauling long trains of passenger and freight cars throughout the remaining far west.

One of the few remaining western coal miners is Frank Prevost who retired many years ago from Oklahoma to Yucaipa, California. He was born in Lehigh in the center of the greatest coal producing area in the United States. That was on Christmas eve, 1891, in the very wild and outlaw tough Indian Territory. His father was a Frenchman who came over from the old country and established a malt factory in Lehigh.

When Frank, medium in size, black haired and dark eyed, was twelve years old, the store manager for the Atoka Mining Company and the Choctaw Coal and Railway Company sought him out.

"I want you to drive our delivery wagon taking groceries to customers," he said.

This was a surprise to Frank who, even at twelve, considered himself almost grown. Previous to then, he had been occasionally helping out the strip miners working from Lehigh and Coalgate. These strippers went down sixty feet, taking four - foot - thick layer after layer of coal out the easy way.

He says that mules working in the strip pits were accustomed to the routine. Just five minutes before noon, the lead mule would halt and bray loudly. Every mule in the long pit would then do the same. This gave notice that it was time to take them out to be watered and fed.

Courtesy Mrs. Ethel King - Prevost

Frank Prevost ready to descend into Mine No. 6 at Phillips, Oklahoma.

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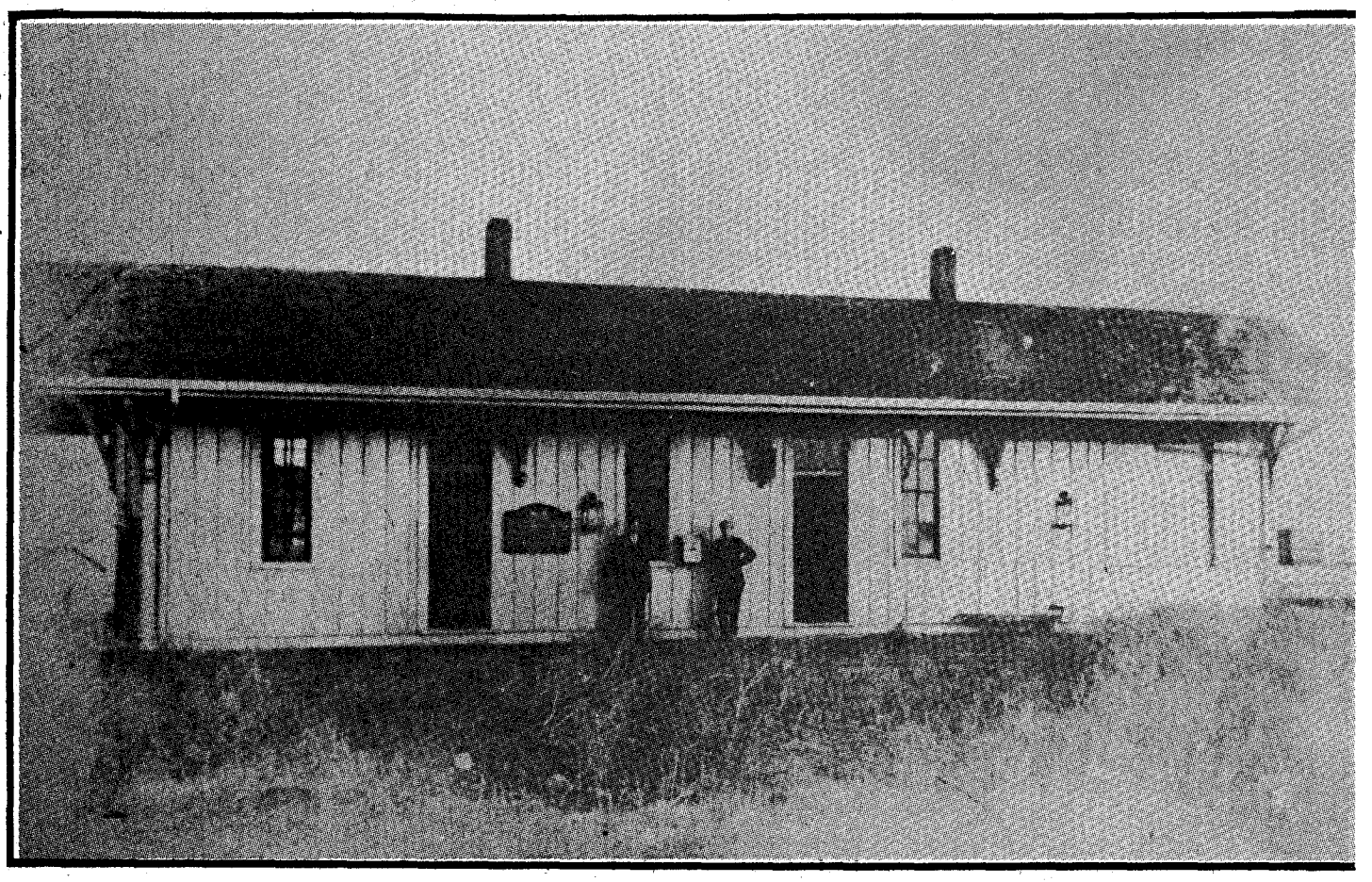
Courtesy Mrs. Ethel King - Prevost



The small M, K. & T. railroad station at Phillips, Oklahoma where more train loads of coal passed through daily than any other in the west.

Glad to get away from poor pay when he did work for the strippers, he took the Democrat delivery wagon. But he didn't stay there long. Strong and working out with bare-knuckled prizefighters the old rough and tumble way in the coal mining country, he gained the notice of pit bosses. Soon he was offered a job mining coal and he took it.

He first went to work as a miner in the Company's No. 5 mine at Lehigh, a dangerous one that killed men. After a year or so, he transferred to No. 6 in Phillips, a town just off Briar Creek, four miles from Coalgate.

He began working there in 1905 and remained for the next 12 years. In 1912 he married Ethel King whom he first met while delivering groceries for the company store.

They bought a four-room wooden house painted white just south of the M.K.&T. Railroad depot, near the company's Phillip's store.

At No. 6 he was first put to driving mules. They were all small, weighing about 700 pounds and none over 5 feet 2 inches tall. All mules for the mines in that area were acquired from the great King Ranch in south Texas.

Previous to 1911, mules were kept down in the mines. They had a special, very large room. It was cut into solid coal and rock, approximately forty by forty feet. Water was piped in and there were feed boxes and hay mangers. The feed was principally oats, the boxes filled to overflowing so that they could eat all they wanted.

After the disastrous fire in Mine No. 5, Oklahoma Mine Inspector Pat O'Reilley ordered all mules removed at the end of each working day.

The terrible fire at No. 5 began when oil ignited in a room at a shaft bottom. It spread quickly to carloads of hay being hauled for the mules and then the gas, always in the Atoka Track mines, exploded.

The men at the bottom of the shafts panicked and belled themselves up in cages to escape the sure disaster. But one was left behind, Refugio Roderiquez, a Mexican. He started running down the main slope giving the alarm. As a result, many miners still left below escaped through a shaft on the north runway that had been cut in only a few days before. However, the 11 miners and 38 mules were casualties.

From that time on, new and better safety regulations were devised and enforced.

Down in the mines, mules hauled the little cars along the small rail tracks and up into the slopes or tunnels, sometimes erroneously called shafts. The shafts were the vertical entries down into the mines from the surface.

Reminiscing of the days when he handled mules in the coal mines, Prevost says, "We did not use regular harness on them. It was what we called spider harness. There was a leather piece across the hips. To it was attached a singletree that wasn't a singletree. It was a curved piece of wood with iron fittings hooked to a butt piece, a stick, with chains from the hames.

"Then there was a pigtail, a swivel fastened to the butt piece where a chain was hooked to the cars. This chain was about five feet long. While riding the chain and coupling one hand was held on the mule and the other on the car.

"You did this to prevent the car from running into the mule and hitting his hocks. By this method you could usually hold back the cars, but sometimes they started rolling

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too fast downgrade. Then you had to jump off and throw a sprag into a wheel."

There were no brakes whatever on the small car wheels. The sprag was an iron bar about three feet long with a cross bar eighteen inches in length. When this contrivance was thrown into or before the flanged wheel of the small cars it stopped them instantly. The sprags were always kept close to the tracks at regular intervals in case of need.

The entries of the forty-foot - wide rooms off the slope had a door covered with canvas hanging down almost to the floor. The mules, trained by long experience, would shove their heads against this door and go right on through, hauling the small cars to the miner needing empties.

These mules were never bridled. None were necessary. The tunnels were very narrow and they had no place to go anyway. Indeed, it was said that they knew more about where to deliver empty cars and pick up loaded ones than the men supposedly driving them.

They knew only gee and haw, to turn left or right, and always answered voiced commands promptly. But they seemed to know before the driver on the coupling when the cars were going to roll too fast. They would let out a squawk of protest.

Some of the mules skinned their heads hitting the iron framework holding the canvas doorways at the low top. For them there was made a skullcap of leather with no padding, twelve inches long, wide enough to cover upper heads and with holes to pull their ears through.

A stranger at No. 6, walking up to where the cages went down saw a pile of these leather masks to be sent below, gasped and said, "What we got here, a hideout for an outlaw gang of bank and train robbers?"

There were times when the driver had to catch hold of the mule's tail to get himself up a slope into some of the upper rooms. Surprisingly, but true, according to Prevost who spent a great part of his life in the carbide light below ground, the mule did not kick backward.

"One time," he relates, "I fell before the lead car but grabbed the mule's tail and he hauled me on until I could get straightened out."

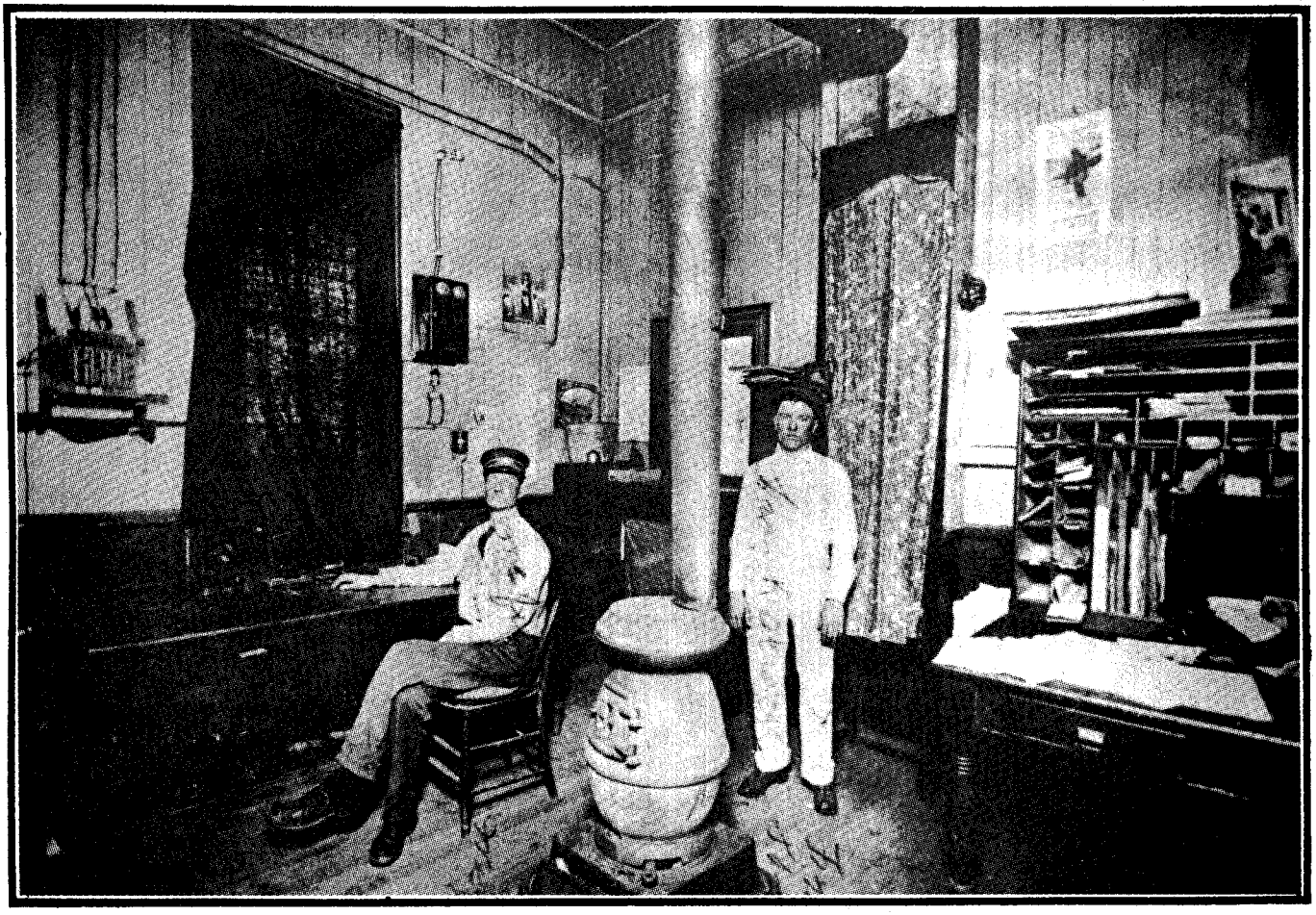
He also believed that these small mules possessed superior intelligence. There was more than one instance when they signaled the presence of excessive coal dust by their actions before a mine inspector could discover it. They also seemed to know when some part of the overhead, supported by timbers, was about to give way and would refuse to pass beneath the faulty section, or balk temporarily before going on. Invariably that section caved down.

They also had another idiosyncrasy. Wherever an accident occurred, or a mule had met with a mishap, invariably he refused to go past the spot. When this happened that mule had to be taken out and put in another section of the mine. The driver's string ran anywhere from four to ten mules. The number depended on how many cars he had to take down slope from the side tracks below the shafts and the loaded cars to bring back for hoisting topside.

In No. 6 mine, the mules were put down early in the morning before the miners and were brought up

(continued on page 66)

Courtesy Mrs. Ethel King - Prevost



Interior of the M. K. & T. depot at Phillips. Pictures are Grover McPherson, long time agent and Frank K. Strack, telegraph operator.

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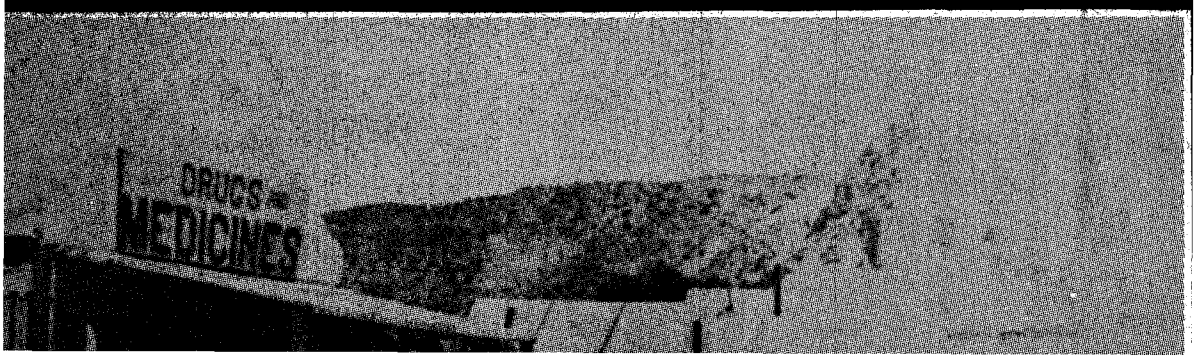
...RY THE BUM DEEP

By Maurice Kildare

They called the old man "Chloride" and when he died most people in Clifton, Arizona, the hustlers, idlers, and gamblers thought he'd be buried in a shallow, unmarked grave. It would've happened that way if the brothel madam called Texas Red hadn't made everyone kick in for a real funeral.

COVER STORY



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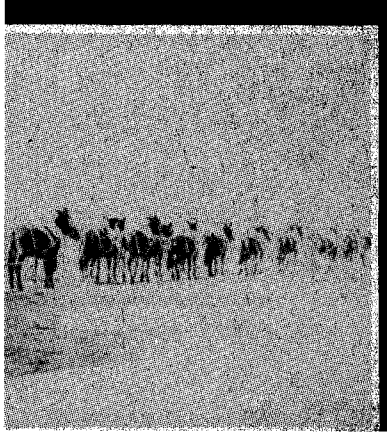
is believed to be Texas Red. Man next to her is



Before the railro arrived all suppl for Clifton we hauled by wag freighters who th took the the mine c bark to Lordsbu New Mexico.

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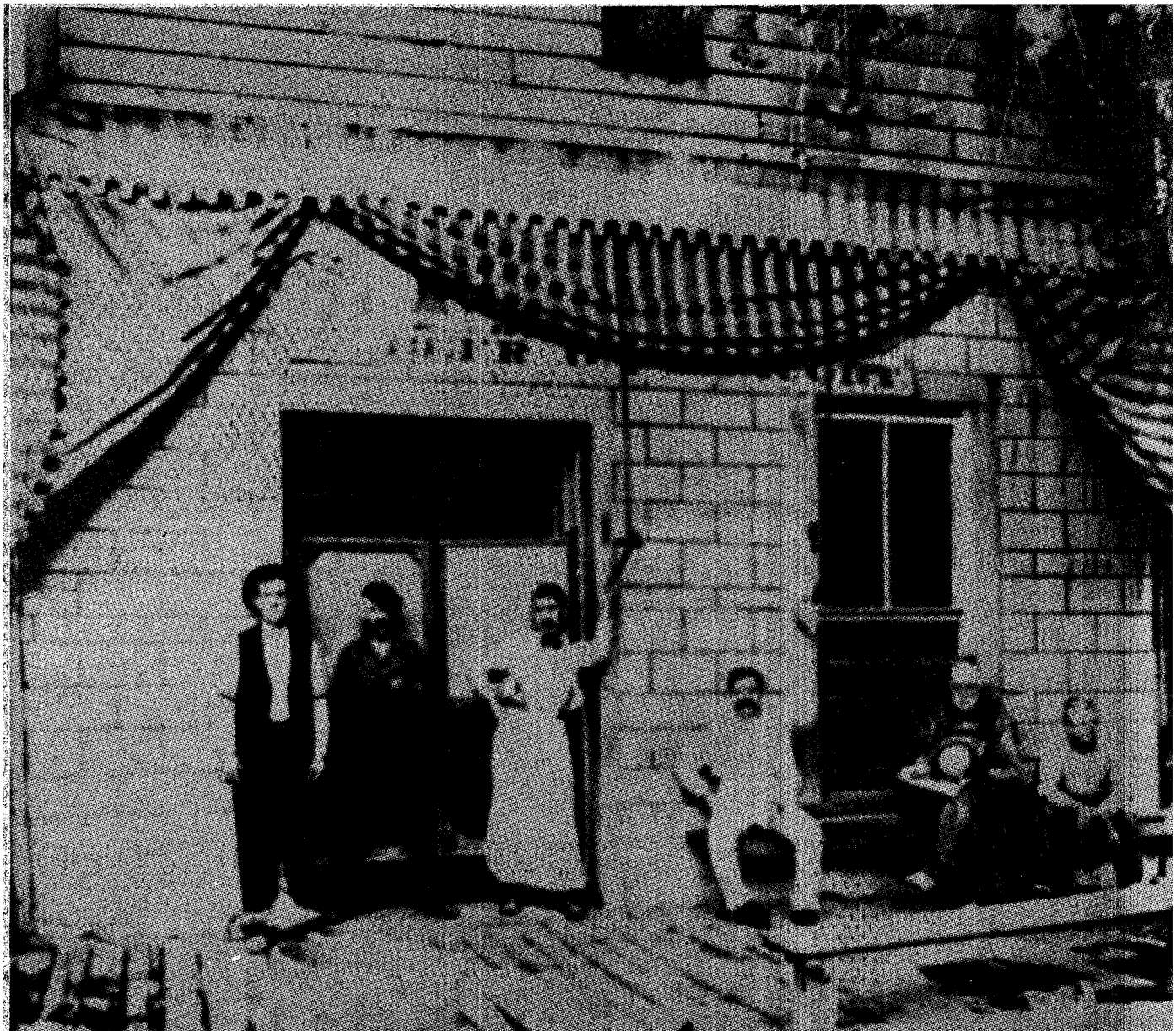

Sam Abraham's saloon in Clifton

After buying them all extra drinks, he booted the lethargic drunks out rear doors to the adobe. Three fell down on the trash and tin can littered space behind the row of saloons and dives. Angry, Bones got them on their feet again with diverse curses and pummeling.

The six lifted the coffin and staggered groaningly outside with it. After several small mishaps they got it into the wagon bed, the end gate of which had been removed.

Suddenly Bones let out a yell of anguish, running forward. "You got his feet in fo'most, you varmints!"

"Well, how do you want him?" a bleary-eyed coffin handler asked.

"Pull the box out and put it in right, you sorry rascal!" Bones shouted. "Am I gonna have trouble with you boys?"

"Aw, now, Bones," another grumbled complainingly, "maybe we let you do this yourself."

But patiently the drunks pulled the coffin out with much fumbling. They almost dropped it to the ground before swinging it around to replace the coffin properly.

Watching them, Bones shook his head aggrievedly. They were liable to foul up the funeral; but there wasn't anything he could do about it. They would have to be used. No others were willingly available, even after told the popular Texas Red insisted that it be a "right nice funeral".

When the wagon drove back onto the narrow, winding street, Bones lined up the waiting girls behind it in two rows. When the staggering drunks fell in after them, he signaled Fowler to start driving.

Both sides of the street were lined with interested spectators. They called out ribald statements to the cortege. It seemed to be a hilarious occasion to those collected, witnessing the departure from town to boot hill.

One drunk began singing loudly:

"Oh, when I die,
Bury me deep.
With a bottle of booze at my feet!"

When she could be heard above the street noise, Texas Red told Fowler to stop the wagon.

She then asked, "Did you put a bottle in the coffin with Chloride?"

"Well, no ma'm. Didn't even think about it, come to recollect."

"I gave you money to do so. Go

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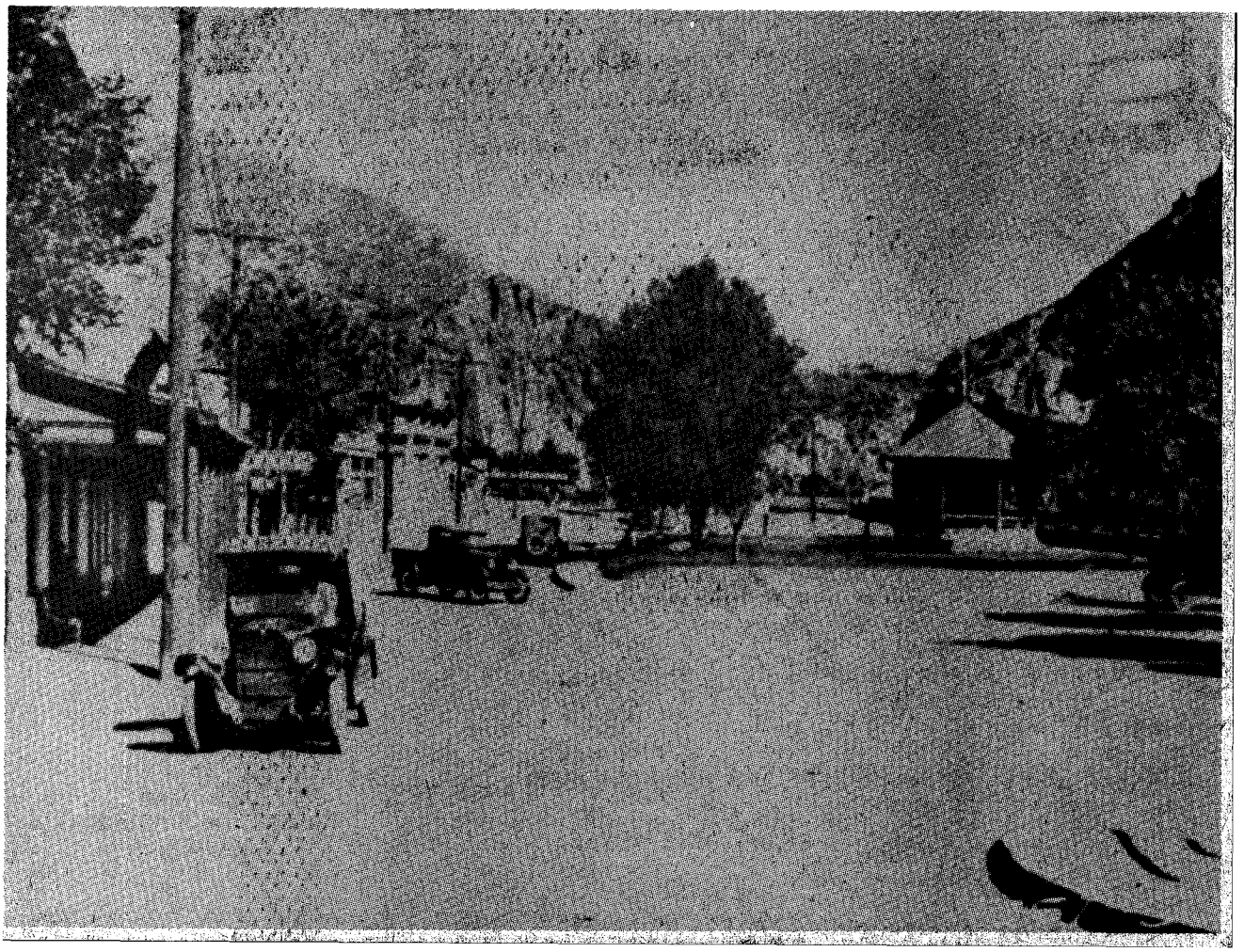

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

INTERESTED IN THE DAUGHERTYS

Dear Sirs:

I enjoy reading your magazine. I've been working on a "family tree" so have been even more interested. I am sure your magazine has helped many who are searching for relatives.

Your story on "The Daughertys Moved West in the 1880's" really caught our attention. Our grandpa's name was Benjamin Franklin Dority (originally spelled Daugherty). He changed the spelling when he moved to Arkansas. He was born in 1854, Feb. 15. We don't know where yet. I would like to get in touch with the Daughertys in your story. They might be able to help in our search for grandpa's family.

Grandpa had a brother named Columbus Dority (Daugherty) who lived in Texas. There is supposed to be a son or grandson of Columbus' still living in Texas. His name is Dallas and he also is supposed to have more family there.

Grandpa was a short man with very blue eyes and small feet. Small feet ran in his family. He wore a size 5 shoe. If you cannot put me in touch with the Daughertys, please print my letter in the Mail Roundup.

Sincerely,

Mr. & Mrs. Billy E. Dority
212 S. 2nd St.,
Iola, Kansas 66749

READS REAL WEST REGULARLY

Dear Sirs:

I read your magazine every month and enjoy it very much. My history teacher at school thinks your magazine is very educational and he enjoys it, too. However I was wondering why you don't have more stories on trappers and mountain men, especially Liver-Eatin' Johnson. I get tired of reading about Buffalo Bill, who in my book was a big phony. Also I want to know if there ever was a picture taken of Liver-Eatin' Johnson.

Another person who I would be interested in reading about is Judge Roy Bean, the law west of the Pecos.

Thank you and keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,

Bob C. Johnson
3229 47th St. S.W.
Seattle, Washington 98116

Both Liver-Eatin' Johnson and Judge Roy Bean have been the subject of articles in Real West in the past. Reread your history books, Buffalo Bill was not a phony.

WANTS INDIAN TEEPEE

I enjoy Real West very much. I am looking for information about where I can get an Indian Teepee, one that sleeps four and is good for living year round. I am moving to New Mexico soon and plan to live in it until a house is built.

Yours sincerely,

J. B. Hiltz
1034 E. Broadway
Milford, Conn. 06460

ENJOYS CUSTER ARTICLES

Being a collector of Custer material, I thought the readers of Real West might be interested to know that the famous painting, CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT, can be purchased through Buxton & Skinner Printing Co., 2419 Glasgow Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63106. Cost is $4.95 for a 33 x 46 inch print or $3.00 for one 16¾ x 26½ inches. I ran across a copy in a washateria not 3 miles from my home in Tunnel Hill, Georgia. I wrote Anheuser-Busch in St. Louis and they told me the reproductions were for sale through this company.

I would like to see a story or stories on the Washita Battle. I visited Washita last December and really learned a lot from the local residents in Cheyenne, Oklahoma. I enjoyed this month's article about Custer and the theory of suicide. I would like to hear from people who have information on Custer or maybe need some information.

There was a man from New York at the Washita battlefield about 4 months ahead of me who is supposedly writing a book about the battle. If anyone has any information on this, I'd like to know. You have a great magazine.

Sincerely,

Larry C. Stone
Rt. 1 Box 500-B
Tunnel Hill, Georgia 30755

WANTS TO CORRESPOND WITH INDIANS

Dear Sir:

I am a keen reader of your excellent magazine, REAL WEST. I am particularly interested in the Indians of North America, both the Western plains and the Eastern forests. This interest has developed almost to a mania and, having exhausted almost all sources of information available to me in this country, I now find that the next step is to try to get in touch with the Indian or someone who shares my interest in these fascinating people.

I would like to correspond with someone, either male or female who shares my interest. I am 23 years old and married with a young son.

Yours sincerely,

Darryl Cartwright
61 Two Gates
Cradley, Halesowen B63 2H4
United Kingdom

Dear Editor:

I am writing to you from away up in Richmond, B. C., Canada and wish to say I buy your magazine every month. My, you do have a wonderful magazine with good stories in it. I was born and raised on the prairies of Manitoba and the story written by Maurice Kildare in your March issue, "The Big Thresher Engine Blow Up" is really an outstanding article to read. At the age of 15 I was a "Tanker Boy" on a John White steam threshing engine. I had to make a dozen trips a day down to the creek 13 miles away and haul water for the steam engine. We threshed out about ten farms each fall. My pay was $1.00 per day. Worked from 5:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. at night.

Although I never saw a steam engine blow up, I helped to fight many a stubble fire caused by the sparks, and once I saw the big belt from the engine to the separator fly off and kill a man. It wrapped around the poor fellow like a snake. I also saw a separator man falloff the separator and into a belt that went over 3 pulleys. He had his right arm torn off and died on the way to the hospital which, in those days, was 40 miles away.

It was a great sight in those days to see a steam engine and thresher move from one farm to another, down the old dirt roads, through towns like a freight train on the railway. Our town had six grain elevators and lines of grain wagons a quarter mile long would wait their turn to drive up the runway into the elevator with a load of grain.

I do enjoy your magazine and I want to thank Mr. Kildare for the great story of the

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big thresher. It brought many memories back.

Sincerely,

Harry Woods
Cot 1 Senior Citizen Homes
Kiwanas Court, 625 Minores Blvd
Richmond, B.C., Canada

A LETTER FROM A DESCENDANT OF A SURVIVOR OF CUSTER'S LAST STAND

Dear Sir:

I am one of the living survivors of Frank Finkel, the only known man to have survived Custer's Last Stand. I met my uncle, Frank, when I was a little boy and I have been told by my mother how he survived the Custer massacre. We have been doing research on this and our historical director has helped us a lot.

The first story other than the one I heard from my mother was published in your REAL WEST Magazine which I purchased at the Lafayette Motor Hotel where my wife works. The night clerk at the desk asked my wife if she ever heard of Frank Finkel and she told him what she knew. He showed her the story and she bought the magazine. Now it is in the Campus Museum.

As a survivor of Frank Finkel, we wondered if you would consider giving us two or three copies of the November 1966 issue.

Sincerely yours,

Walter L. Finkel
604 5th St.
Marietta, Ohio 45750

We would gladly send a dozen copies if they were available. Unfortunately, copies of this issue are no longer in stock. Perhaps some reader who has a copy would send it on to you.

WANTS TO SWAP FOR WESTERN CLOTHES

Dear Sir:

As a long time fan of REAL WEST and a true Westerner at heart, I am writing to ask if you would do me a great favor by putting a request in your magazine that if anybody is interested in exchanging Western wear for any English clothes or items, I will be only too pleased to exchange with them. I hope I am not asking too much from you. But this is the only way I can fulfill a life ambition of having my own piece of the West over here.

Yours hopefully,

John Ripley
6 Boyne Road
Hastings, Sussex, England ●RW

MATTER OF TASTE

By Clarence M. Flink

Colonel James J. Ayers, editor of the Calaveras Chronicle, after two days absence in Sacramento, returned to his print shop in the busy and bustling gold mining Mokelumne Hill of 1851. He found his office had been broken into and nothing taken but an ink roller which was important to the issuance of the newspaper. Neither type, nor paper, or a small can of gold dust in plain view were disturbed in any way.

Mystified as to the motive of the thief or thieves, the Colonel had to wait a full two weeks to find the real answer for the theft. At various times, Editor Ayers noticed that the Indians of the town hung around the newspaper office more than necessary. These natives, members of the Yaqui tribe, who called themselves Sonorans would wait and watch until the pressman would make a new roller and strip the old one into pieces throwing the discarded remnants behind the print shop.

They were immediately pounced on by the Sonorans who ate them with great relish. This taste treat, the old roller, consisted of the best molasses and glue mixed with smears of printer's ink. To their untutored taste buds, these scraps were a *bonne bouche* as grateful to their palates as chocolate bars are to school kids. To discourage this Lucullian feast at the print shop, the editor conspired with the town druggist to mix a harmless but effective cathartic into the roller composition.

When the useful implement was again worn out, the Indians retrieved the pieces and feasted upon them. But after this hasty repast, they all at once seemed to acquire a strong prejudice against printers' rollers as articles of desirable food, leaving them severely alone in the future. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE:

"Gold & Sunshine," by James J. Ayers, Gorham Press, Boston, 1922.

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EPIDEMIC OF CORPSES

(continued from page 15)

The tragedy of William Black had already been overshadowed by an even stranger disappearance; that of a German miner who seemed to have vanished into thin air. This enigma had begun in February, also, when the wealthy miner's Fisgard Street lodgings had been thoroughly searched without revealing a single clue as to his whereabouts. "The contents of the room were found, on examination, to be undisturbed. His clothes lay on a chair, a 50-cent piece was found on the mantelpiece, his pipe on a table, just as he last laid them down. Everything in and about the apartment indicated that the man had stepped out - of - doors intending to return immediately — yet he was never seen afterwards.

"Inquiry at one of the banks disclosed the fact that he had upwards of $2,000 on deposit there. He was known as a sober, industrious man and had never shown any symptoms of insanity. The idea that he committed suicide is scouted by those who knew him best, and the presumption prevails that he was attacked near his room by someone aware of his wealth, who supposed that he carried the money on his person, foully murdered and his body secreted."

The missing miner was temporarily forgotten, however, by the discovery of a third body, this time that of a young woman, floating face down in Cadboro Bay. Brought to town, the pathetic remains were identified as those of 18 - year - old Martha Ann Booth, who vanished from her Esquimalt Road home early on the morning of April 19.

To her mother's query, she had replied she was enroute to town "for a short time." At 1 p. m., she was seen at Government and Fort Streets, and, again, an hour later as she passed the Cadboro Bay home of Benjamin Evans. When she had not returned by dusk, friends of the family began a search, without success, until an Indian youth noticed her hoopskirt, unbuckled at the waist, lying on the rocks and spotted her body in the clear waters below.

The poor girl ... is believed to have thrown herself into the water from the rocks ...

"This opinion is strengthened by the fact that her clothing is neither disarranged nor torn, which would not be the case had her death resulted from violence, and she had given evidence of a deranged mind for some time past."

At the inquest William Booth testified as to his daughter's "strangeness of manner" during previous months. A week later, the jury rendered a verdict of death by suicide.

In the meantime, police had painstakingly pieced together scraps of paper left by the unfortunate girl beside a spring:

"Farewell, farewell, it is a solemn sound, And often brings a sigh; But give to me that good old word That come (s) from the heart—'good-bye'."

Forty years after, pioneer journalist D. W. Higgins would weave a sinister tale of the supernatural and tragedy, remembered to this day as the legend of Cadboro Bay's long lost Mystic Spring ...

By amazing coincidence, police had been busy with not one body—but three! On the same day as Indian Jack's discovery of Miss Booth's body, a second had been found by a Mr. Glide of Metchosin, while searching for stray cattle a mile and a half from his home.

The remains, thought to have been there at least three months, were clad in grey tweed trousers, patched with flour sacking, two blue miner's shirts, a pair of plaid woollen socks, and shoes. Across the body lay a length of rope, beside it a sou'-wester hat with plain red lining, an empty flour sack and a torn corduroy jacket.

Who he was, how he died is not recorded. Perhaps officials overlooked him in investigating the mystery of a yet third corpse found in Esquimalt the day before.

"The number of dead bodies lately found in different places is something so unusual amongst us that it is exciting quite an alarm," marveled the newspaper. "Only one of the four male bodies so far has been identified, and in that one case circumstances point to foul play."

The *Colonist,* referring to the Esquimalt corpse and apparently forgetting that William Black's and the "Kanaka's" remains had been duly identified, then wandered off into an editorial on morality: For a long time crime and misfortune will to a certain extent retire from public notice, as though exhausted, and then suddenly reappear like an epidemic and scourge and shock society to the utmost. We cannot expect always to escape the common lot of humanity, but while we regret the duty, and lament the necessity of making such records, we confess so far we see nothing indicating a disorganized state of society."

Those avidly following news of the bizarre discoveries became even more intrigued when the body found in Esquimalt was officially identified as that of Fisgard Street's missing miner (Irish, not German), James Smith, who had vanished about the same time as William Black.

Unlike Black, however, Smith had unquestionably been murdered: his skull crushed by several blows with a blunt weapon. Surprisingly, his remains, located on Skinner's farm, had apparently not been robbed, as, although his pockets had been pulled inside out, a Bank of B. C. checks for $1,200, a box of percussion caps, an old meerschaum pipe, an eyeglass and some coins remained.

Only his revolver appeared to be missing, as evidenced by Smith's empty holster.

Investigators concluded he had been "decoyed to the spot by ruffians aware of his wealth, and who supposed he carried it about his person, shot down and beat on the head with stones until dead."

The inquest ruled he had been murdered by a person or persons unknown. Then the tantalizing tale of James Smith, too, faded into limbo—for 19 months.

The "thrill of horror" which had swept the city the previous April was vividly recalled by residents when "a respectable appearing" man named Henry Hewitt presented himself at the police barracks in Bastion Square with the announcement that he was surrendering to answer an accusation of having murdered Smith.

It seems that Smith's landlady, Mrs. G. Lange, had been whispering about town that he, Hewitt, who also boarded in her home, had lured poor Smith to his doom on the isolated Esquimalt farm, and he wished to clear himself of the evil insinuation.

In court, Mrs. Lange testified she had last spoken to Smith on Feb. 2 of the previous year when he had mentioned a desire to go to Esquimalt, but, due to his poor eyesight and the fact that he was

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new to the city, he was waiting for Hewitt, who worked in Esquimalt, to guide him. She saw him twice afterwards, without speaking, and a week later called at his room to collect her rent.

The landlady knocked twice; receiving no answer and seeing that the door was ajar, she stepped into his room. Smith was not home, but his room was neat, "looking as if he had just stepped out for a moment." Mrs. Lange returned several times but did not see Smith again.

A week after the miner's disappearance, she and Mr. Lange approached Hewitt who was not only a boarder but Smith's best friend. Hewitt denied having seen Smith, then, curiously, said that Smith had told him that he (Hewitt) could have "Whatever property he (Smith) might leave behind ... whenever he left Victoria."

Mr. and Mrs. Lange, upon talking it over, were somewhat disturbed by Hewitt's assertion and decided to lock up Smith's room until he should return. A year later, the tragic miner not having shown up, the good landlady turned his effects over to the police.

After the conversation with the Langes, Hewitt had moved to Esquimalt for three weeks, then reengaged his room. In April, Smith's battered body had been found at Esquimalt. Upon the news, Hewitt had asked Mrs. Lange "if she had told anyone that he was acquainted with Smith." When she nodded affirmatively, he replied that he was sorry she had as he did not wish to become involved.

Mrs. Lange then testified to having heard Hewitt ask another boarder if he had mentioned to her having seen him (Hewitt) and Smith going to Esquimalt together.

A former boarder, David Geer, testified he had discussed Smith's disappearance with Hewitt. He said the latter had remarked that he and a Mr. McKinlay "had come to the conclusion that an Irishman who lived in Lange's house had murdered Smith." Hewitt asked Geer, also, if he had told Mrs. Lange of his traveling to Esquimalt with Smith.

"I told him no — that I didn't know Smith was missing until the Tuesday following his disappearance," said Geer.

"I knew Smith when he first came to Victoria," said Hewitt. "He took a room at Mrs. Lange's opposite to mine. He told me he came from Boise to get his eyes treated. I recommended him to Dr. Ash. He joined the Mechanic's Institute and we had frequent conversations and walks. I got a job at Esquimalt to load the ship *Nightingale,* and I moved down to Esquimalt, but used to come up ever Saturday night and stay over Sunday.

"One Tuesday night there was an entertainment at the institute and I came up to my room. I remarked at not seeing Smith in his room. I went to the institute but did not see Smith there. I slept in my room all night and went to Esquimalt in the morning. The first or the second Sunday after the disappearance I came up again, and then I heard Smith had been missing all the week.

"I took an inventory of all the things in Smith's room with Mr. and Mrs. Lange. I never heard any more of the matter until the body was found. The afternoon the body was found I told Geer, the first witness, about it, and we started to see the remains, when we met a man called Dutch Joe coming back, and he told us there was no use in going down as the officer had the body at the dead house.

"We never went to see the body. It was buried and I gave evidence at the inquest. This is all I know about it. Some part of Mrs. Lange's evidence is incorrect, but mainly it is true. I deny having told Geer that McKinley and I had come to the conclusion that a certain Irishman murdered Smith."

In marked contrast to the latter part of Hewitt's statement, in which he said he and Geer had started out to view the body, Inspector Bowden testified that, when he had asked him to see Smith's remains, Hewitt had replied, he would not, as he did not like to see dead bodies." He had, however, identified Smith's clothing.

Three days later, Henry Hewitt walked from the courtroom a free man, "no evidence being adduced to connect him with the murder of James Smith two years ago."

And there the case ends. Who did meet James Smith on the lonely Esquimalt road a century ago? Henry Hewitt? We'll never know.

Thus ended Victoria's epidemic of corpses. In two exciting months, she had experienced two suicides, a murder, a suspected murder, and one death of unknown cause. **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Victoria Daily Colonist.

Files of B. C. Provincial Archives.

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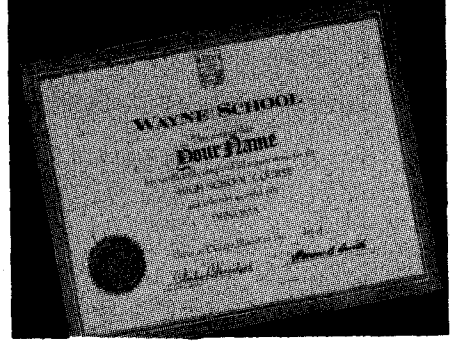

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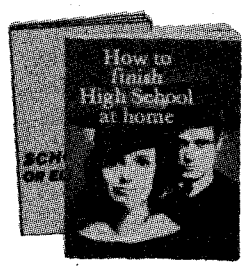

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BURY THE BUM DEEP

(continued from page 53)

Fowler asked worriedly, "Hadn't we better send them back from here?"

"Let 'em drown!" snapped Bones. "It's about what they got coming!"

He lifted up over the front wheel onto the spring seat with Fowler and rode across the shallow water. On high ground they waited for the girls to come over from the foot bridge. Again Bones, with nothing else to do, lined them up in some sort of military order. Then he glanced at the river and froze.

The male mourners were not yet across. They had started but a good many fell down in the water. The stream ran hardly more than a foot in depth. The fallen ones were rescued by others, lifted up dripping wet and pointed towards high ground.

"Let them varmints drown!" Bones shouted at the river rescuers and returned to the wagon and the girls.

Again shouting military commands he sent the procession past the mining company store where fifty people appeared to watch it go by.

On the river, more bottles were produced and drinks passed around, the hilarious bunch congratulating themselves on narrow escapes from drowning. Most declared that the river must be at least ten feet deep. Shouting and waving bottles they staggered on up the winding road, intent on putting Chloride in the ground.

From the front of the company store jocular remarks were made at them. One took exception to a sarcastic statement and promptly rushed the crowd, striking out with both fists. A fight started in which a dozen men on both sides became embroiled. There were blackened eyes and broken noses before the store manager managed to stop the fighting that threatened to become a general free - for - all.

"You drunks go on and bury one of your own kind, for hell's sake!" he yelled at the bunch staggering around in the dusty street.

When part of them started on, several went inside the store to buy bottles of whiskey. Despite his previous attitude the storekeeper couldn't resist hearing their money clink into the till.

The laggards with bottles caught up with the rest. Someone started a ribald song that raised into shouts. Some distance ahead of them, Fowler's teams became frightened and started running away. The wheels bounced over boulders and the coffin slid part way out of the wagon bed.

When Fowler got his horses halted, Bones managed to quiet the hilarious crowd somewhat. As the girls caught up, the unbalanced coffin, which had shifted, slid out of the back of the wagon. It came to rest, slanted down to the ground on one end.

Going to the drunks, Bones faced them with doubled fists lifted in the John L. Sullivan style of fighting.

"Now, you sorry crums listen to me!" he shouted. "You're lousing up this funeral. I'm going to beat every mother's son of you within an inch of your life if you don't settle down and behave.

"Four of you go heist the coffin back into the wagon and let's have no more of this carrying's on!"

Several men in contrite silence moved to the coffin, raised the lower end and slid it back into the wagon bed.

The procession then moved on and in better order than anywhere along the route. It reached the boot hill area on Chase Creek without further mishap. But if Bones imagined he was safe from further trouble, that was his mistake.

The wagon pulled alongside an open grave where two burly Mexicans waited, leaning on shovel handles. Several of the drunks wandered over to peer down into the hole while Texas Red grouped the girls at one end of the grave.

At the dug hole a man gasped in amazement, "My Gawd! These here Mexes have dug a mine shaft plumb to hell and gone."

"I told them to dig the grave eight feet deep," Texas Red said. "It had better be, at fifty cents a foot!"

Three sisal ropes were brought from the wagon and laid out behind the open end. The coffin was slid out by men who now appeared to be at least half sober. It was deposited on the ropes preparatory to carrying over to the grave. But as men picked up the ropes Texas Red rushed over.

"Hold on," she ordered. "Open the lid and straighten him out. Chloride got all squinched together back there where the coffin fell to the ground. I want him straight!"

The carpenter had not come along, and Bones discovered that no claw hammer was in the wagon tool box on the front end gate.

Texas Red snorted, "Makes no difference. Get some hard rocks and knock the lid open from one side. We're not putting him into the ground all doubled up."

Some one asked her, "What difference does it make, Ma'm, Texas Red?"

"One hell of a lot when we're paying good money for a first class putting away. Now you boys get busy and let's get the funeral over with."

"Seems like we're going to a lot of trouble on account of a stupid old bum!"

Texas Red hit him straight to the jaw with a hardened fist. Bones rushed to her aid but it wasn't necessary. The objecting drunk had folded up on the ground.

Several men joined Bones getting hard black rocks. They battered open one side of the coffin lid and raised it protestingly on nails of the other edge. Rigor Mortis having long passed, the flabby body had settled down in the end like a half filled sack of grain.

When Bones, staring into the unlovely, whiskered face of death, ordered the body straightened, several men approached cautiously.

Looking down into the coffin one of them broke away crying out, "His fangs is bared like a varmint aiming to bite somebody!"

The others staggered away, reluctant to touch the dead man. Bones cursed them soundly and yanked the body straight out in the coffin by grasping the shoulders.

Texas Red came close very angry. "You men, quit swearing!" she demanded. "On an occasion like this I should think you would have some respect for the dead!"

"But he almost bit me!" exclaimed the man who ran away.

"Nonsense! Let's complete the funeral and you weak knees can go back to town."

A lone man belatedly helping Bones kept his back to Texas Red. He seemed to be interested only in Chloride's lower extremities. He came away trying to keep from facing her.

Suspicious, she grabbed the back of his hickory shirt, turned him around violently and found the purloined bottle of whiskey held before his body. She took it from him.

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"Aw, shucks, Ma'm" the man protested, "he ain't goin' to be able to drink it. Wastin' good whiskey, that's what this is. Us boys is powerful dry."

"It belongs to Chloride and he's going to have it!"

"Now Miss Texas —"

"Shut up, you drunken fool!" she cried angrily. "See if you deadbeats can get the coffin down into the grave!"

Texas Red replaced the bottle of whiskey in the coffin. The bent nails were hammered back crookedly into place. Two men on each rope end picked them up and started to move around to one end of the grave. Two fell down and rolled over into the hole taking dirt and rocks with them.

Bones rushed up, cursing them roundly for being slew-footed. A rope had to be taken from under the coffin and let down into the hole to hoist out those below.

While this was being done with Texas Red and Bones' attention off the men assisting at the last rites for the poor old bum, bottles appeared from hip pockets and inside shirts. They were passed around surreptitiously, and the inebriated were worse off after fifteen minutes before order was restored.

Under Bones' watchful eye and orders, the rope ends on each side of the coffin were picked up, the weight lifted, and the men marched slowly down each side of the grave.

Fortunately nothing happened and slowly the coffin was lowered into the earth. The ropes were then pulled out from one side. As the men started back from the sides, one stumbled into the pile of dirt removed from the digging. He slanted, then rolled down on the coffin, landing with a thud, and promptly flaked out on his face.

The last of his patience exhausted, Bones turned to the waiting gravediggers.

"Start shoveling in the dirt and rocks. We'll bury that bastard along with Chloride!"

A drunk staggered over in protest, "Now you can't do that, Bones! Bruce ain't dead."

"So what? he's drunk enough to be!"

"All right — all right. So we're puttin' Chloride away like he would like to be. Plenty drinks, and we're giving him a right nice going-away to the happy land beyond."

"Okay!" Bones relented, not actually intending to bury a live man with Chloride, "Somebody drop a rope and bring him out."

This was done after much fumbling and kicking of dirt from the surface into the grave. Once on top, the drunk stared around owlishly before getting to his feet.

Before the gravediggers could start shoveling, Texas Red halted further proceedings. Did any of them know a religious song? After a long minute of surprised silence, one of the girls shoved Big Foot Maude forward. She knew most of the verses of *Bringing In The Sheaves.* Singing what she knew, most of the others, including the drunks, followed her lead. Some of the men actually removed their hats for the religious aspect and rendered a very decided solemnity to the occasion.

It was then that one of the girls remembered the first part of the 23rd Psalm. Going to the graveside she gave it:

"The Lord is my Shepard
I shall not want,
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me into the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

Following her, Texas Red stood before the open hole and said, "Dear Lord, poor old Chloride wasn't much use in this world, but he never done nothing to nobody but himself. Please forgive his sins seventy times and let him have a better life in the hereafter."

At a gesture from her as she stepped back, the gravediggers began shoveling in dirt and loose rocks. Turning his wagon out, Fowler drove back to town. The drunks started after him, but half of them fell beside the road and slept off their booze.

Texas Red and the girls remained standing in their silken finery until the grave was filled and mounded. They then walked back over the foot bridge into Clifton, going to work as usual. ●**RW**

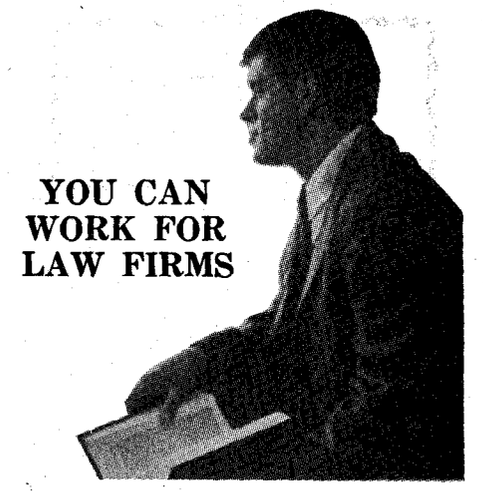
REFERENCE SOURCES:

My own long collected file on Clifton and this particular incident.

Published reminiscences of pioneers in the *Arizona Republic.*

Statements of Charles M. Clark who was the telegraph operator at Clifton at the time.

Statement of Jack Townsend who was there when Chloride Shields was buried.



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SAMUEL HEARNE

(continued from page 31)

of his small amount of trade goods destined for the copper and Dog Rib Indians, who had never visited the Company's factories. In fact, Hearne's life stood in jeopardy amid what he termed his "brutish companions, for "they acknowledged no man greater than themselves, no law but their own." Thus, often Hearne was constrained to silence while inside he burned over the indignities heaped upon the squaws, on the lesser, and upon enemies.

Most of the women and children were left behind at Clowey Lake so as to make a rapid advance to the Coppermine River. Two of the few pack squaws remaining with the party shortly caused a great hubub. They took off in the night, apparently to rejoin their husbands from whom they had been taken by force. Wrote Hearne, "Montonabbee seemed entirely disconcerted, and quite inconsolable for the loss of his wife. She was certainly by far the handsomest of his flock, of a moderate size, with fair complexion; she apparently possessed a mild temper and engaging manners." Then Hearne adds an interesting observation:

"It has ever been the custom among these people for the men to wrestle for any woman to whom (they take a fancy), and of course, the strongest always carries off the prize. A weak man, unless he be a good hunter and well beloved, is seldom permitted to keep a wife that a stronger man thinks worth his notice. Any time when the wives of those strong wrestlers are heavy-laden either with furs or provisions, they make no scruple of tearing any other man's wife from his bosom, and making her bear part of his luggage."

The party now traveled at a rate of fourteen or fifteen miles a day, except when the weather was adverse; and it became increasingly bad, as noted by Hearne:

"We walked only about seven miles when, finding a few blasted stumps of trees, we pitched our tents. Toward night we had excessively bad weather, with loud thunder, strong lightning and heavy rain attended by a very hard gale ... We walked about eight miles and were obliged to put up, being almost benumbed with cold ... The weather was so bad with thick drifting snow that we did not move ... snow drifting so we couldn't see."

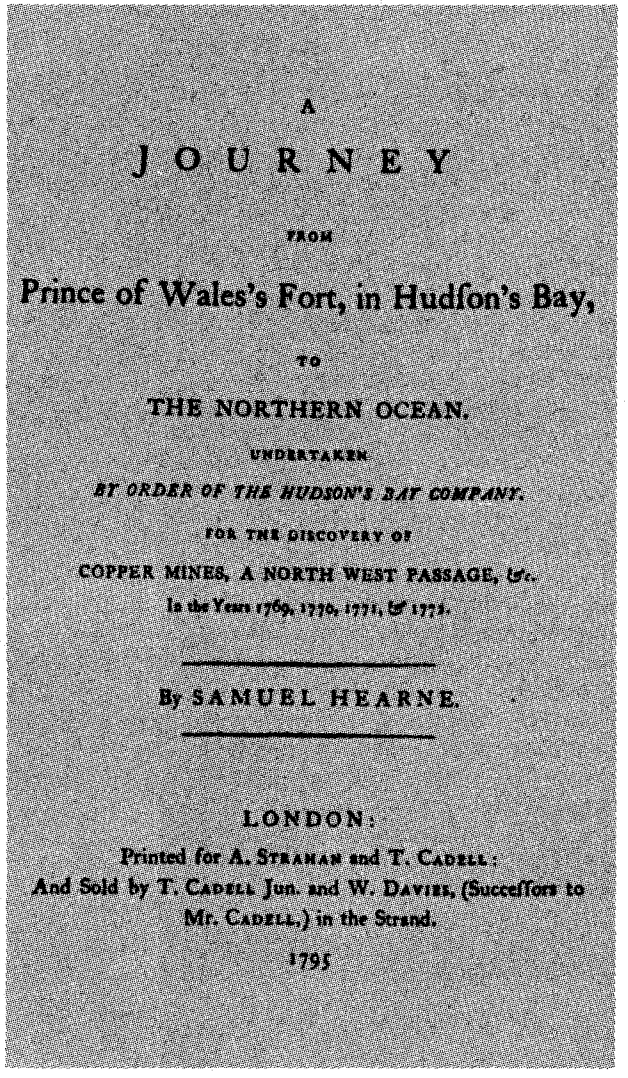
All women and children were left behind on May 31. It developed that the Indians who had joined Hearne at Clowey Lake had one purpose in mind—to massacre unsuspecting Eskimos that might be found on the Coppermine River. Hearne's efforts to dissuade them were met with derision. Though it was the Indian's design to attack the unprepared Eskimos with a force of ten to one, they called Hearne a coward.

It seemed now that nature conspired to keep from the eyes of a white man the treasure that had been that of the Indians so long. The party was well above the Arctic Circle and though July was now reached, the weather continued to be troublesome. On July 3 the party, which now comprised about 60 warriors, was "obliged to put up, not being able to see our way for snow and thick drift." On the fourth there was a constant light snow which made it very disagreeable under feet. On the fifth, sleet, snow, and rain was heavy. The travelers could not see the way ahead. They crossed Musk Ox Lake in a thick snow; on July 12, it was so hot and sultry that no one moved.

The Stony Mountains proved to be a "confused heap of stones seeming utterly inaccessible", but "we made a tolerable shift to get on, though frequently obliged to crawl on our hands and knees." The travel was made possible only by the guidance of Copper Indians with whom Hearne had first smoked the calumet on June 22.

Indians began to desert because of the hardships: fifteen of them quit July 6. The Coppermine River was reached July 13. Hearne found it to be smaller and more rapid than he had been led to believe. Instead of being navigable for shipping as represented, Hearne found it scarcely navigable for a canoe. Exploration down river proved it to be full of falls and shoals.

Hearne was anxious to get on to the copper mine, but scouts soon returned with the news that five tents of Eskimos had been discovered on the west side of the river.



A

JOURNEY

FROM

Prince of Wales's Fort, in Hudson's Bay,

TO

THE NORTHERN OCEAN.

UNDERTAKEN

BY ORDER OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,

FOR THE DISCOVERY OF

COPPER MINES, A NORTH WEST PASSAGE, &c.

In the Years 1769, 1770, 1771, & 1772.

By SAMUEL HEARNE.

LONDON:

Printed for A. STRAHAN and T. CADELL;

And Sold by T. CADELL Jun. and W. DAVIES, (Successors to Mr. CADELL,) in the Strand.

1795

Title page of the first edition of Hearne's journey.

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The Indians immediately left, getting their guns, spears and wooden shields in order for the attack.

After painting their shields with the symbols of the being upon which they relied for success in battle, the warriors set off, reaching the Eskimo encampment at one o'clock in the morning; but in that latitude, it was broad daylight. The Eskimos were asleep; the Indians rushed forth from ambush and fell upon them.

Wrote Hearne, "The shrieks and groans of the poor expiring wretches were truly dreadful; and my horror was much increased at seeing a young girl, about eighteen, killed so near me that when the first spear was stuck into her side she fell down at my feet and twisted around my legs, so that it was with difficulty that I could disengage myself from her dying grasp. As two Indians pursued this unfortunate victim, I solicited very hard for her life but the murderers made no reply till they had struck both their spears through her body and transfixed her to the ground. They looked me sternly in the face and began to ridicule me, asking if I wanted an Eskimo for a wife, and paid not the slightest regard to the shrieks and agony of the poor wretch."

Hearne retorted that the men might at least dispatch their victims without torture. "On this request being made, one of the Indians (shoved a spear) through the breast near the heart. The love of life however, was so predominant that she made several efforts to ward off the friendly blow.

"The brutish manner in which these savages used the bodies they had so cruelly bereaved of life was so shocking that it would be indecent to describe it. It was with difficulty that I could refrain from tears: even at this hour I cannot reflect in the transactions of that horrid day without shedding tears."

The warriors discovered another Eskimo encampment on the other side of the river. "The poor Eskimos," wrote Hearne, "were so unaquainted with the nature of firearms that when the bullets fired by the Indians struck the ground they ran to see what was sent them." At length, one Eskimo was shot in the calf of his leg. They all got in their canoes immediately and paddled to a little island midstream, out of gunshot range. Before the day was over, the Indians looted the abandoned camp and killed an old man and an old woman. Of the latter Hearne wrote, "There was scarcely a man among them who had not a thrust at her with his spear." Hearne named the place Bloody Falls, a name it bears to this day.

The fabled copper mine still lay up river; but it was part of Hearne's task to survey from the mouth of the river, for it was the hope of the Company that ships might be sent there to load the copper that might be mined. Hearne had already begun to suspect the truth. He had met an Indian who told him he had never seen the mouth of the Coppermine River free from ice, but naively assured him that the water between ice and shore was very still, and it would be easy to get small boats in.

Hearne reached the mouth of the Coppermine River July 17. Though the tide was out and the water was fresh, Hearne was sure that the Coppermine flowed into the Northern Sea, or some arm of it. The mouth of the river was not navigable for even a small boat, and

(continued on page 74)

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THE GREENHORN

(continued from page 18)

"They're takin' us to the medicine lodge to try us before the Sun's sacred house," explained Jim. "They figger we won't dast lie *there*. Seems that Ghost Runner is hell - bent on tellin' the Sun God personal - like what bad people we are, an' how we deserve killin'. When the ol' buzzard quits squawkin', you'll get your chance to speak to the Sun God. Like I said, if you got any bright ideas, now' s the time to be polishin' 'em up."

Curt felt an insane desire to laugh but managed to suppress it to a croak. "I made the debating society in my last year at school in Philadelphia. You suppose *that* might help any?"

"This is no joke," warned Hardin grimly. "The Blackfeet's Sun God is mighty real to them — in fact, a durn sight more real than *our* God is to us. Now, sonny boy, if you want to make sure we get our throats slit and our h'ar lifted, jest make fun of their Sun God when you make your palaver!"

"I won't, Jim."

"Good! High Eagle likes you, so make your play straight at him. Convince the chief that we meant no harm comin' here and he'll probably let us go unharmed. Lose him — we're gone beaver!"

The medicine lodge, of tanned and whitened buffalo hides, stood on a great flat - topped rock a hundred feet back from the creek bank in a natural clearing. High Eagle halted near the lodgeflap and motioned to his warriors to form a circle before the sacred dwelling. Then the four braves holding the white men dropped back into line with their comrades. Only the Chief and the Sun Priest remained with the captives; the scene for the bizarre "trial" was set and waiting.

High Eagle addressed the Sun first. Solemnly he drew a long reed - stemmed pipe from a quill - embroidered buckskin case slung over his left shoulder, filled the redstone pipebowl with a fragrant mixture of *kinikinick* and tobacco and lighted it with the glowing punk in his firehorn. Four times he puffed on the pipe — the correct ceremonial number. Gravely he removed the pipestem from his lips and offered the mouthpiece in turn to the Four Corners of the World — East, West, North and South — and finally to the Sun and the Above People. Lifting his face to the fiery luminary, now directly overhead, the chief prayed humbly to the Sun for guidance. There was no mistaking his sincerity. Here was a devout worshiper, entreating his God for a sign to show him the right course to follow in a serious situation, a puzzling and distressing dilemma.

Rapidly, Jim translated High Eagle's brief prayer for Curt's benefit while the Sun Priest went through the pipe ritual. "You'll get the pipe next," he added coolly. "Be up to you whether we get out of this mess alive. Act big — talk big. Hell, tell 'em the Sun is *your* father, too!"

Hardin fell silent as the medicine man began to deliver a savage oration, utterly unlike High Eagle's earnest supplication for divine guidance and enlightenment. This was not a prayer, but a passionate denunciation, declaring that these insolent white men had profaned the Sun God's sacred valley by their presence there. He — Ghost Runner — did not believe that the white youth possessed Sun Power. He believed rather that he possessed evil magic, for had he not blinded the eyes of High Eagle with his yellow hair? Both white men must be killed at once, lest the Sun God become angry with his Indian children and drive all the buffalo back through the great hole in the ground from whence they came in Time's beginning. Did the Blackfeet want this to happen? No? Then kill the whites!

This was a clever, crafty speech, and it made a profound impression upon the warriors. Stern faces darkened ominously around the circle and fierce "Hou-hous's" of approval sounded. Ghost Runner smiled in triumph, puffed once more on the pipe; then fairly thrust it at Curt.

Jim muttered encouragingly, "Don't let the ol' goat rattle you. Take it slow and easy, so I can put it into sign talk. I savvy their lingo pretty good, but can't speak it much."

The feel of the sacred pipe in his hands seemed to steady Curt. Suddenly he felt keen and cool, ready to tackle the vital business at hand. Four times he drew on the pipestem before presenting it to the Four Corners of the World. Then he handed the pipe to the chief with his best smile and began to speak, slowly and clearly.

"High Eagle, my brother, the Sun is *my* father as well as yours! I will prove this to you. My medicine is strong and Sun will vouch for me."

Curt filled his lungs with a deep breath, as he had always done on facing a critical audience in a Philadelphia schoolhouse three years before — a Philadelphia that seemed remote to him now as a city on some distant planet.

"O Sun, my father," he said solemnly, "hear my prayer. Give me a sign that these, my doubting brothers, may see and recognize and thereby know your displeasure with their anger and suspicion. Red men and white, we are all your children. Remind my forgetful brothers, the Blackfeet, that this is so. A sign, O Sun, a sign!"

Raising his cupped left hand toward the zenith, Curt reached out and took High Eagle's right hand in his own.

A spot of glowing light appeared magically on the back of High Eagle's hand. The classical warrior's face of the fine old chief remained immobile. He stood rigid for one second — two seconds — three seconds. Then — as the focussed sunlight stung the flesh — he snatched his hand away with a half-strangled *"Haiyah"* of astonishment.

A great sigh — part groan, part prayer — went up from the astounded Blackfeet. Even Ghost Runner seemed stunned and shaken by the miracle.

"Ai-ee! Stoni-i-tapi!" gasped the medicine man — and covered his open mouth with his hand in awe.

"You got 'em goin', Curt!" breathed Hardin in a vibrant whisper. "They think you're *nat-o-ye* for sure now. Keep talkin', *keep talkin!!"*

"Listen, my brothers," continued Curt. "We did not know that this was Sun's sacred valley or we would not have come here. We will leave gifts of red cloth and tobacco here at Sun's lodge, and then go away at once and never return."

Curt paused for breath and oratorical effect, looking straight at High Eagle. "Brother, you have prayed for buffalo and none have come. Your women and children cry with hunger, but there is no meat. You will find plenty buffalo — *that way!"*

The yellow-haired youth swung his right arm in a half-circle and pointed dramatically to the west.

The bold promise "plenty buffalo" turned the trick, swept away all lingering doubt in the minds of

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the Blackfeet. Spontaneously, the guarding warriors broke ranks to pound Curt on the back and seize his hands. They whooped in wild exultation and leaped and capered around the white youth in an impromptu buffalo dance. The few braves owning trade-guns fired away precious ammunition in noisy celebration.

High Eagle, a warm smile on his craggy face, stood regally aside until the uproar had subsided. Then the chief embraced Curt and declared with grave dignity: "You are truly *nat-o-ye* — Child of the Sun. The Sun has spoken. My heart is lifted from the ground."

High Eagle stepped back, signalling to his warriors. Many Shots, grinning broadly, came forward bearing the trappers' weapons. Owl Bear approached, leading the horses. High Eagle raised his right hand in salute and farewell as the white men mounted and rode away.

Again on the ridge above the sacred valley, the trappers halted their mounts for a breather after the hard climb. Jim cocked a quizzical eye at his young partner and drawled:

"Quick thinkin', ol' hoss, to use your burnin' glass to trick the Injuns. Reckon Jim Bridger hisself could have done no better. But why in tarnation did you throw in that whopper 'bout the buffalo being off to the west? Fur as *you* know, they could be east or north or south!"

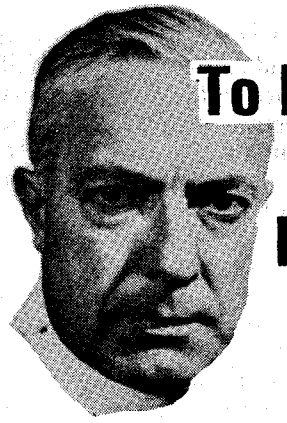
Curt laughed shakily; he'd yearned for this comradely banter from Jim all these past two miserable weeks on the trail.

"Right! But I had to think of something to get 'em away from us and that seemed the best bet. I figure that once old Ghost Runner gets to thinking things over, he'll suspect I tricked him *somehow*. None of 'em spotted the burning glass, but still I'd rather have the whole bunch trailing west. They might just run into that Crow war party and be so busy fighting they'd forget all about *us*."

Jim wagged his head in admiration. "Smart cub, ain't you? .... Come on, mountain man, let's ride! Daylight's a-burnin', winter's a-comin', and we *still* got to find us new trappin' grounds." ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE:
TRUE ADVENTURES IN THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS, the unpublished journal of Curtis Miller, a collateral ancestor of the author.

An Important Message



To Every Man and Woman

In America

Losing His or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

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"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
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"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
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"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
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"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Lee, Piqua, Ohio

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
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"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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THE SILVER MOUNTAINS

(continued from page 41)

Mountain and never tried again. So far as is known, these people did not contend legal claims.

As time went on, the remains of the Sangre de Cristo mountain recluse mouldered in the grave, and the gold of his strange lifetime efforts tarnished in the mine shaft that only he had guarded so adroitly during his mining career.

People relentlessly sought the purported rich diggings. But no one offered clues to its location. It seems that no one knew for a certainty where the mine was except Gibbons, and records indicate that he made no effort to retrun to the site. No doubt he still possessed the fear of rattlesnake dens and giant steel bear traps that had been so firmly thrust upon him by Cobsky at the time he visited the old man at the mine shack.

The publicity of Cobsky's death and widespread interest in his lost gold mine eventually waned and, in the years that followed bits of knowledge, like the Gibbons story, became the possession of the old newspaper files. Campfire talk had its heyday, and unconfirmed rumors acquired legendary ratings. It became apparent that the old codger's assertion that the mine and its gold would always remain his was a toll of truth.

This emphatic statement, however, has not impeded the search for the lost gold mine on Silver Mountain. It is still tops on the list of many treasure hunters. And there are always some prospectors working the rugged slopes of the mountain where the mine is thought to be lost.

It is true that no one questions the existence of the lost mine on Silver Mountain. *But it is questionable whether anyone will ever break the Cobsky jinx that protects the diggings*! It's there, it's true. But like the fabulous Superstition Mountain mine, the Lost Adams Diggins and scores of others, just where is it? And about the only comment that comes from this source is that there is certainly ample areas on Silver Mountain and the expansive slopes where a gold mine might be lost!

And whether or not the Cobsky lode is ever found, the great Silver Mountain area of the La Veta Pass is a marvelous prospecting locality, and not really too difficult to penetrate. Just don't trample on the snakes, or cause the Alex Cobsky death - dealing traps to explode in your face. ●**RW**

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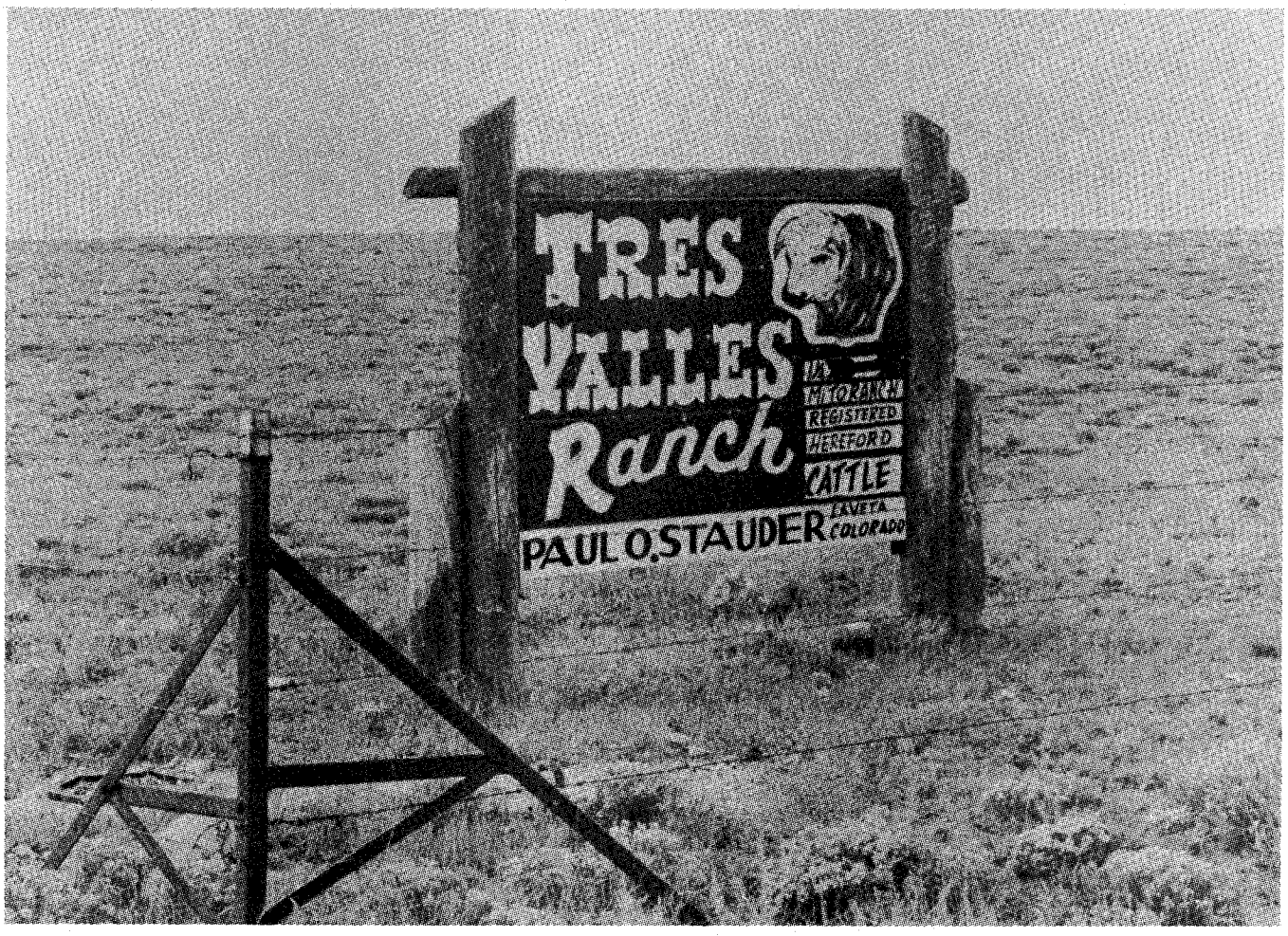

Photo by the author

The Tres Valles Ranch is a prominent landmark on the Silver Mountain slopes.

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STAN LYNDE

(continued from page 27)

home to Grass Lodge for a brief time, working on his father's ranch, and then left for Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he got a job as reporter-artist on a weekly newspaper.

Dreaming of the "Big Time", he decided to go to New York. So in January of 1956, with 30 bucks in cash and a great deal of courage, he hopped into a Greyhound bus and headed for the "big city" and big-time cartooning. When he finally did arrive in New York, both his money and courage evaporated pretty fast.

He came to Greenwich Village and, after a spell, he got a job on the *Wall Street Journal* as a typist. During the day he worked as a reporter in the Commodity Department of that publication, also managing to do some free-lance drawing and attend art school in the evenings.

All this time, he was working on an idea for his strip and when he had enough of it done, he began submitting it to the major newspaper syndicates. To his delight, one, the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, accepted it. In April of 1958, the comic cowboy sheriff, "Rick O'Shay", was launched nationwide. Several years later, with his cartoon career better secured, Stan returned to Montana to live.

With proceeds from his popular strip coming in, he bought a 160-acre ranch near his father's at Lodge Grass and began raising Black Angus cattle. For his brand on the livestock he used RIK, which was short for "Rick O'Shay" — "After all", Stan would remark, "he paid for the cows!"

He's sold the ranch and now lives with his wife, Sidne, and sons, Mark and Richard, in a rambling, log home in Red Lodge, Montana at the foot of the scenic Beartooth Mountains. He has a log studio nearby where he produces his now famous cowboy strip, which appears in more than 100 daily newspapers all over the world. For the benefit of European readers, it is translated into French, Italian and Spanish and is read by an estimated 15 million people daily. For the many readers who have great knowledge of the West and its ways, Stan keeps the strip as authentic as possible. "That's a lot of people looking for mistakes," he says.

A ten-gallon Stetson off to this great cowboy cartoonist and his funny sidekick, "Rick O'Shay". May they ride for many years to come! ● **RW**

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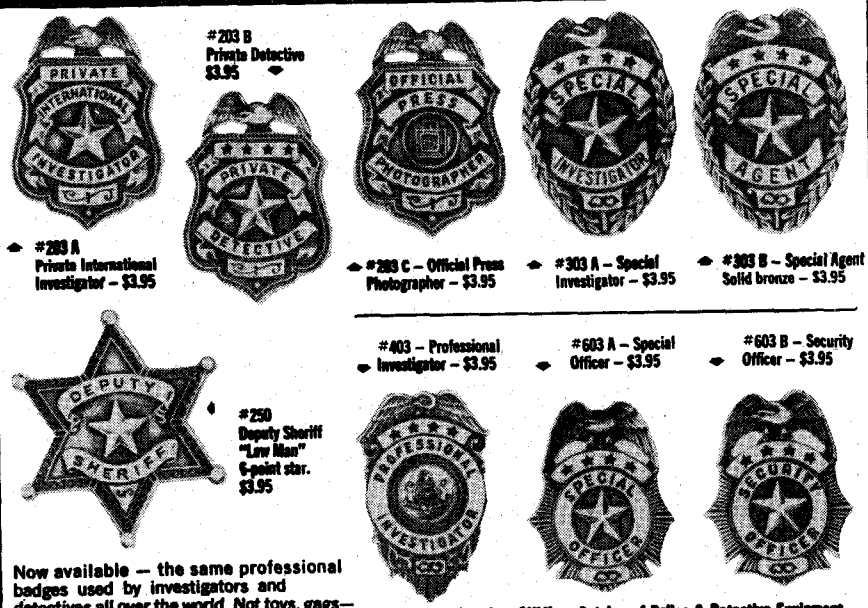

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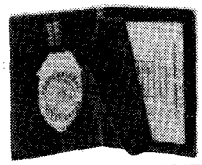

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COAL MINER'S WEST

(continued from page 49)

after them at night. Accustomed to this routine, they walked straight into the cage. When the cage stopped and the gate lifted, they made a beeline for the corrals because they were going to be watered and fed there.

Some three hundred miners were dropped into the underground passages every day at No. 6, and a hundred mules to haul coal to the uplifting cages of which there were two. Lehigh No. 5, the largest and deepest mine in the area, put down 600 men every morning, which was the greatest number sent below ground in any of the mines along the Atoka Track.

In those days, the shaft cages were just about as risky as getting air down to the men working below. Anything might fail any moment, and sometimes did.

The cages worked in a wood-lined trough on a guide timber. When a section of this guide was knocked out, or worn down a new one had to be put in. It was six inches across the face.

If the wire cable on which the cages were hoisted and lowered broke, steel catches on the sides promptly hooked into the wooden timbers of the shaft. Also, in cases of emergency, a miner in the cage could pull a rope and the same thing would happen. The cages, which held about fifteen standing men or eight mules, were tested continually.

The safety devices under Oklahoma laws always worked. But previous to these regulations coal mine disasters were common: that is, small ones where a few men and some mules were killed. Most of them were subject to black damp, gas, dust explosions and preventable fires of combustible materials carelessly handled.

None of these tragedies ever happened in No. 6. It was known as a "clean" mine. This was because the only possible explosive dust was coal crushed by wheels on the tracks. To avoid this, every two weeks accumulated dust was cleaned off the tracks where the cars ran.

Prevost's uncle by marriage was John Meador, the ironsmith at No. 6. He sharpened all the miner's tools, shod the little mules, and made the cars that hauled up a ton of coal from the depths. Some experienced miners could load their cars in such a way as to put in more.

The cars were made of thick wood, reinforced with iron on the sides, ends, corners and bottom. The wheels and running gear were obtained from a foundry.

The outside end of the car was hinged at the top, and the bottom was held by catches. When hoisted up from below, weighed and the miner's tag removed, it was hauled up a long elevation to the dumping standards by a cable. On striking, the end opened, spilling coal into the railroad car below. Released, the car rolled back down to the bottom of the slope and was shunted on to a switching track, ready to be sent down into the mine again.

Number 6 mine was five miles long and 250 feet deep. It had a second airshaft at Number 6½. It produced more coal than any of the others along the Atoka Track.

The entry into each room was nine feet wide. When the room was blasted and dug out, another of the same size was cut in above. The coal veins followed were five and a half feet wide, divided by a one-foot layer of rock.

The top entry went upward, and every forty feet there was cut what was called a breakthrough into the next room for air circulation which was produced by huge fans running around the clock.

(continued on page 72)

Courtesy Mrs. Ethel King - Prevost

General store at Phillips, Oklahoma around 1910. At left is Ethel King who later became Mrs. Frank Prevost.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

of each other but friendly, and each had their own land, ceremonies and tribal organizations. These were tall Mongolian looking people, having a definite slant to their eyes. Upon marriage, the women went to live with her husband's people, and children belonged to the father's band. During the winter the bands split, but in the summer they assembled into tribal groups for hunting of buffalo. They made a great circle with the opening to the east, tipis were set up as many as four deep in the circle, and each band camped in the same spot every year. About every four years, the rights of their various societies were transferred to the next younger group.

Perhaps the best known of the Plains tribes were the Dakota or Sioux. They are also known as the Lakota and the Nakota. They roamed the vast Plains area and were divided into four main groups, the eastern Dakota, the Yankton, the Santee and the Teton. Of these, the Teton were the main body and was in turn divided into seven divisions. The Blackfeet (not to be confused with the Blackfoot), the Brule, Hunkpapas, Miniconjou, San Arc, Two Kettle and Oglala. The Oglala were probably the best known of these groups. The Dakota were an independent people, living as nomadic hunters for over two hundred years. In 1855 the United States army under General Harvey waged war against these people. This warring lasting for twenty years and ended with the Sioux, or Dakota, being placed on reservations.

The Mandan was a division of the Sioux and believed to have been one of the originators of the spreading eagle headdress. There were several almost albino or very pale skinned individuals among this tribe, and many had straw colored hair and blue eyes. In 1837 almost the entire tribe was destroyed by smallpox. These people, along with the Sioux and some others living along the Missouri river, used a circular tub-shaped boat called a bull boat. This was so light it could be carried by a woman on her back when traveling overland. This same type of boat is found in Tibet and other parts of Asia.

Only a few of the tribes are mentioned, the Pawnee were powerful in the Plains, as were the Kansas, Assiniboin, Nex Perce and many others. Later articles will cover the Desert Indians and the Indians who lived along the Atlantic sea coast. ●RW

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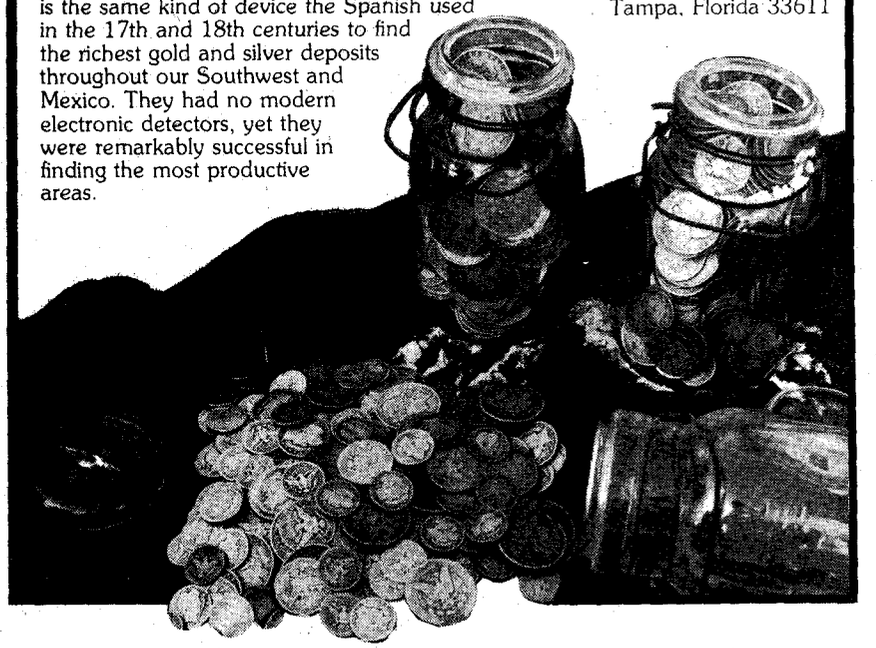

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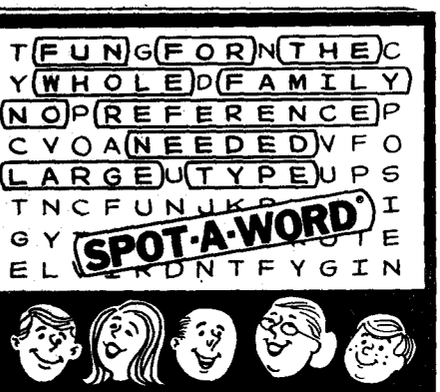

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BALLAD OF JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 13)

Youngers locked up and still other competent ex-helpers lying extinguished in boot hills. Now the James gang had entered its last crucial year. Its chieftain was having to scrape the bottom of the barrel for personnel and coming up with trigger trash like the bumptious Fords.

He should have pulled out of Missouri where so many people could identify him, whatever his road brand. He didn't. Instead, he kept hiding out under that absurd alias of Howard in St. Joseph, not far from Kansas City and its shrewd police who were getting chummy with the Fords.

He stood trapped in the mold of his own lawlessness. But most to be pitied four innocent dependents of an outlaw:

"Poor Jesse had a wife
To mourn for his life.
Three children they were brave."
(Many versions.)

Finally, all four of them were bereft of their provider from that shot fired suddenly in that quiet living room. But Bob Ford, the destroyer, was $10,000 richer after claiming the reward due in Kansas City.

It is this mournful passage which gives the ballad any claim to greatness. Nothing could be more shocking than the head of a family assassinated in his own home with wife and children being but a few feet away. Within human dimensions, the question of whether he was a good man or a bad man seems rather secondary.

The James family would have it hard after Jesse's death, including his aged mother, Zerelda Cole Samuels, walking around with just one arm because detectives had previously raided her Clay County home with bombs in a search for her sons. That all the James children grew up to be good, decent people reflects much credit on their mother and grandmother.

It must be assumed, however, that law-abiding men, slain in the James terror jaunts, left wives who also "mourned"; they may also have been survived by some "brave" children, orphans facing a tough world like the offspring of Jesse James.

By tradition, an outlaw ballad needs a strong dash of sentimentality to balance the wickedness of its protagonist. The stanza about Jesse's family life projects an offsetting image of him as a good husband and father, whatever his way of making a living.

Within the same dimensions of road agent mythology, Jesse is portrayed in every version as a benefactor of the impoverished and their dedicated defender, though the poor, so dependent upon society, are hurt most by assaults upon its structure.

"Jesse stole from the rich,
He gave to the poor.
He had a heart, a hand and a brain."
(Composite by these authors.)

Yet William T. Settle, an able Missouri scholar who has written the latest biography of his state's most celebrated son says:

"In all the voluminous material that pertains to Jesse James and the James band, evidence of specific acts of generosity toward the poor, even with funds stolen from the vaults and banks of express companies, is practically nonexistent — Evidently the band did avail itself of the hospitality that characterized rural living, and its members usually compensated their hosts at least adequately."

And, of course, slipping a ten or twenty dollar gold piece under a dinner plate was the very best form of outlaw public relations.

Bob Ford was still alive when most of the early versions were composed. His ears must have burned when he heard them sung. But his death is noted gleefully in a later Ozark variant:

"And one day, the papers say,
Bob Ford got his rewarding;
A cowboy drunk his heart did plunk,
As you do you'll get according."

Ford died in 1896 from a bullet fired in his saloon by Ed Kelley or O'Kelley, said to have been a relative of Cole Younger. But this wandering Missourian was not a "cowboy" but apparently some sort of a boozing hustler around Creede, Colorado, where Ford was running a pretty crooked dive. By suspiciously romantic accounts, he was sent west by the James-Younger connection to avenge Jesse. But from the little we know about the man, this seems doubtful.

Kelley is said to have been an ex-lawman. But he died in a fight with a very real enforcer of the law.

A policeman in Tulsa, by best accounts, tried to arrest him for bad conduct several years after Oklahoma's entrance into the Union. Wobbly from whiskey, the drifter pulled a gun. He was beaten to the draw.

The remains of Jesse James and Bob Ford lie not many miles apart. Each had the distinction of being buried twice.

Jesse was first interred by his mother in a cemetery near Excelsior Springs. But souvenir hunters kept chipping at his tombstone. So the bereft old lady moved the body to the family farm at Kearney. There Jesse sleeps today.

Ford was first put away in Colorado to which he was no credit. Then a Creede saloon girl, his mistress, had him shipped for reburial to his Missouri home town of Richmond. This lady of flexible virtue called herself his "widow" and went by the name of Dot Ford. But it is doubtful if she and Bob ever stood before an altar like Mr. and Mrs. James.

The James saga would prove immortal though its flamboyant hero and despicable villain were quite dead. That notable, homespun ballad would help preserve and disseminate the legend.

"And nobody will ever be forgetting
Jesse James."
(Colorado version previously cited.)

For the sturdy old song kept growing in versions and popularity with the American folk culture itself. The term "folk" meaning all of us and "culture" a composite of just natural expressions shared by everybody. You do not have to go for outlawry to shed a tear for Jesse when you hear a good musician tell of what "the dirty little coward," Robert Ford, did to him.

You have your choice of many styles of delivery in all keys of the scale. The "G" key seems to be the favorite of the majority of the performers since it is in the range of the average voice. But done capably, it sounds well in any key.

The keys of "G" and "D" are favorites among guitar players. Notated versions of the James song resemble those of today's country western songs.

Like them there is the same full-

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voiced vocal tensions coupled with a slight nasal quality. Depending upon the personality and skill of the singer, one may hear vocal embellishments. These are utilized before and after the note as "slides" into and downward from it.

Often the delivery is characterized by much fervor as in gospel singing. This typical style is generally preferred by fiddlers as well as singers.

The folk song public is indebted to John and Alan Lomax for their many versions, words and music of the James ballad. In fact, the first recognized printed version was the one published by John Lomax in his book, *Cowboy Songs,* during 1910. Earlier, fleeting specimens may have been issued on printed song sheets or as individual numbers in circulars called "garlands".

A North Carolinian, Bascom Lunsford, has given us a form not seen in other written versions. It is a type of delivery characterized by short pauses during the rendition. It may derive from the old Appalachian practice of "lining out", meaning that in congregations without hymnals, the song leader would repeat a line at a time with worshippers, singing it between necessary halts.

Jesse, the sometime choir singer, might have loved all this churchy influence in such a rousing song about him, even if he didn't exactly practice what he believed.

Contemporary blue grass versions of the ballad fall within a very different category of their own. There are traces of "gospel" but also sharp echoes of ragtime and old time jazz figurations. One Ohio blue grass band uses the ballad as its theme song. The music is played faster in blue grass and western bands using electrified instruments. Keys employed are the high, brilliant ones of "A" or "E".

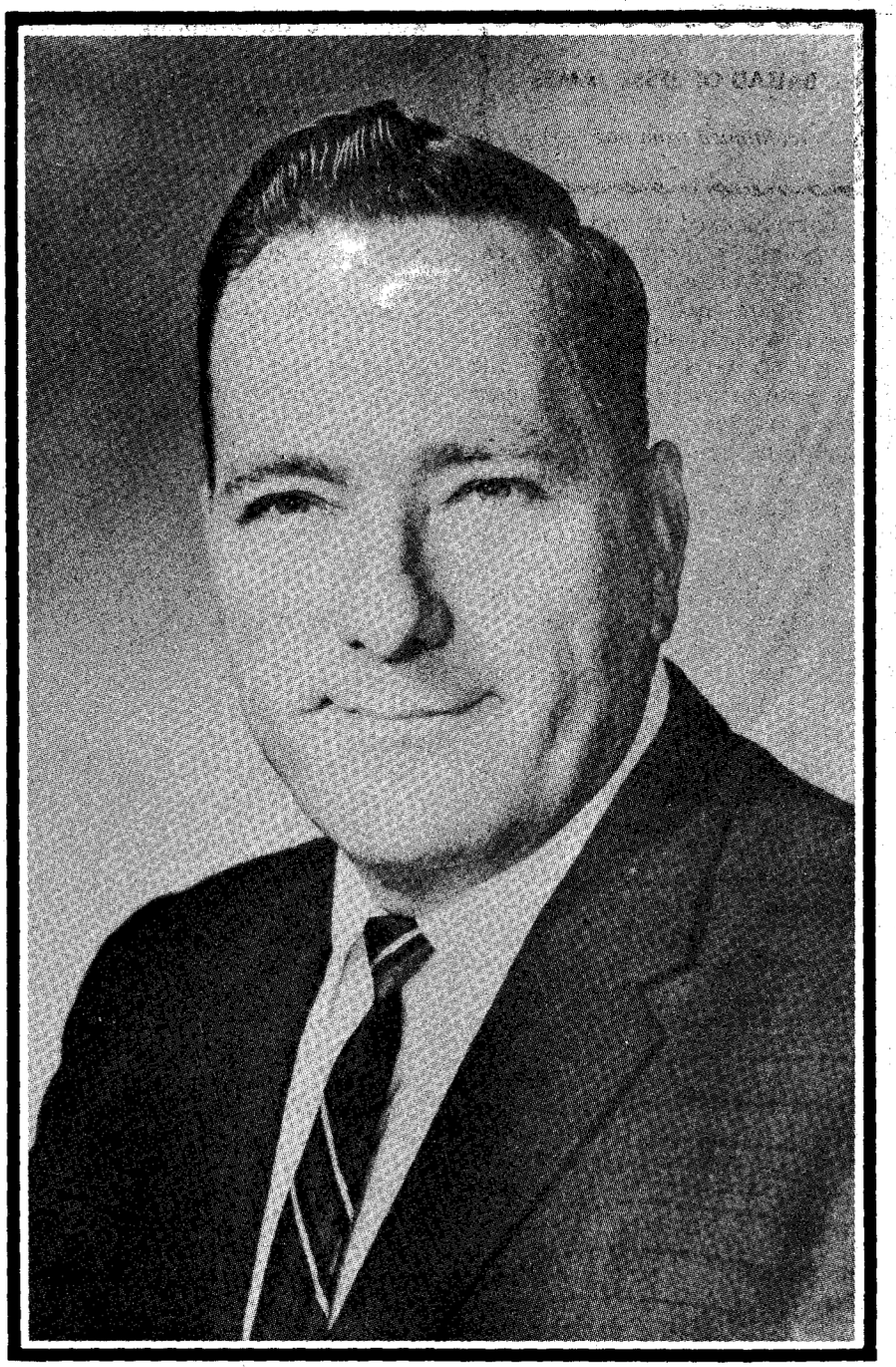
Sometimes a band plays the ballad in its entirety before the vocalist sings it. Then the instrumentalists repeat the chorus alone, with the singer picking up again as at the half-chorus (middle) for the ending. All of this plus other effects makes for fine entertainment.

You'll have no trouble learning *the Ballad of Jesse James* if you are musically inclined, or just like to sing for your own pleasure.

Almost any public library will have one or more collections of American folk songs since many have been issued. Practically every work will contain at least one version of the song, with the library likely to have handy xeroxing facilities.

Approximately 100 recordings of the ballad, some included in general western song compilations, are known to have been made since the invention of the phonograph, generations ago. A complete list can be obtained by writing Mr. Norman Cohen, executive secretary of the John Edwards Memorial Foundation, Folklore and Mythology Center, University of California, Los Angeles, California.

The song is harmless. Jesse wasn't. ●**RW**



Carl W. Breihan, Real West writer and one of the most definitive biographers of Jesse James.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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Irwin Silber and Earl Robinson — Songs of the Great American West, 1967.

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Homer Croy — Jesse James Was My Neighbor, 1949.

Recording List — Folklore and Mythology Center.

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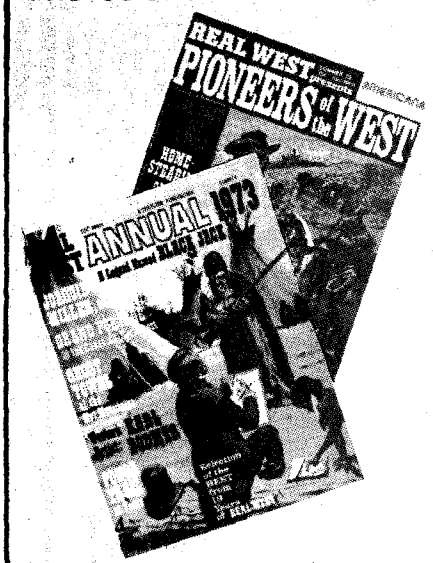

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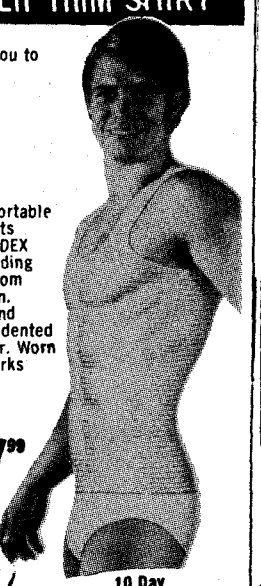

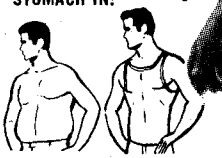

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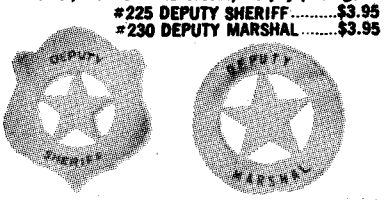

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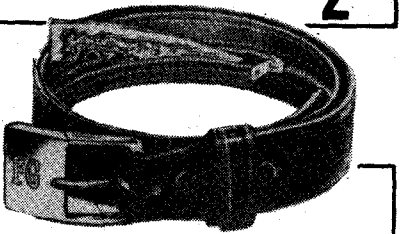

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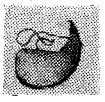

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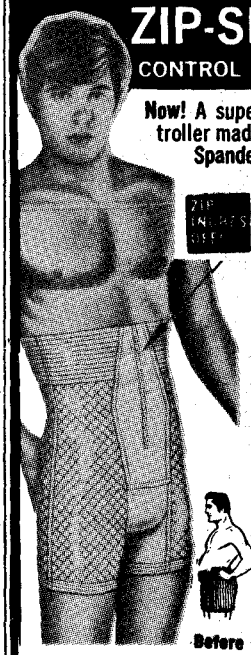

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COAL MINER'S WEST

(continued from page 66)

One man working alone at night, Sid King, drilled and blasted these air holes through. He carried the identification tag Number 13 because no other miner would have it. King wasn't the least superstitious about the number and never had the smallest accident while working in No. 6, which was more than ten years.

Miners were superstitious of what they called "spirit knockers", a series of strange rapping sounds. While alone, deep underground, King often heard them and paid no attention. Perhaps they were caused by the slipping of stratas above where supporting materials were taken out below.

Most of the coal miners were of foreign extraction from Europe. They were a superstitious lot and swore that the unexplained sounds were the spirits of miners killed in the mine begging for help. In some areas where these strange rappings became exceedingly frequent, they refused to work.

Rooms were timbered up and the wooden lagging was 8½ feet long. The side of the coal vein left in the supporting wall was notched. Into it was inserted a wooden plug sloping downward.

The timbers were set vertically across the room and a 40 x 20 space required eight of them. They supported the lagging that went across under the overhead. The lagging in No. 6 was called ply boards long before it was manufactured under the same name.

Prevost remembers that, "It was something on the order of a shake roof. In effect a sort of end and edge overlapping that was supposed to stop cave-ins from above. But some occurred anyway."

The small iron rails ran into every room from switches, when these above and below were cut in and fed by a slope. Going up, only a few cars, maybe five or six, were hauled by the mules. But going down a slope they could pull as many as twenty.

The empties were dropped off in every room entering from that particular level, or slope as coal miners were wont to call them. On the return, the filled cars were picked up.

Each miner had a pocket full of brass tags with his identification number on them. His loaded car was taken to the shaft. When brought to the surface on the cages, this tag was removed by the checker who weighed each car. The amount of coal was then credited to that particular miner.

The slope was actually where the main drag, or tunnel, came in. Switching off from there the mules took cars in and out of what the miners called "lifts". A lift was brought into the mined coal veins every 300 feet.

Prevost explains the lifts: "You would go so far and then you'd start turning the roof, top and bottom, because you'd had your run-around."

Apparently the mining company left few coal-filled spaces go to waste. They employed every method possible to get out as much coal as possible. Sometimes this was definitely at the expense of lives. The Floor or roof, being too thin to support much dead weight, caved in.

Mule driving was just as dangerous work as that of mining. Bud Morrow who had been in the army during World War I, returned and went to work in No. 6.

He got the same string of mules that Prevost once drove. By 1918 coal wasn't being used as formerly, and miners were laid off. Morrow had one last day to work when he would be out of a job. He was coming up a slope with his mules and cars when suddenly the roof caved in. Morrow and the mules were killed.

The miners drilled their own holes into the coal and filled it with paper tubes containing black grain Double F powder. It came in 25-pound cans and was bought from the company. No cap was used, only the fuse embedded in the last tube of powder.

The fuse was five feet long, at least, and an overhand knot was tied in it. The knot was cut in two places so that if one didn't ignite the fuse the other would. Regular shooters did the firing. Since the fuse burned one foot a minute, they could set off three in each room and get outside in the slope to safety before the first one blasted out.

Not many shots were put off at one time along the slope. The blasting would create too much roar, wind concussion and raised dust which was always dangerous.

Prevost had but one accident in a mine. That was after he quit working in No. 6 in 1917, and started mining in the Klondike which operated between Lehigh and Phillips.

In the Klondike, the miner did his own shooting. So Prevost drilled a hole, loaded it, lit the fuse and went into the slope. After the shot whammed, he returned into his room and started getting out the broken coal.

Too late he discovered that it hadn't blasted all the way, just through the core. A chunk of solid coal, weighing a ton or more, fell out pinning his left leg and back to the floor. Unable to move, he started yelling.

Frank Drake, who worked in the room next to him, came to his rescue.

"Get that iron bar over there and lift this coal so I can crawl out from beneath it," Prevost said.

Drake did so and Prevost escaped. Fortunately no bones were broken, but he was badly bruised and crippled for the next three months, necessitating walking on crutches.

Oil for engine fuel was already sounding the death knell of coal mining. Not long after his recovery, Provost turned to other lines of employment until he moved to California.

Gone now are the mines and the town of Phillips which existed almost wholly on the whistle at No. 6. The whistle blasted once at 6 A.M., telling the miners to report for work. It sounded again at noon and once more at 4 P.M., signifying that the miners were starting to come up from below.

If this whistle blasted three times at 8 P.M., it meant that there would be no work for them the next day. When No. 6 worked steadily, only the lack of railroad cars kept the miners idle. ●**RW**

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SAMUEL HEARNE

(continued from page 61)

in midsummer the polar ice pack lay only three-quarters of a mile from shore. For the sake of form, after consultation with some of the Indians, Hearne erected a monument and took possession of the coast on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The copper mines, which lay some 30 miles upriver, proved as great a disappointment. At Fort Prince of Wales, Indians had described this mine as being so rich in ore that if a trading post were built at the river, a ship might be ballasted with ore instead of stones. They said the hills were entirely composed of that metal, all in handy lumps.

At their arrival at this reputedly fabulous deposit, Hearne and his companions spent nearly four hours in search of some scrap of copper and found one piece weighing about four pounds. Hearne believed that the copper was formerly found in much greater quantity. Thus died a dream almost as great as that of the Northwest Passage.

The return journey from the Coppermine River took eleven months. Hearne took a circuitous route of exploration by way of the Great Slave Lake. This journey allowed Hearne to exercise his bent for observation. Earlier, he had seen and tasted musk ox. In the high latitudes he had found many herds in the course of a day's walk, some of them of 80 to 100 head. He wrote:

"The number of bulls is very few in proportion to the cows: it is rare to see more than two or three full-grown bulls with the largest herd. From the number of males that are found dead, the Indians are of the opinion that they kill each other in contending for the females during the rutting season. At that time they are so jealous of the cows that they run at either man or beast who approach them, and have been observed to run and bellow even at ravens and other large birds which chanced to light near them."

On the south side of the Great Slave Lake the expedition also found many buffalo. Hearne's account is the first mention of the northern species, now called the woods bison. Hearne reported:

"The buffalo in those parts are in general much larger than the English black cattle, particularly the bulls. These are so heavy that when six or eight Indians are skinning a large bull they never attempt to turn it over entirely but cut off the leg and shoulder, rip up the belly, take out the intestines and cut off the head to make it as light as possible. The skin is in some places of incredible thickness, particularly around the neck where it often exceeds an inch." (A specimen taken in 1910 weighed almost a ton and a half. The hide, even when dry, was almost an inch thick.)

Hearne also carefully scrutinized the people among whom he was living. He was fascinated by the Indian medicine men or conjurers, their procedures for curing the sick, and the means by which they accomplished their legerdemain.

"They use no medicine for external or internal complaints, but perform all their cures by charms. In ordinary cases, this is by sucking the parts affected; haughting and spitting, and at the same time uttering a heap of unintelligible jargon.

"For some inward complaints such as griping of the intestines and difficulty in making water it is common for those jugglers to blow into the anus or into the parts adjacent till their eyes are almost starting out of their heads. This operation is performed the same on all, without regard either to age or sex. The accumulation of so large a quantity of wind is at times apt to occasion some extraordinary emotions which are not easily suppressed by a sick person.

As there is no vent for the air except through the channel through which it was conveyed either, it sometimes occasions an odd scene between the doctor and his patient. Being naturally not very delicate, they frequently continue their windy process so long that I have more than once seen the doctor quit his patient with his face and breast in a very disagreeable condition. However laughable this may appear to a European, custom makes it very indecent, in their opinion, to turn anything of the kind to ridicule."

In one instance, medicine men or shamans undertook to cure or relieve a man who had obviously had a stroke, being paralyzed on one side. "He was placed in a conjuring house where one of the shamans swallowed a large piece of board about the size of a barrel stave in order to effect his recovery. He did this, shoving it down his gullet by thirds until only a small piece was left by which to haul it up again."

Hearne notes that the fact was performed under circumstances where there was great room for collusion, and offers a surmise as to how this was done. As soon as this feat was accomplished, six conjurers, all stark naked, began to suck, blow, sing and dance around the poor paralytic and did so for three days and four nights without rest or refreshment, not even a drop of water.

The most interesting part of this incredible performance is that when the sick man was taken from the conjuring house, he had recovered his appetite and was able to move all the fingers and toes on the once-paralyzed side. "In three weeks he recovered so far as to be capable of walking and at the end of six weeks went hunting for his family," Hearne reported.

(continued on next page)

A winter view of Athapascow Lake drawn by Hearne on his journey to the copper mine.

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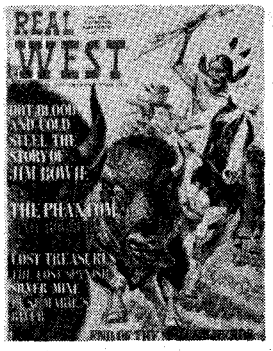

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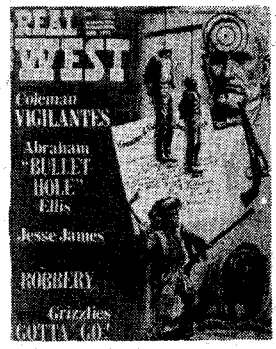

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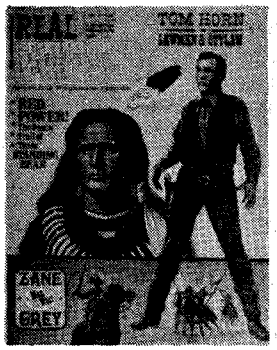

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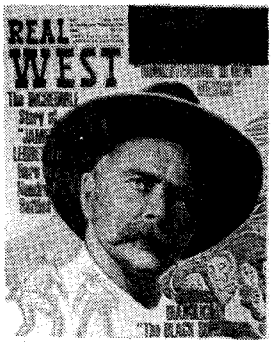

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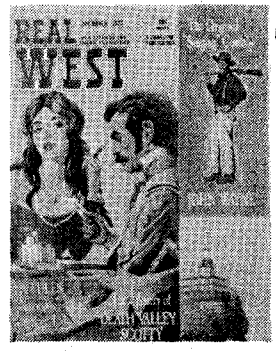

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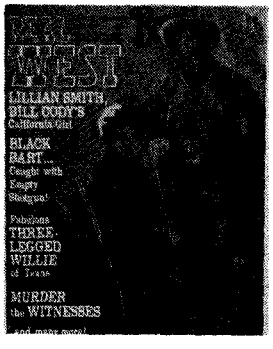

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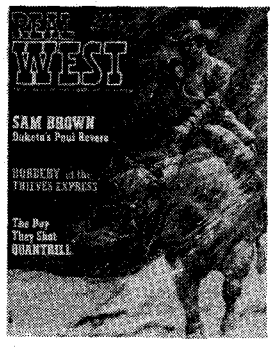

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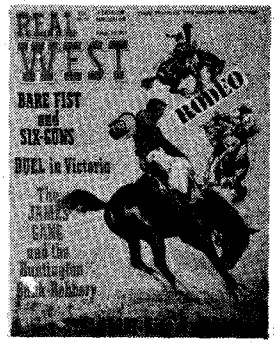

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One day in midwinter some of Hearne's hunters came upon the track of strange snowshoes and, following them, reached a little hut where they found a comely young squaw sitting alone. She proved to be of the Dog Rib tribe.

Two years before, Athabasca Indians had surprised their encampment at which she was living and killed all but herself, her four-month old papoose, and three other women. She concealed her papoose in a bundle but it was discovered and barbarously murdered.

The young mother was forced to become the wife of one of the Indians, but hate rankled in her breast and she took the first opportunity to flee, hoping to find her own people. She lost her way and, with winter coming on, she built herself a hut and there she had lived for seven months without seeing a human face.

When she escaped, her only metal implements were five or six inches of an iron hoop made into a knife and an iron arrowhead which she used as an awl. She contrived to start a fire by knocking together two sulphurous stones, and with a few caribou sinews she made snares and sewed clothing. When the sinews were exhausted, she twisted together the sinews of rabbits. With the skins she had made herself a neat and warm suit.

The young woman had caught not only rabbits, but partridges, squirrels and beaver, and had a ready supply of food. She had also fashioned fish nets of the twisted inner bark of willows in preparation for spring. Hearne thought her one of the finest women he had seen in any part of North America.

The Indians wrestled for her.

Hearne and his party returned to Fort Prince of Wales June 30, 1772.

The journey had taken almost nineteen months. He did not discover a rich mine of copper, but he "put to rest the idea that there could be a Northwest Passage from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific." He received from the Hudson's Bay Company a reward of 200 pounds for making the journey.

During the following summer Hearne was apparently at sea, surveying the harbors of James' Bay, its channels, shoals, soundings and landmarks, probably glad to be away from the spite of Norton.

Returning to Churchill, Hearne received orders to go inland and provide competition to Montreal merchants who were challenging the supremacy of the Hudson's Bay Co. He wintered at York Factory and in the spring pushed on to found Cumberland House, "oldest settlement in the west (1774)" on the Saskatchewan out of Lake Winnipeg.

Within a year, Hearne was called back to Churchill to take charge of Fort Prince of Wales upon the death of Moses Norton. History was unfolding a strange web for Samuel Hearne. The American colonists had risen in arms against the mother country. Britain's jealous enemies challenged her rule of the sea.

A Franco-Spanish fleet commanded the English Channel, threatening an invasion. Cornwallis surrendered to Gen. George Washington, and privateers were at large, capturing ships and raiding ports.

At his remote outpost, Hearne apparently knew little of this. His daily duties kept him busy, his spare time was taken up with a veritable menagerie of animals which he kept as pets.

Besides that, he was in love, for the first time at the age of 30. Of this girl he wrote, "without the assistance of religion and with no education but what she received among the dissolute natives of her country, she would have shone with superior lustre in any other country." He extolls her gentle manners, an easy freedom arising from a consciousness of innocence an amiable modesty, an unrivalled delicacy of sentiment. "Her benevolence, humanity, and scrupulous adherence to truth and honesty would do honor to the most enlightened and devout Christian." This girl, ironically was the daughter of the old libertine Moses Norton. Her name was Mary.

Fort Prince of Wales, situated on Eskimo Point, was an incredible bastion, built over a period of 40 years by indentured servants of the Hudson's Bay Co. It's walls were 42 feet thick and it had 44 cannon. It also had, in 1782, certain drawbacks, among them a garrison of 39 men with enough trained in artillery to man one gun.

Hearne, as fort commander, was preoccupied with the threat of rival traders. In his remote northern sanctuary, he was caught entirely by surprise when, on August 8, 1782, a 75-gun Grench warship and two 36-gun frigates sailed into port, under Compte de La Perouse, with obviously hostile intentions. Completely outgunned, Hearne surrendered.

The terms of surrender were generous. La Perouse seized the fort and his men burned the wooden buildings and blew the walls in the stone barracks, but explosives made little impression in the 40-foot thick walls. One story states that La Perouse seized Hearne's journals as Hudson's Bay Company property, but Hearne argued that the material was his personal property. La Perouse yielded on the condition that Hearne publish his memoirs.

Arriving in London, Hearne was surprised to find himself lionized because of his explorations and adventures in the far north. They related to the presumed Northwest Passage which was a subject of great interest in Europe.

The year 1783 brought the Treaty of Versailles and the cessation of war. In the same year the Hudson's Bay Company sent Hearne back to Churchill to revive the firm's business in that remote part of the world.

On his return, Hearne learned of the death of his beloved Mary. Her dusky relatives had let her starve to death.

There was other sad news. Montonabbee, who had provided yeoman service in leading Hearne to the coppermine and had "continued to render great services to the Company by bringing in a greater quantity of furs to their factory than any other Indian," was so shocked by the capture and destruction of Fort Prince of Wales that he finally hanged himself in despondency. In the following winter, six of his wives and four of his children died of starvation.

Hearne continued to write on his book, and it appears that he completed it before he returned to retirement in England in 1787. The first edition of "A Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort to the Northern Ocean" was published in London in 1795. ●**RW**

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THE LEGEND MAKER

(continued from page 25)

into this seething mass of carousing soldiers, Ned Buntline disappeared. Buntline not only overstayed his leave, but he completely irritated his wife until she reported him to the provost guard. He was thrown in Fort Hamilton, a prison for petty offenders, then returned to his company down South. He found the New York Rifles were not happy with him, for he was promptly tried for desertion and clapped into prison at Fort Norfolk.

In prison, Ned claimed illness and was hospitalized until his release from prison. Then he was transferred to the Veterans Reserve Corps, a group of invalids who acted as the provost guard in the northern cities. Ned was assigned to the company stationed in Scranton, and even though unfit for further active service, he continued his insubordinations. He wrote little, drank much, and traveled when and where he pleased.

Finally, on August 23, 1864, Buntline was honorably discharged with a service record showing no military engagements. In New York, Buntline displayed his picture in uniform with eagles on his shoulders and told people he had been "Chief of Scouts with a rank of Colonel". During the next few years, he cranked out dime novels by the score, until in 1869 while on a trip out West, he met a tall, good looking plainsman named William Cody.

In the late summer, Buntline limped down the steps of a Union Pacific coach at North Platte, Nebraska. He'd heard about the Indian skirmish at Summit Springs on July 11, and he wanted to interview the veterans. On his breast glittered row after row of semi-military decorations and emblems of secret organizations. A crowd of loafing soldiers and civilians, as well as a few blanketed Indians, stood outside the railroad station watching the train. Hacks, carriages, Army wagons, and an ambulance or two waited to take passengers to the hotel or down to Fort McPherson eighteen miles away.

Buntline was perplexed. Should he ride to the fort in a hack with a motley assortment of plug - hatted salesmen, gamblers, and calico - clad soldiers' wives? Or on the other hand, should he hire a carriage and drive to the fort in the style which befitted his prominence?

Still, Ned must get to the fort because the fight at Summit Springs seemed an apt basis for his next dime novel, or for any one or more of the sensational serials he wrote for Street and Smith. The highlight of the entire Indian skirmish was the manner in which Major Frank North tricked Tall Bull. The incident, as it was told to Ned, rivaled his own best stories and he was eager to meet the hero.

Buntline found Major North at Fort McPherson, true enough, but the Major did not measure up to Buntline's literary standards. Instead of greeting Ned cordially, North scarcely concealed his contempt for dime novel writers. He did not care to become a paperback hero and said, "If you want a man to fill that particular bill, he's over there under a wagon."

Ned limped across the parade ground, and among the prostrate men who were trying to sleep in the fly - infested heat was a young man under a wagon. Unsteadily, he poked the man, a giant with sleepy eyes and a straw in his long hair. Finally the man looked up at Buntline and seemed willing to talk.

William Frederick Cody was well - known in his narrow frontier circle at the age of twenty - three, and handsome as a Greek god. Cody served without action in the Civil War and had also supplied buffalo meat for the section crews of the Union Pacific railroad. Now he was a scout for General Eugene A. Carr.

When Cody noticed that Buntline sat a saddle with skill, he suggested they go out scouting for Indians along the Platte. Buntline spent several weeks with Cody, but they encountered no hostile Indians. He returned to New York with his head full of tall, woolly stories. In December 1869, Street and Smith advertised a new serial by Ned Buntline entitled, "Buffalo Bill: The King of the Border Men — the wildest and truest story I ever wrote."

The name Buffalo Bill did not originate with Buntline, since over dozens of years the name was common on the frontier. He only appropriated it for Cody just as he appropriated all other things he wished to use in his novels. But the time was ripe for cheap literature about the West, and Buntline's stories appeared just as hundreds of thousands of emigrants arrived to claim homesteads on the plains.

It wasn't long before Buntline persuaded Cody to join him in Chicago to perform in the *Scouts of the Plains*. Buntline took just four hours to write the play, rehearsed it twice, but it ran for more than two years — two years during which Buffalo Bill became a national hero, symbol of all that was bravest and best on the Western frontier. Ned Buntline lived until 1886, turning out his stories until the last. Of all his characters, only the greatest, Buffalo Bill Cody, survived into our generation.

The fact remains that Ned Buntline created the legend of the wild and woolly West with his stories.

●RW

Cy Martin Collection

Edward Zane Carroll Judson (Ned Buntline) as he appeared in a business suit during the 1870's.

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CUSTER'S BATTALION

(continued from page 21)

man archers at Hastings in 1066 is to stretch credulity beyond all reasonable limits.

Custer was as much exposed as anyone, but he was not killed like King Harold by an arrow in his eye or in any other part of his anatomy. True, many of the bodies of the Custer Battalion were found as full of arrows as a pincushion full of pins. But it was an old Indian custom to shoot dead foes full of arrows. It is extremely doubtful that most of the men of Custer's battalion were killed by arrows. It is more likely that they were lanced, tomahawked or shot to death after they had run out of ammunition.

Author's note: In his evaluations of the author's conclusions the reader should bear in mind the following: Each trooper of the 7th Cavalry carried only 50 rounds of carbine ammunition in his belt, with an additional 50 rounds in his mount's saddlebags. His pistol was loaded and he was supplied with 12 additional rounds for two more loadings. In round numbers, Custer's Battalion was 200 men. Ergo, its carbine ammunition supply amounted to 20,000 rounds.

But, only 10,000 rounds were actually on the persons of the Battalion. The 7th's pack train carried the regiment's reserve ammunition. After the battle, it was reckoned that the entire regiment had expended or lost, during the action, 38,000 rounds of carbine ammunition and nearly 3,000 rounds of pistol ammunition. Major Reno, in his August, 1876 report to the Chief of Ordnance, estimated that about 10,000 rounds of the above total was lost, i.e., recovered by the hostiles.

This 10,000 figure is near 40% of the total carried by the Custer Battalion, or very nearly the amount in the Custer Battalion's mounts saddlebags. Of course, Reno's own command accounted for a portion of this lost amount, but a very small portion comparatively. This still leaves roughly 60% of the total carried by the Custer Battalion to be accounted for.

However, since the 40% total includes that lost by Reno's command and since he estimated that only 10,000 rounds were presumably recovered by the hostiles, then Custer's command must have expended the other 60%. The author has assumed that the action on Custer Field was of several hours duration. He is not alone in this assumption. Many Custer scholars agree with him, including the late Dr. Kuhlmann, Mr. Robert J. Ege and Mr. D. A. Kinsley.

He is aware, of course, that some Indian testimony claims that it was all over in half an hour or less. And, of course, many of the 7th's surviving officers, particularly Major Reno and Captain Benteen, in their testimony at the Reno Court of Inquiry in 1879, maintained that it couldn't have lasted very long. In the latter case, it was only to be expected that these officers would so testify.

If they could convince the Court, the rest of the army, and the public that the action on Custer Field was of short duration, they would get themselves off the hook of being extremely dilatory, to say the least, in moving to join Custer. In fact, if Captain Weir had not moved out, against Reno's order, no attempt would have been made at all by Reno and Benteen to join Custer, even though Benteen had had a direct order from Custer to join him with the reserve ammunition.

In conclusion, the author cannot imagine Custer sitting passively on his butt watching the members of his command being picked off by ones, twos or threes, which is the impression one gets from some writers on the subject who unduly emphasize the hostile's arching of arrows down on Custer's hapless troopers. One may be sure that if Custer had not been expecting Benteen and had not seen the rest of the 7th on Weir Point, he would still have made some other moves to save his command.

We cannot know, of course, that if Reno and Benteen had started sooner or persevered in trying to join Custer and had joined him, Custer and his Battalion would have been saved. Perhaps the whole 7th would thereupon have been wiped out.

But, as the author has pointed out above, the hostiles, as was their invariable custom, never really pressed home their attacks on any part of the 7th at any time, except when it was apparent to them that the pony soldiers on Custer Field were out of ammunition, it is doubtful, to say the least, that there would have been a wiping out of Custer and his Battalion.

The author thinks that the number of hostiles (warriors, that is) at the Little Big Horn, was grossly overestimated at the time and has been more or less ever since. There may have been 5,000 Indians present. But there couldn't have been more than 1500 warriors at the most. Those Indians who had never been on a reservation had their full complement of women, children and old people. Those who had left the reservation for several months previous to the Custer Battle had a like complement.

The territory around the Rosebud, Yellowstone and Big and Little Horn Rivers had known no white settlement to speak of at the time, and game therefore was still plentiful. But it could not have supported 5000 Indians for any length of times. Therefore, if we should accept a figure of 5000 warriors, this would mean that the hostile's total population was several times that. Even that country at that time couldn't have supported such a mass of Indians for one day. The Custer Battalion then could not have been overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers.

The author is inclined to think that the number of warriors was more nearly 1000 than even 1500. Of course, even so, Custer's 200-odd troopers were considerably outnumbered. Once Reno had made his "panic - rout," all of the warriors, whatever their actual number, were free to engage Custer and remained free, since Reno and Benteen made no real move to join him.

If they had joined him, the odds would have lessened considerably in the 7th's favor. And there would have been plenty of ammunition for all. As it was, as soon as Reno retreated and the hostiles saw Custer opposite their encampment, all of them concentrated against him and there remained until - "We have killed them all"! In the meantime, Reno and Benteen were left pretty much alone, sitting passively with their butts on the regimental ammunition reserve.

Custer's last message, addressed to Benteen, peremptorily ordering the latter to join him at once, twice stressed "Bring the packs!" Which, of course, meant the ammunition packs. Custer needed that reserve ammunition more than he needed Benteen. Benteen didn't have all that many men with him. The logic of the whole thing is inescapable. Custer's Battalion ran out of ammunition! ●**RW**

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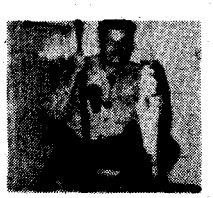

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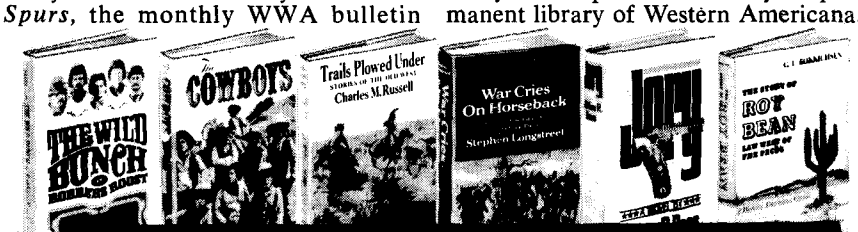

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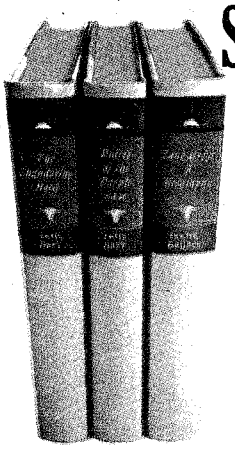

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